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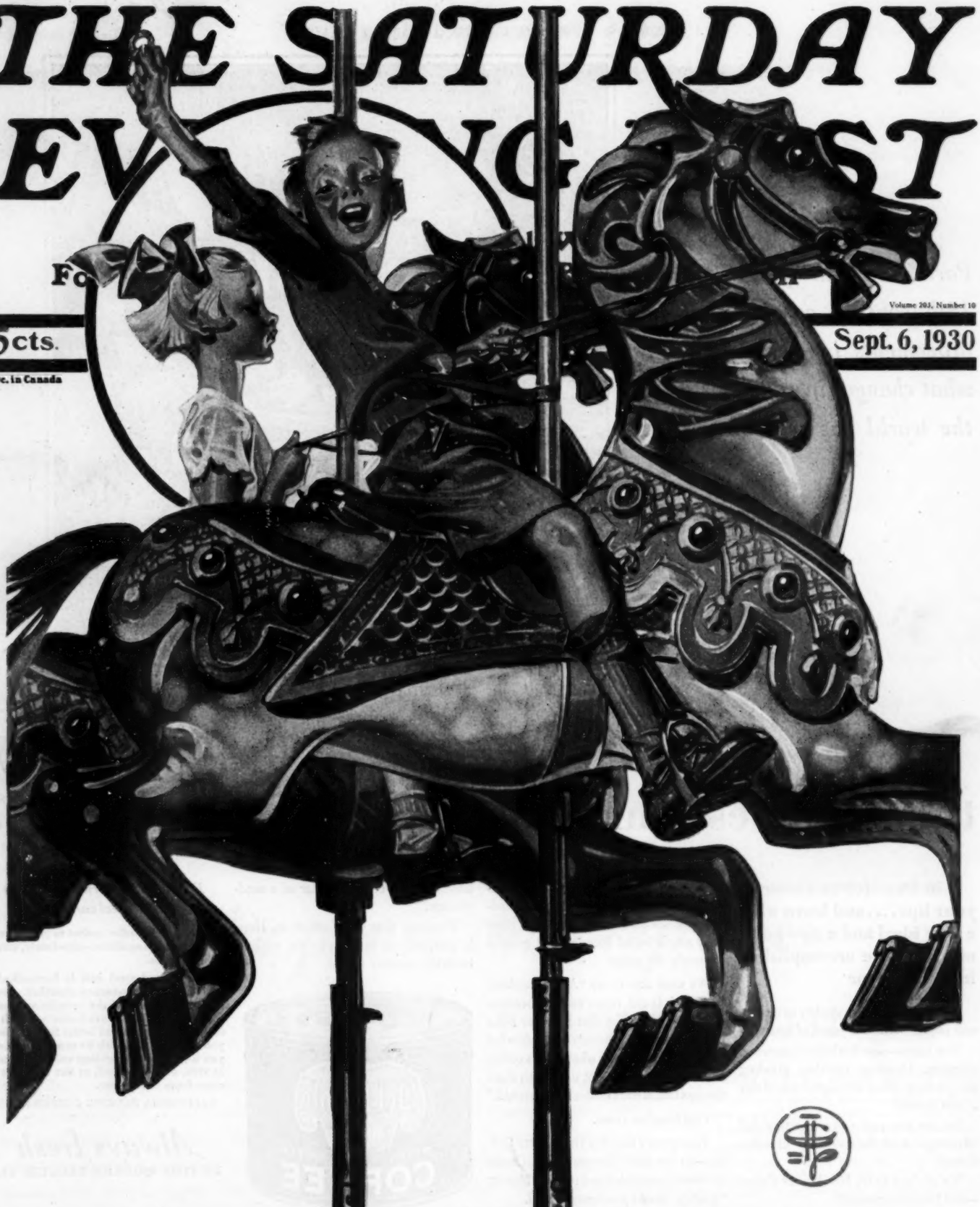

George Agnew Chamberlain—F. Scott Fitzgerald—William Hazlett Upson
Christian Gauss—William Faulkner—George F. Worts—Belle L. Moskowitz

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Always fresh
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NINE MILLION A DAY

I made a special shopping trip to see the newest Fifth Avenue Fashions in Faces

THE other day I decided to drop everything and go see what the smart Fifth Avenue shops, that are my next-door neighbors, could tell me about the very newest complexion fashions.

Well, I *wish* you could all have gone with me—from one colorful shop to another. I saw all the smart women planning their new Fall wardrobes. I talked to the salesgirls at the fragrant and sparkling toilet goods counters. I investigated all the new powders and rouges and lipsticks.

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2. Proper Diet—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.

3. Sleep—an average of eight hours.

4. Exercise—walking, sweeping, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active.

5. A Happy Frame of Mind—throwing off all your little nagging worries and keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

Now the first rule—cleanliness—is just so important that I must stop here for a moment and emphasize it. For when I consulted 73 of the leading dermatologists practicing in America today, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the very first and most important item in complexion care.

And since these eminent physicians, after testing Camay's effect on all the different types of skin, gave it their unanimous approval as the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions, do you need any more authoritative assurance that here is the perfect soap for *you*?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

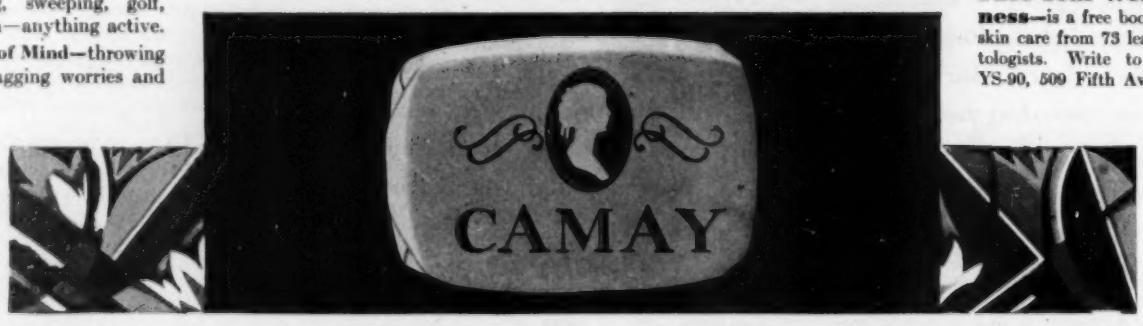
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-90, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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RIVER TO THE SEA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

She Twisted Her Supple Body Away From Him and Back Again. "Please," She Begged With Her Eager Smile, "Let Me Stand Here While You Turn Around"

THE road climbed by slants and dips through a tunnel of trees up the slope of Yellow Mountain. Not a mountain really, but that's what the natives called it, because it rose so much higher than the rolling Connecticut hills at its feet. The peace of the August heat lay heavy on the land, broken only by the myriad insect noises of summer. Presently the whir of a motor, running in second, joined its hum to the general chorus. The car was a powerful open roadster, but only a discerning eye could have perceived behind its outer shabbiness the enduring grace of a custom-made body. Also only the expert ear could have determined the amount of loving care expended in times past and present on the engine under the rust-stained hood.

At the wheel sat a bare-headed young man, his rumpled blond hair clinging moistly to his forehead. In appearance he was far from a Greek god, since his face lacked the classic outline, but, nevertheless, it contained its own brand of beauty. One had only to watch the animation with which it changed under the influence of light and shade, or to a flash of color, or to the song of an unseen bird, to realize that its spirit was a living thing.

More indicative still were the tawny eyes, of the color of tobacco, but as translucent as water running over stone. They were such eyes as naturally would belong to the owner of such a car—quick to see worth and ardently blind to outer blemish. At the moment, however, they were merely peering anxiously to right and left in a despairing effort to find a level space big enough in which to park.

"What roads, Le May!" he exclaimed, talking comfortably aloud to himself as he brought the car to a stop on the upper side of one of the intermittent humps. "You

Le May Studied Each Exhibit Gravely, But Did Not Stoop to Comment

see a two-inch stone and you think you'll pick it out; then you find it's buried two feet deep and a mile wide! What roads, Mr. Le May!" His face brightened; he dragged a worn notebook and the stub of a pencil from his hip pocket and wrote, "Buy sledge hammer."

Replacing the notebook, he stood up, stretched, and then faced about to look back down the way he had come. In the near distance the road dropped out of sight beneath the feathery fronds of slender trees, but about him was an open space.

Over the tops of the second-growth forest his eyes swept down and across a land of ever-falling hills. He loved this country, so austere to the touch, so warm against the heart. The diversity of its modest trees, its outcrops of bare rock and meager pasture, the pungent odor of its sentinel junipers, the tangle underfoot of its dewberry vines, the treachery of its hillside bogs and bramble thickets—all and each of these things had its place within the scheme of his great content.

Here was peace, isolation, escape, within a vast expanse of the undesirable, from the panting mob in hot pursuit of the desirable. He alone wanted Yellow Mountain—the whole of it—and it had appeared it might be bought for a song, as such things go. But at the last a fly had crept into the ointment—a fly in the form of a small holding at the head of the road he was on now, purchased by some other madman when the world was young.

Only ten acres at ten dollars an acre—was that credible?—but the owner still lived and had proved deaf to the honey of the agent's tongue or the clink of his money. Hence this excursion. Hence this venturing up a three-mile lane without a turning. Hence this worry over a hundred-and-forty-inch wheel base on the narrowest of byways. But why worry, after all? Who else would dream of using the road except on foot? If the worst came to the worst he could stand as he was standing now, brace one foot against the brake and coast down backward the whole three miles.

He abandoned the car where it was and started to walk up the rocky way, speculating aloud as he went. "I could have got through here, over that and by this, but!" He was dressed for the part. An immaculate white sports shirt, open at the throat, clothed him to the hips, but from there down he was not quite so neat. His flannel trousers and buckskin shoes had more than one smudge, proving that, though cleanliness may be next to godliness, it was not half so important to him as keeping a fine old car well greased.

At last the lane did take a turn. It slanted upward to the right and from a hidden hollow below came sounds which brought him to an abrupt halt. The summer woods are full of noise if you only stop to listen—weird cracklings, stealthy creepings and frightened rushes, the droning of bulletlike bees and the eternal cry of the cicada to the heat—but this sound was different; it was human. He frowned, and then smiled. Moving cautiously, he left the road and crept, careful step after careful step, amid the screening foliage. The cries of children continued, and then another voice—a voice whose tone had a peculiar resonance, as if it were but half released. Speaking, it remained imprisoned, held in like a young hound tugging on the leash, but only to break loose with an abruptness which made him cast caution to the winds. Under cover of its volume he made a rush forward, met revelation, and fell to his knees just in time to prevent discovery.

Beyond the bush behind which he hid was a cuplike clearing surrounded by blackberry vines in full fruit. Three children, now silent, but fidgeting with the ecstatic movements of the absorbed young, stood gaping at a grown girl who was engaged in some wild form of dance. Under her feet were two long sticks, one at right angles to the center of the other. As she sang a doggerel without rime or apparent reason, she leaped from one to the other of the two corners and across the lateral stick. The fast rhythm, the speed of her own movements, but most of all the runaway quality of her triumphant voice, so seized upon Le May's senses that he could not at first make out the words. But as she sang them over and over again, he soon had them pat in spite of himself:

"This is Connecticut, stands for Conn.,
Cross the line, you're in New York,
Jump the corner, now you're in Mass.,
High!
Low!
Jack and the game!"

Action and song stopped as suddenly as they had begun. "Now, kids," said the voice, having finished with geography for the time being, "pick up your pails and get to work."

"Aw, Lorry," said the youngest of the entranced children, rubbing her left bare calf with her right foot, "please sing some more. Please, Lorry."

"Aw, Lorry," begged the two other little girls in chorus, "please dance some more. Please, Lorry."

"Not another sing and not another dance till you get those pails full," declared Lorry, and yet she stood poised as though on the verge of some form of flight.

Le May stared at her, his mouth open as the children's mouths had been hanging open. She had black hair, looped in a loose knot at the nape of her neck, great dark eyes, arched brows and a generous mouth whose lips were never quite still. Beneath it a full throbbing throat, and under that an erect figure dressed in revealing blouse and tight skirt tapered to small feet, firmly planted inside heavy brogues. Where all Nature struggled in a hard grip, she alone was luxuriant, vivid against the somber background of fraying rock, yellowing hay and shriveled leaf.

Without warning, her eyes turned full on the spot where he was hiding. "There's a snake in the grass!" she cried, pointing a rigid finger. "Stone the varmint, children—stone him!"

As she spoke she stooped to gather bits of shale, and a moment later Le May was in full flight, followed by the

rattle of a hail of stones, clipping through the trees. Only when he had regained the road did he stop and permit his face to catch up with his emotions. Why should anybody want to stone him? He had never been stoned before. He looked thoughtfully back toward where he had left the car and then up the slant of the fading lane. That was the direction he finally decided to take, and at the end of five minutes' climb he came upon his goal.

Between two hickories, planted long years ago in accordance with an immemorial tradition, stood a square, cabinlike house, roughly constructed of slabs and other remnants from some itinerant sawmill. Its high-pitched roof was shingled and at the gable at each end rose an outside flue and chimney built of native stone. There were large square windows and two front doors, irregularly placed.

Le May knocked at one of them, waited a moment and then went to rap on the other. There was no answer. He lifted the latch and pushed; the door caught, then yielded, and he found himself peering into what appeared to be a dormitory, with bits of feminine wear in various sizes in evidence on all sides. He withdrew hastily, returned to the other door and knocked again. Still no answer. He opened it and stood on the threshold of a large studio. Close to an open window on the north side a white-bearded old man in smock and cap was daubing at a half-finished canvas.

"Excuse me," said Le May. "I don't think you heard me knock."

The old man turned his eyes slowly. "Oh, yes, I did, but I thought it was just a worn-out joke. Who are you?"

"My name's Le May—Kenneth Le May. You're Clayton Beale, aren't you?"

"Thanks for not making it Mr. Beale. Yes, I was Clayton Beale."

"I've got one of his smaller things," said Le May; "not one of the best of course, but still in your ——"

He stopped himself, and the old man completed the phrase for him accurately: "But in my first period, you were going to say. What picture was it?"

"Just a cow and a tree, but when you look at it you can smell milk and the new grass."

"Yes, that sounds as if it might have been me. I don't remember it, but it may be a Clayton Beale." A quizzical light shot across his pale eyes. "You didn't come to buy another, did you?"

"Not exactly," said Le May, "but I might at that." He took a step forward. "What are you working on now?"

"Nothing—nothing of any importance," said Beale hastily. He placed his brush on the rack, turned from the easel and moved toward a dilapidated chair. "I'll tell you, Mr. ——"

"Le May—Kenneth Le May."

"French name, but you talk like a Yank."

"It may have been French once, but not since the Norman conquest. It was English, and now, as far as I'm concerned, it's American."

"Well, Mr. Le May, what I was going to say is this: An artist ought to chloroform himself at seventy. I ought to have chloroformed myself ten years ago."

"You don't look eighty."

"I am eighty. Say a man has done good work up to sixty; then perhaps he can ride it for ten years more without destroying his earlier values, but that's the limit." He nodded sadly. "Your knowledge stays with you, but your hand and eye are gone."

Le May sat down on the corner of a huge couch and recognized the comfort of a French box spring. This must be where the old man slept. He glanced at him, and finding that he himself was not being observed, let his eyes linger. Broad shoulders, now rounded, and the bold outline of head and features seemed to belie the traditional superfine lineaments of the painter. Beale still stood six feet at least, but he must have measured six-feet-two in his prime and weighed near two hundred in brawn and muscle. Even as it was, his large hands gave an impression of remembered strength and suggested the viking rather than the artist.

The conglomeration of objects about him was almost as contradictory in its implications as the old man himself. There was the bed, undoubtedly a relic of Parisian days, and *bibelots*, some of them of value, from the same source. A fine Moran seascape hung on one wall and an elder Inness river scene on another, two treasures criminally exposed to the risk of fire and yet protected against sale by loyalty. Gifts, no doubt, from the friends of his own great day. Finally, an open piano of a famous make stood across one corner of the room. Contrasting in value was a mass of puerilities—fake brasses, a copied Spanish chest, the cheapest of chinaware on a rickety sideboard, tattered rugs, cheap books and a huge, grotesque cupboard of the worst walnut period.

"I would like very much to see what you're working on now, if you don't mind," said Le May tentatively.

Beale made a falling gesture with the hand which still held his palette. "No, that can wait. Where did you drop from?"

"I live across the valley, on Becker Hill."

"Artist?"

"No, I'm not creative. I buy things I like, and sometimes I have to sell them."

"Dealer, eh?"

"Yes, I suppose so, though I hate the word. I don't feel like a dealer."

(Continued on Page 66)

"This is Connecticut, Stands for Conn., Cross the Line, You're in New York, Jump the Corner, Now You're in Mass., High! Low! Jack and the Game!"

Junior Politics and Politicians

By Belle L. Moskowitz

"IS THERE a state election this year?" This was asked me by the president of a women's political club—a college woman, a writer of some distinction and presumably actively interested in political issues. She was trying to determine on a course of action, to develop a policy, for her organization so that its members could be kept interested and busy. Is she characteristic? Is this situation due to weakness in our educational practice that leaves politics out of the picture so far as our younger women are concerned?

Experience has led me to believe but little in the opportunity for effectiveness in politics given to younger American women. The group between twenty and thirty-five years of age, in contrast to their British contemporaries, have not gone nearly so far in a much longer time. Women in England achieve political effectiveness and count for more in their political parties at least twenty years earlier in age than American women do. Except for a very few, American women would seem to have only an academic interest in politics, or little appreciation of the importance of political action as it affects some of their deepest interests. Young women between twenty and thirty-five are just not in the political picture in America, or only on parade occasions around campaign time, and then solely for ornamental purposes. The older women give a few political teas and the younger ones occasionally act as ushers at a meeting. At party conventions young women are conspicuously absent. At campaign headquarters a very few find their way in for even the humbler tasks of filling envelopes and sticking on stamps.

Many women living lives of service to their communities and performing innumerable philanthropic and charitable acts see these as utterly remote from public questions and political action. There is, it is true, a residuum of thoughtful, experienced women in most communities, some of them professional social workers, who do understand, and who have learned through the years something of their power. But these are seldom found in the active ranks of political parties.

Looking over the political organizations of the two major parties, the women who have obtained either party or political office can be quickly named. These are all middle-aged or nearly so. Putting it at its best, none of them is under thirty. Inquiries about junior political organizations of the two major parties in the United States will yield the information that if anything at all has been done to organize them, it is encompassed by a few feeble local attempts which sometimes are a little more in evidence near election time. Window dressing for the parties when needed, clubs of college girls and boys and an annual dance for junior members are the only signs that this field of party endeavor is even recognized as existent. During a national campaign the interest flares up temporarily and college clubs are its popular expression. There is no cohesion and nothing is done to create and to hold the permanent interest of young women either in party organization or in party policies. This applies to the two major parties only. The radical and liberal parties have done better by their young people.

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY "GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION," LONDON

Mr. Lloyd George With His Daughter Megan, Who Has Assisted Her Father in His Political Interests and is a Member of Parliament. At Right—Miss Lloyd George

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Feminine England Shows the Way

MEANWHILE it may be that it is not altogether the fault of the major-party organization. Asking young women college students or recent graduates a few questions about government may prove illuminating. At the country clubs and golf courses where they congregate, it is worth while to ask them. Have they voted? Have they joined a party? Have they even registered? Very few can say they have. As for participating in a primary election, they rarely even know it occurs.

And now compare young England. In Parliament and in other official positions young women are making records for themselves. Ishbel MacDonald, at twenty-six, is a member of the London county council, which, in importance and influence, is comparable to the city council or aldermanic body of a large metropolitan city. Jennie Lee, who represents in Parliament a district in Scotland, was only twenty-two years of age when she was elected a year ago. Miss Megan Lloyd George, also a member of Parliament, is twenty-seven. Junior political organizations are flourishing and active at all times.

Recently, while in England, I tried to find out why these younger women were so much more successful in politics and had arrived at positions of importance and responsibility at an age when most of our American women want nothing to do with it.

When American women were granted the suffrage, there was no distinction of age; it was at once an equal suffrage granted at the age of twenty-one. In England the first grant of suffrage was at thirty years of age for women, and only just before the last general election in May, 1929, it was reduced to twenty-one, and women were put on an equal basis with men.

Seemingly this would create a new problem for England, for there was an immense curiosity about the so-called flapper vote, now known as the under-thirty vote. But the major parties of England have always been conscious of the value of these younger people, and each party was ready with its junior organization—the Conservative Party with the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League, familiarly known as the Imps—their name has just been changed to the Young Conservative Association—and the Liberal Party with its National League of Young Liberals, while the Labor Party functioned through the Labor Party League of Youth.

So far as young women were concerned, there was plenty of available material. The average young English girl hears political talk as part of daily conversation at home and has a vital family interest in the discussion. Brothers and fathers are in politics. The direct effects of the action or inaction of parties or of Parliament are discussed and understood. Government is at hand locally and nationally. The girls help at election time. Women campaign for their husbands, girls for their brothers, sweethearts and fathers. Miss Megan Lloyd George has been a tower of strength to her father in campaigns, as well as in wider political interests. Sir Herbert Samuel, the former Liberal Home Secretary, and last year reëlected a member of Parliament, credits his daughter, Nancy Samuel, with invaluable assistance in directing his last campaign and in speaking, presiding at meetings, meeting people and running a headquarters. She had but shortly before left Oxford. The recent active participation in his campaign of the wife of a particularly well-known candidate for the United States Senate was sufficiently unusual to cause columns of newspaper comment all over the country. There is no doubt, either, that its local effect was excellent.

Apathy in the Colleges

IT IS not alone the wider opportunity for activity which is given English girls by the more liberal attitude of the major parties toward them. It is something beyond the political atmosphere in which they are brought up. It is their training and the thoroughness with which they are taught to go at the problems which confront them.

In American colleges the least popular activities have to do with debating, political science and preparation for public life. Several times I have had personal experience with meetings in girls' colleges, called for the purpose of interesting them in politics. On one occasion there were three distinguished women speakers, each to present the point of view of a major party. Each of them was persuaded there would be a large audience of college girls eager to learn the principles and policies of the major political organizations. The college had many hundreds of students. Each of the three busy women took several hours out of her day to journey to the college. The meeting was held during the noon hour, so as to give plenty of opportunity for the students to attend. Out of the many hundreds of girls in the college, perhaps fifty, at the outside, took advantage of the opportunity. And this performance is repeated every year with just about the same results.

Speakers on political topics at girls' colleges are always receiving apologies for the size of the audience. "The girls have so much to do." "There are so many activities going on just now that we are not sure how many girls will attend your talk." The fact of the matter is that the girls are not interested. Nothing is done at most colleges to give them

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Lady Astor Making an Election Address at Glasgow. At Right—Another Picture of Lady Astor

practical interest in showing them the relation between the political organization and their other interests in life. They may study industrial problems, but the enactment of legislation to remedy the evils they are learning about is rarely shown to them as a practical achievement. They do not learn how individuals can play a part in social reform by interest in party management.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON

Again, those college activities which might contribute to training for political life can scarcely be said to be popular at colleges. It is only the exceptional girl or boy who goes in for debating, and only a few exceptional students who attend debating contests. Political science departments go gayly on, and sociology professors revolve in their orbits, but the two never seem to get their students to understand that there are relationships between the topics that are worth more than the ordinary routine in the separate courses. I have had senior students, and even graduate students, come in search of material for theses on political topics and have heard from them some of the weirdest theories imaginable concerning party organization. They assured me they had received these ideas from lectures.

American Flappers and Politics

SOME of the fault lies with the girls themselves, and the objectives with which they go to college. Many American girls at the large colleges are taking their education as a side issue to their social activities. They are endeavoring, for the most part, to see how many parties and week-ends they can crowd in to keep up their obligations to their friends. They want to go to college and have a good time while there, and yet not reach the low-water mark which means reproof or dismissal. Very little in their education or their home life tends to interest them in politics. Mock elections held at colleges, or straw ballots, all too frequently show a low percentage of voters and an almost total absence of interest. Many young women just out of college are either very detached and somewhat annoyed by any effort to interest them in politics, or they are full of academic theories about the history of political parties and gossip about political machines. If they go in for party activities they are soon looking for a reward in a paid job.

In contrast with this is the point of view of the young Englishwomen. Ishbel MacDonald—just now, after the royal family, the most important young woman in English political life—talks freely about her own interest in politics. When I had tea with her at No. 10 Downing Street, she said to me:

"I was always interested in social conditions and my experience soon led me to see that unless we could get political action to remedy conditions, there would be no permanent advance and no real improvement. You cannot go on with palliative measures which are dependent on the good will of volunteer organizations and never try to secure permanency for improved housing or protection of the public health or child care or any one of a dozen other social interests you might have."

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON

The room in which we were having tea was evidently Miss Ishbel's own study. Two desks, one of the secretary type, for Miss MacDonald herself, and the other a flat one for her own secretary, occupied either end of the room. Both were covered with pamphlets and piled high with correspondence. Miss MacDonald was doing her own mail on this day; her secretary was ill. Nevertheless, she had suggested that we "talk over a cup of tea," and so we did.

I expressed my own interest in slum clearance and housing.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY PHOTOPRESS, LONDON

Premier MacDonald Arriving at the Royal Academy With His Daughter, Ishbel. In Inset—Another Photograph of Miss MacDonald

Miss MacDonald's Credo

"I WISH that I were able to give more time to housing," Miss MacDonald said, "because I have come to realize that that is the most fundamental problem of all. You cannot educate children who are badly housed, who do not have a decent place to sleep in, and who come to school tired, underfed, in need of air, exercise and rest. But I have been on the Schools Committee of the London county council for such a long time, and there is still so much to be done there, that I cannot serve on the housing committee too. I keep informed about what is going on in that field, though."

A glance at the desk piled high with reports, and the expert way Miss MacDonald would pull out the one she wanted to show or to talk about, were convincing on this point. She certainly knows what is going on and how to find out about it.

She not only reads; she digests what she reads. In the last election one of the popular handbills of the Labor Party bore a picture of Miss MacDonald and was signed by her. The text of the leaflet is a declaration of her faith. She says she believes:

Every mother should have the chance of bringing healthy children into the world without impairing her own health in that natural function.

Every family should have a decent house and healthy surroundings in which to live.

Every child should have a good primary and secondary education, leading, when required, to the university or technical college for the completion of general education or for special vocational training.

It is unjust that the type of education a child gets should be decided by the wealth or poverty of

(Continued on Page 148)

A WOMAN WITH A PAST

Josephine Spoke to Her Friend; Then Waiting Until Their Turns Would Bring Them Face to Face Over a Period of Seconds, She Smiled at Knowleton

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

DRIVING slowly through New Haven, two of the young girls became alert. Josephine and Lillian darted soft frank glances into strolling groups of three or four, into larger groups on corners, which swung about as one man to stare at their receding heads. Believing that they recognized an acquaintance in a solitary loiterer, they waved wildly, whereupon the youth's mouth fell open, and as they turned the next corner he made a dazed dilatory gesture with his hand. They laughed, "We'll send him a post card when we get back to school tonight, to see if it really was him."

Adele Craw, sitting on one of the little seats, kept on talking to Miss Chambers, the chaperon. Glancing sideways at her, Lillian winked at Josephine without batting an eye, but Josephine had gone into a reverie.

This was New Haven—city of her adolescent dreams, of glittering proms where she would move on air among men as intangible as the tunes they danced to. City sacred as Mecca, shining as Paris, hidden as Timbuktu. Twice a year the lifeblood of Chicago, her home, flowed into it, and twice a year flowed back, bringing Christmas or bringing summer. Bingo, bingo, bingo, that's the lingo; love of mine, I pine for one of your glances; the darling boy on the left there; underneath the stars I wait.

Seeing it for the first time, she found herself unmoved—the men they passed seemed young and rather bored with the possibilities of the day, glad of anything to stare at; seemed undynamic and purposeless against the background of bare elms, lakes of dirty snow and buildings crowded together under the February sky. A wisp of hope, a well-turned-out derby-crowned man, hurrying with stick and suitcase toward the station, caught her attention, but his reciprocal glance was too startled, too ingenuous. Josephine wondered at the extent of her own disillusionment.

She was exactly seventeen and she was blasé. Already she had been a sensation and a scandal; she had driven mature men to a state of disequilibrium; she had, it was said, killed her grandfather, but as he was over eighty at the time perhaps he just died. Here and there in the Middle West were discouraged little spots which upon inspection turned out to be the youths who had once looked full into her green and wistful eyes. But her love affair of last summer had ruined her faith in the all-sufficiency of men. She had grown bored with the waning September days—and it seemed as though it had happened once too often. Christmas with its provocative shortness, its traveling glee clubs, had brought no one new. There remained to her only a persistent, an almost physical hope. She hoped in her stomach that there was someone whom she would love more than he loved her.

They stopped at a sporting-goods store and Adele Craw, a pretty girl with clear honorable eyes and piano legs, purchased the sporting equipment which was the reason for their trip—they were the spring hockey committee for the school. Adele was in addition the president of the senior class and the school's ideal girl. She had lately seen a change for the better in Josephine Perry—rather as an honest citizen might guilelessly approve a peculator retired on his profits. On the other hand, Adele was simply incomprehensible to Josephine—admirable, without doubt, but a member of another species. Yet with the charming adaptability that she had hitherto reserved for men, Josephine was trying hard not to disillusion her, trying to be honestly interested in the small, neat, organized politics of the school.

Two men who had stood with their backs to them at another counter turned to leave the store, when they caught sight of Miss Chambers and Adele. Immediately they came forward. The one who spoke to Miss Chambers was thin and familiarly rigid of face. Josephine recognized him as Miss Brereton's nephew, a student at New Haven, who had spent several week-ends with his aunt at the school. The other man Josephine had never seen before. He was tall and broad, with blond curly hair and an open expression in which strength of purpose and a nice consideration were pleasantly mingled. It was not the sort of face that generally appealed to Josephine. The eyes were obviously without a secret, without a sidewise gambol, without a desperate flicker to show that they had a life of their own apart from the mouth's speech. The mouth itself was large and masculine; its smile was an act of kindness and control. It was rather with curiosity as to the sort of man who would be attentive to Adele Craw that Josephine continued to look at him, for his voice that obviously couldn't lie greeted Adele as if this meeting was the pleasant surprise of his day.

It Was in This Position That Miss Brereton and the Visiting Trustee Had Found Them

In a moment Josephine and Lillian were called over and introduced.

"This is Mr. Waterbury"—that was Miss Brereton's nephew—"and Mr. Dudley Knowleton."

Glancing at Adele, Josephine saw on her face an expression of tranquil pride, even of possession. Mr. Knowleton spoke politely, but it was obvious that though he looked at the younger girls he did not quite see them. But since they were friends of Adele's he made suitable remarks, eliciting the fact that they were both coming down to New Haven to their first prom the following week. Who were their hosts? Sophomores; he

knew them slightly. Slightly, Josephine thought with some superiority. Why, they were the charter members of the Loving Brothers' Association—Ridgeway Saunders and George Davey—and on the glee-club trip the girls they picked out to rush in each city considered themselves a sort of élite, second only to the girls they asked to New Haven.

"And oh, I've got some bad news for you," Knowleton said to Adele. "You may be leading the prom. Jack Coe went to the infirmary with appendicitis, and against my better judgment I'm the provisional chairman." He looked apologetic. "Being one of these stone-age dancers, the two-step king, I don't see how I ever got on the committee at all."

When the car was on its way back to Miss Brereton's school, Josephine and Lillian bombarded Adele with questions.

"He's an old friend from Cincinnati," she explained demurely. "He's captain of the baseball team and he was last man for Skull and Bones."

"You're going to the prom with him?"

"Yes. You see, I've known him all my life."

Was there a faint implication in this remark that only those who had known Adele all her life knew her at her true worth?

"Are you engaged?" Lillian demanded.

Adele laughed. "Mercy, I don't think of such matters. It doesn't seem to be time for that sort of thing yet, does it?" ["Yes," interpolated Josephine silently.] "We're just good friends. I think there can be a perfectly healthy friendship between a man and a girl without a lot of ——"

"Mush," supplied Lillian helpfully.

"Well, yes, but I don't like that word. I was going to say without a lot of sentimental romantic things that ought to come later."

"Bravo, Adele," said Miss Chambers somewhat perfunctorily.

But Josephine's curiosity was unappeased.

"Doesn't he say he's in love with you, and all that sort of thing?"

"Mercy, no! Dud doesn't believe in such stuff any more than I do. He's got enough to do at New Haven, serving on the committees and the team."

"Oh!" said Josephine.

She was oddly interested. That two people who were attracted to each other should never even say anything about it but be content to "not believe in such stuff," was something new in her experience. She had known girls who had no beaus, others who seemed to have no emotions, and still others who lied about what they thought and did; but here was a girl who spoke of the attentions of the last man tapped for Skull and Bones as if they were two of the limestone gargoyles that Miss Chambers had pointed out on Harkness Hall. Yet Adele seemed happy—happier than Josephine, who had always believed that boys and girls were made for nothing but each other, and as soon as possible.

In the light of his popularity and achievements, Knowleton seemed more attractive. Josephine wondered if he would remember her and dance with her at the prom, or if that depended on how well he knew her escort, Ridgeway Saunders. She tried to remember whether she had smiled at him when he was looking at her. If she had really smiled he would remember her and dance with her. She was still trying to be sure of that over her two French irregular verbs and her ten stanzas of the Ancient Mariner that night; but she was still uncertain when she fell asleep.

II

THREE gay young sophomores, the founders of the Loving Brothers' Association, took a house together for Josephine, Lillian and a girl from Farmover and their three mothers. For the three girls it was a first prom, and they arrived at New Haven with all the nervousness of the condemned; but a Sheffield fraternity tea in the afternoon yielded up such a plethora of boys from home, and boys who had visited there, and friends of those boys, and new boys with unknown possibilities but obvious eagerness, that they were glowing with self-confidence as they poured into the glittering crowd that thronged the armory at ten.

At the Moment When Josephine Swung Her Legs Out the Window, There Was the Sound of Voices Outside the Door and the Key Turned Again in the Lock

It was impressive; for the first time Josephine was at a function run by men upon men's standards—an outward projection of the New Haven world from which women were excluded and which went on mysteriously behind the scenes. She perceived that their three escorts, who had once seemed the very embodiments of worldliness, were modest fry in this relentless microcosm of accomplishment and success. A man's world! Looking around her at the glee-club concert, Josephine had felt a grudging admiration for the good fellowship, the good feeling. She envied Adele Craw, barely glimpsed in the dressing room, for the position she automatically occupied by being Dudley Knowleton's girl tonight. She envied her more stepping off under the draped bunting through a gateway of hydrangeas at the head of the grand march, very demure and faintly unpowdered in a plain white dress. She was temporarily the center of all attention, and at the sight something that had long lain dormant in Josephine awakened—her sense of a problem, a scarcely defined possibility.

"Josephine," Ridgeway Saunders began, "you can't realize how happy I am now that it's come true. I've looked forward to this so long, and dreamed about it ——"

She smiled up at him automatically, but her mind was elsewhere, and as the dance progressed the idea continued to obsess her. She was rushed from the beginning; to the men from the tea were added a dozen new faces, a dozen confident or timid voices, until, like all the more popular girls, she had her own queue trailing her about the room. Yet all this had happened to her before, and there was something missing. One might have ten men to Adele's two, but Josephine was abruptly aware that here a girl took on the importance of the man who had brought her.

She was discomforted by the unfairness of it. A girl earned her popularity by being beautiful and charming. The more beautiful and charming she was, the more she could afford to disregard public opinion. It seemed absurd that simply because Adele had managed to attach a baseball captain, who mightn't know anything about girls at all, or be able to judge their attractions, she should be thus elevated in spite of her thick ankles, her rather too pinkish face.

She was dancing with Ed Bement from Chicago. He was her earliest beau, a flame of pigtail days in dancing school when one wore white cotton stockings, laced drawers with a waist attached and ruffled dresses with the inevitable sash.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked Ed, thinking aloud. "For months I've felt as if I were a hundred years old, and I'm just seventeen and that party was only seven years ago."

"You've been in love a lot since then," Ed said.

"I haven't," she protested indignantly. "I've had a lot of silly stories started about me, without any foundation, usually by girls who were jealous."

"Jealous of what?"

"Don't get fresh," she said tartly. "Dance me near Lillian."

Dudley Knowleton had just cut in on Lillian. Josephine spoke to her friend; then waiting until their turns would bring them face to face over a space of seconds, she smiled at Knowleton. This time she made sure that smile gathered

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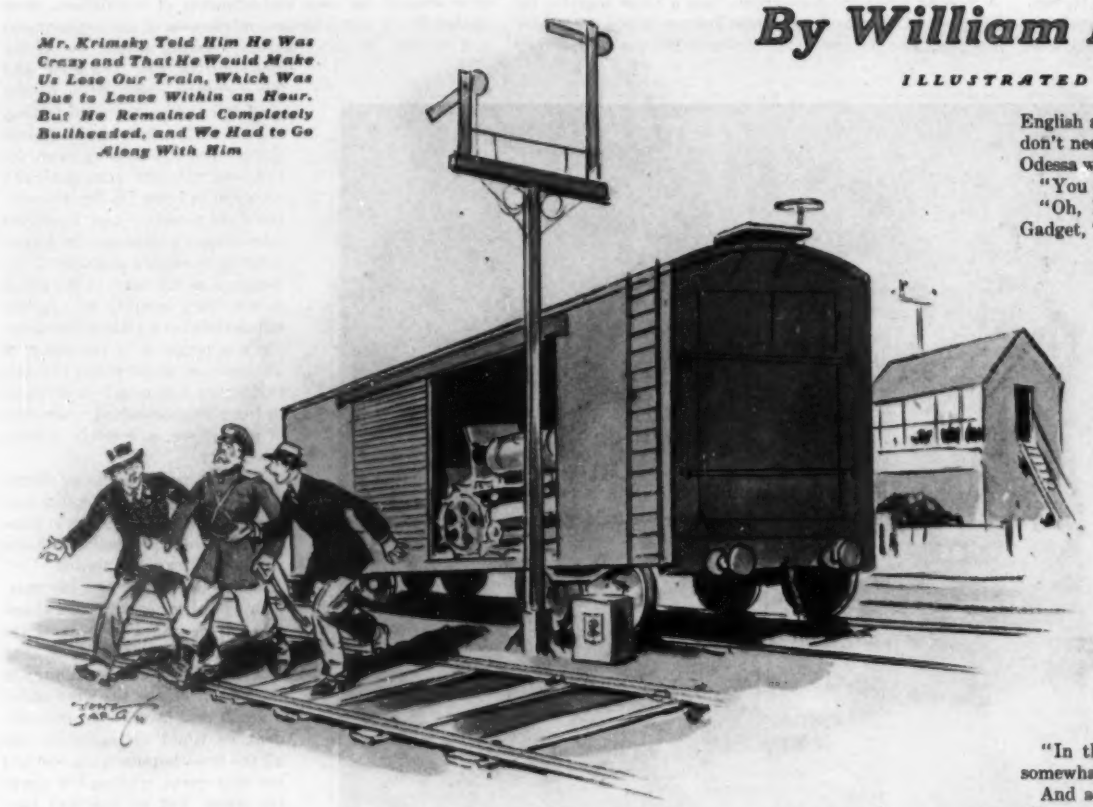
TECHNICAL STUFF

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Mr. Krimsky Told Him He Was Crazy and That He Would Make Us Lose Our Train, Which Was Due to Leave Within an Hour. But He Remained Completely Bullheaded, and We Had to Go Along With Him

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL LONDONSKAYA, ODESSA, UKRAINIA, U. S. S. R.
Thursday, June 7, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: In case you did not receive my report of yesterday, I will explain that the first three days of my great selling campaign—by which I hope eventually to unload thousands of good American Earthworm tractors onto the sturdy peasants of Ukrainia—were not an absolutely complete success. We landed at Odessa on Monday. On Tuesday we arrived with the new-model thirty-horse-power tractor at the village of Usk, on the banks of the river Bug, about a hundred and fifty versts from Odessa. On Wednesday we held a plowing demonstration in the hope that we could sell the tractor to the Usk Coöperative Association. But, owing to the stupidity of Comrade Ivan Tschukovsky, who was driving, the tractor ran over a cliff and was completely destroyed. Last night, following this disastrous incident, I returned to Odessa.

Do not get the idea that I am discouraged. Many people, of course, would have been so overwhelmed by this disaster that they would have given way to despair. But troubles such as these only spur me on to greater efforts. And this morning, bright and early, I got hold of Mr. Krimsky. This gentleman—as I explained in my former report—is the wonderfully efficient and highly educated executive of the Union of Ukrainian Coöperative Societies.

"Mr. Krimsky," I said, "though it is true that we have lost one of our tractors, we are not yet licked. We still have the old-model sixty-horse-power machine in the warehouse here at Odessa. I propose that we ship it out to the village of Usk today, that we go out ourselves tomorrow and that we make a second demonstration."

"That will be all right with me," said Mr. Krimsky.

"This time I will do all the driving myself, so there will be no mishaps," I continued.

"It is a good idea."

"Furthermore, I would suggest that we ride along in the freight car with the tractor. It is still National Junk Week, and it is possible that if the tractor is unguarded, somebody else may come along and start stealing various parts off it."

[In my previous report I explained that National Junk Week, which is now going on, is a time when all good citizens are urged to bring to certain designated depots all the scrap iron, old brass and similar refuse that they can find. All this stuff, which otherwise might go to waste, will supply needed raw materials to the factories of the Soviet Union. The inhabitants have been so impressed with National Junk Week that they have been gathering material everywhere, and when we shipped the other tractor, an over-zealous patriot swiped the carburetor and the magneto, which he intended using as his contribution to the cause. Fortunately, we recovered the missing parts, but we might not be so lucky the next time.]

Mr. Krimsky agreed with me that it might be wise to ride along with the tractor and guard it. Accordingly he departed for the railway freight terminal to make the necessary arrangements. After agreeing to meet him there late in the afternoon, I returned to the hotel and explained the arrangements to Gadget. Gadget, I regret to state, was inclined to be just a trifle peevish.

"Of course," she said, in a faintly sarcastic tone of voice, "I always try to be a good and helpful wife to you, Alexander."

"You certainly are," I said. "Throughout our entire European tour your services as interpreter and as business adviser and assistant have been invaluable."

"Well, I would just as soon act as your interpreter in France and Italy, where I understand the languages. But here in Russia I can't talk the lingo any more than you can. Mr. Krimsky understands both English and Russian; he is going along with you; so you don't need me. I have a good mind to stay right here in Odessa where it is clean and comfortable and civilized."

"You mean you don't want to come with us?"

"Oh, I'll probably go with you, if you insist," said Gadget, "but it does seem to me that you are dragging me around to a lot of awful funny places. That house belonging to Comrade Tschukovsky—where we were supposed to stay on our last trip to Usk—was one of the filthiest holes I have ever seen. If I wanted to be perfectly accurate, I might even describe it as lousy."

"Perhaps," I replied, "that was to be expected, considering the place was so near the Bug River." This was supposed to be a wise crack, but it didn't get over very well.

"I am sure of one thing," said Gadget. "I'll never enter that house again."

"You won't have to," I said. "We can sleep outdoors."

"This certainly is a wonderful trip you are offering me. We go there in a freight car and we sleep outdoors."

"All right," I said, "if you don't want to go, you don't have to. It makes absolutely no difference to me whether you do or not."

"In that case," said Gadget, who seemed to be in a somewhat contrary frame of mind, "I think I will go."

And so it was decided. It is now four o'clock in the afternoon, and we are all ready to start for the freight terminal. In my next report I will tell you how everything goes.

Very sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

AT THE FREIGHT TERMINAL, ODESSA.
Thursday, June 7, 1928, 7 P.M.

DEAR HENDERSON: I have run into a very curious little series of difficulties, which for a time threatened to disrupt our plans, but which I have solved in a very interesting and very original way.

I Knocked and Pounded on Gadget's Door

"Well," Said the Proprietor, "She Slapped Me in the Face"

When Gadget and I arrived at the freight terminal, Mr. Krimsky met us and reported that the car was ready, and that he had received permission for himself and for me to ride along with the tractor. Unfortunately, however, it was against the rules of the railroad for a woman to ride on a freight car.

"What a silly rule," I said.

"Not at all," said Gadget. "It settles everything very nicely. I didn't want to go on this idiotic expedition anyway. I will stay in Odessa."

"I hate to leave you behind," I said.

"Don't worry about me. I will spend the rest of the afternoon doing a little shopping, and then go back to the hotel and have a good supper and a comfortable night's rest. And tomorrow I may do a little sight-seeing. Good-by and have a good time."

With these words Gadget left us and went back uptown. I got busy and cranked up the old sixty-horse-power tractor, drove it across the platform and loaded it on the box car which was waiting. Mr. Krimsky and I then sat down to wait for the train to start.

Before long a large bozo in uniform came walking by and asked to see our papers. Every time you move over here, and every time you stop anywhere, you have to show your papers to some official and go through a lot of red tape. We produced our passports and the permission of sojourn, with all the funny-looking photographs and official stamps and visas and what not. After looking them over, the man in uniform had a long discussion with Mr. Krimsky. Then Mr. Krimsky explained matters to me.

Apparently our friend was some sort of a police officer whose job it was to see that no funny business was pulled off around the freight yards. And he was so surprised to discover two such good-looking chaps as Mr. Krimsky and myself preparing to take a ride in a freight car that he decided he ought to investigate our papers very thoroughly. Now, it happened that Gadget and I had a joint passport, made out in the name of Alexander Botts and wife. We also had a joint permission of sojourn, which is a paper they give you on your arrival and which you have to have in order to remain anywhere inside the U. S. S. R. [This stands for Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.]

The cop looked at my papers and noted that they called for a man and a wife. And when he failed to discover the wife anywhere around, his suspicions increased to a positive certainty that I was engaged in some very dark and criminal proceedings. Mr. Krimsky explained everything to him very carefully, but he was both dumb and stubborn, and he insisted that I could not travel alone on papers which called for a man and a wife. He insisted that we come to the central office with him. Mr. Krimsky told him he was crazy and that he would make us lose our train, which was due to leave within an hour. But he remained completely bullheaded, and we had to go along with him.

First we visited some sort of a police station, from which we were sent along to the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, or some such thing. This place was on the Uliza Pushkinskaya. Mr. Krimsky had a long and angry discussion with the man who seemed to be in charge of the office. Of course I couldn't understand anything that was said, but I had a feeling that old Krimsky was doing a lot of high-powered arguing which was not getting him anywhere.

"This man," he said, "is incredibly stupid."

"Practically all of them are," I said.

"Practically all who?" he asked. "Are you trying to insinuate that practically all Russians are stupid?"

"No," I replied. "Practically all officials. I have had arguments with customs officials in Italy, sergeants of the military police in the A. E. F., traffic cops in Illinois, and many others. And they are all just as stupid as you say this bird is."

Mr. Krimsky smiled somewhat bitterly. "Yes, yes," he said. "I see what you mean, and I agree with you—except that this bird, as you call him, is obviously gifted with a deeper and far more solid stupidity than anybody you have met up to this time."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"In the first place, he says the policeman is in error; it is perfectly legal for you to travel alone on papers made out for you and your wife."

"Then we are all right," I said.

"Apparently not. If you want to leave town, you will have to take your papers with you. If you take them, Mrs. Botts will be left without any. And in that case this officious fool says it will be his duty to send an officer to the hotel to arrest Mrs. Botts for living in Odessa without the proper permission of sojourn. It looks as if you and your wife—as long as you have but one set of papers—will have to remain together."

"But that is absurd," I said. "I have to go to Usk, and I have to go this afternoon on that freight train. How can Gadget go along with me? She is out shopping somewhere, and we couldn't find her before train time. And even if we could, the railroad company wouldn't let her ride on the freight train. And besides, she doesn't want to go to Usk. You tell your friend here that there is no sense to what he says."

"I have already told him, but it does no good."

"Ask him if he can't issue us separate papers."

"Maybe he can," said Mr. Krimsky. He had another long argument with the half-witted official, and then turned once more to me. "He says that you both entered the country on a joint passport. Therefore, he can do nothing. Personally, I don't think he knows what he's talking about. I very much doubt if there are any such rules and regulations as he claims to be following. I could take the matter up with his superiors in Moscow, but we couldn't get an answer for several days. And in the meantime we seem to be stuck. He insists that as long as your status remains unchanged, it would be illegal for him to issue you separate papers."

"What does he mean by our status remaining unchanged?"

"I'll ask him." After another conference with the official, Mr. Krimsky explained. "He says that if one of you died, he would be forced to issue revised papers to the survivor at once. And he would have to give you separate papers in case you were divorced."

"That doesn't help us much," I said. And then I had one of those brilliant inspirations which once in a while seem to come into active minds such as my own. "Wait a minute," I said. "Haven't I heard that a divorce is very easy to get in this country?"

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Krimsky, "the marriage and divorce laws of the Soviet Union are the most progressive and the most liberal in the world. They are based on the high principle that love and marriage are too sacred to be hampered and stultified by absurd and deadening restrictions. In the communist state, if a man wishes a divorce, all he has to do is to apply for it at the government marriage and divorce bureau, and it is given him at once."

"This applies to foreigners also?"

"Certainly."

"What do you mean by 'at once'? How long does it take?"

"It might take five minutes."

"And if a man got a divorce, could he remarry any time he wanted to?"

"He could."

"He could marry his divorced wife five minutes later? Or the next day? Or any time at all?"

"Absolutely."

"Where is this divorce office?" I asked.

"But surely," said Mr. Krimsky, "you aren't actually thinking of divorcing your excellent wife?"

"I certainly am."

"But I can't believe it," said Mr. Krimsky, in a shocked tone of voice. "I hope you will pardon me for interfering in your private affairs, but Mrs. Botts is so charming, so

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One of the Officials Looked Them Over, Then Shook His Head and Started a Long Harangue

THE HEART OF A CAMERAMAN

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

WHAT a perfectly adorable little dog! He's your dog, isn't he, Mr. Kettering?"

"Yeah," Mr. Kettering said coldly, "he belongs to me."

"Oh, I think he's perfectly adorable! Don't you think he's adorable, Milly?"

"He's just sweet," Milly said conservatively.

"Well, I think he's just too adorable. Will he bite if I pat him, Mr. Kettering?"

"He bites blondes."

"Oh, I don't believe it! You're just kidding me, Mr. Kettering! What kind of a dog is he?"

"Wire-haired dachshund."

"A wire-haired dachshund! I never knew there was such a breed of dog. Did you, Milly? Isn't he a darling! What's his name, Mr. Kettering?"

"Zilch."

"Oh, go on! You're kidding me, Mr. Kettering. Isn't he a perfect riot, Milly? Is Zilch really his name?"

The lovely slim blonde seemed to writhe slightly in her bathing suit. There wasn't much bathing suit in which to writhe—not more, at a generous estimate, than three ounces of it, including the cap.

A man with average sensibilities would have been acutely aware of the lovely slim blonde, but Mr. Kettering remained unmoved. His cold gray eyes were roving over the set. He had evidently not heard her last question.

With bubbling charm she repeated it: "Is Zilch really his name, Mr. Kettering?"

The cameraman glanced at her. "Why should I lie to a dumb kluck like you?"

The blonde took the insult in her stride. She uttered a peal of laughter.

"Milly, did you hear him? Isn't he a scream? Zilch! What a weird name for a dog! Where did you ever get that name, Mr. Kettering?"

"It's an old Czecho-Slovakian word," Mr. Kettering replied, "meaning faith, hope and chastity."

The two girls in bathing suits were off in peals of laughter, but Mr. Kettering did not crack a smile. At intervals they repeated "Zilch" and went into further convulsions, prettily complimenting Mr. Kettering on his rare sense of humor.

Finally gaining some control over her centers of titillation, the blonde reached down to pat the dog. Now, Zilch did not really have a disagreeable disposition. It only chanced that he was not feeling very well and had had all the patting he could endure. When the girl's hand approached his head he looked at it with one unfriendly eye and lifted the corner of his upper lip, exposing two white, sharp teeth.

The lovely blonde snatched her hand away.

"He does bite!" she shrieked.

"He doesn't like blondes any better than I do," Mr. Kettering affirmed.

"I guess we'll have to be running along," said the blond girl, all her bubbling charm departing.

The two girls walked toward the exit. "I told you," said Milly complacently, "that gag wouldn't work. He's chromium-plated. He won't give any girl a break. You'd better confine yourself to assistant directors, dearie. You can't promote anything with Kettering. He's got a kippered herring for a heart."

Louis' Frown Became Darker Still. "You Mean, You Never Had a Cat Named Zilch?"

In Hollywood, to arrive at an estimate of a man's worth, it is customary to divide what he says about himself by a number—the more he says, the larger the number. Louis Kettering was an anomaly. He puzzled Hollywood for years because he never talked about himself.

Louis was the head cameraman of Sound Art, Inc. But he never turned a crank, or touched the switch to start a camera motor, or locked a camera into a blimp or an ice box. When the order was given to "Sync 'em," it was not Louis Kettering who blooped a few frames so that the cutting-room girls would know where the sound and visual tracks of that take began. He might not even be on the set when the scene was shot. He would tell his assistants where to place the cameras and the electricians where to place the lights. He might look through the finder to check up, but that was as far as he went.

On rare occasions he made suggestions to actors on make-up and face angles, but he was interested in them only as materials. For a hobby, he experimented with new lenses, filters, films and tricky camera angles. His darkroom, in his apartment, was a chemical laboratory. He owned thirty-seven cameras, including six motion-picture cameras. He had served on the camera crews of Sennett, Griffith, Brennon and Clifton. Sound Art paid him a thousand a week. By his genius he had saved poor pictures, and by his genius he had made masterpieces of excellent ones. No one understood his temperament. He was called high opera, swell-headed, a crab, a nut. They said he really didn't belong in a congenial, warm-hearted place like Hollywood. They said he didn't have a heart.

It was all right, they said, to be hot and bothered about your art, but it was the bunk not to let down and be yourself once in a while. Louis Kettering never let down. He was a red-headed, boyish-looking, homely man of thirty, with a complexion like old cavalry boots, a deadly tongue, a habit of wearing rough tweeds which always looked a size too large for him, an amazing immunity from the wiles of pretty girls, and a perpetual silence about himself.

One of the stories they used to tell about him concerned a delicious little, black-haired, blue-eyed extra girl, name unknown—one of hundreds working one day on a big set. Louis had the air of a man smitten at last. He followed her with his cold gray eyes all morning, and at luncheon surreptitiously invited her to drop into his studio that night. The girl knew that if Mr. Kettering developed a fancy for her, her career was made. So she went to his studio that night, eyes fever bright, cheeks flaming, heart fluttering in throat, mind as disorganized as that of a sparrow being stared at by a cobra.

Louis kept her in his studio until three the next morning. Doing what, pray? Taking photographs of her—dozens and dozens of them—through some newfangled German lenses he had been itching to try on some girl whose profile was pure cameo!

Yes, the man was an enigma. His weakness, if any, was that funny-looking dog. Zilch, being dachshund, was long in body and short in leg. To save time, Louis often picked up Zilch and carried him under his arm. But there was nothing affectionate in this gesture. He carried Zilch as if the dachshund were a package.

Since the Hollywood panic of 1928-29, when the talkies were squealing and squawking their way into the national consciousness, sound crews have been put in their places and directors and top cameramen are once again kings, but in those pioneering days a recording engineer was a dark and awful god. Zilch was one of the earliest bones of contention. With entire studio crews searching for some alien cricket that ruined take after take, or driving flies away from the microphones, Louis firmly asserted that Zilch was to be admitted. In the end, Zilch stayed. Only once, when he scratched at a flea and rattled his collar, was a take ruined. He was so near a mike that the sound, when reproduced, resembled the impact of ash cans upon a glass roof. But it never happened again.

This seeming devotion of Sound Art's top cameraman to his wire-haired companion was considered by many a lovely unknown as a gift from heaven. And the rumor got somehow mouthed about that if a girl wanted to make a hit with Mr. Kettering, the way to do it was to make a fuss over Zilch.

Extra girls are always more than willing to meet a good break halfway, and it followed that Zilch was deluged with popularity. And considering his short Teutonic temperament, Zilch bore up under it remarkably well. Sometimes, after lovely, scented hands had rained pats on him, he would bare his sharp little teeth, and once or twice he went so far as to snarl mildly. The truth was, Zilch wasn't feeling well. Something had been wrong with him for about a year, but his master wasn't aware of it. Louis thought that Zilch was merely as bored with all the lovely, adoring girls as he himself was. Cynical and wise, Louis had little use for actresses. He had seen so many of them come and go, all lovely, all ambitious. Their charming faces had been placed before his lenses for a little while, then other charming, but younger and fresher, faces had come; all watching with alert, anxious eyes any man who might be helpful.

Was it strange that Louis Kettering was chromium-plated? Or that he had a kippered herring for a heart? Or saw through lovely, wily little blondes in bathing suits as if they were mica? He could have repeated almost word for word what Milly had said: "I told you that gag wouldn't work. You can't promote anything with Kettering." Everything was a gag. Every one of them was artfully trying to promote something. No wonder Louis called them dumb klucks, or, if they were noticeably refined and modest, dumb eggs.

It remained for the daughter of an Iowa veterinary to teach Louis something new.

"What a funny little dog! Hello, fuzzy-wuzzy."

Now, there was no apparent reason why Jane Gibson should have taken the trouble to lavish appreciation on Zilch. She was not an extra. She had a fairly fat part in Sound Art's new production, Hellbent. She couldn't promote anything with Louis.

"You don't see many of these. Does he bite?"

"He bites brunettes."

Miss Gibson laughed. "Some dogs lack discrimination, don't they? What's his name?"

"Zilch."

"How exciting! I had a cat named Zilch, back home in the Bible Belt. A good corn-fed idea occasionally fights its way into Hollywood, doesn't it?"

"A lot oftener," Mr. Kettering agreed, "than a corn-fed girl with a brain big enough to plug up the eye of a gnat."

Miss Gibson sent him a merry glance from large eyes the color of wet asphalt. There were flecks of gold in them. Her hair was unusual too. It was brown, with glints and gleams of gold in it. Otherwise, she followed a familiar pattern. She had a pert nose and a delicious mouth. She was slim and lovely and sweet. There was something endearing about the line of her chin. She would have, in anything from pajamas to an evening gown, the look of a bride.

In Louis Kettering's bright lexicon, she was a goof. A pair of lovers in a picture were always a pair of goofs. They did goof stuff. Jane Gibson wasn't a goof in Hellbent. She was playing a sacrifice part. But her destiny, if she ever made the grade, was goof stuff. Louis darkly suspected that she wasn't getting the breaks.

She was stroking Zilch's body with a slim, pretty hand. Suddenly she asked, "How old's this dog?"

"Going on five."

"How long's he had this ascites?"

"Says which?"

"Ascites."

"That's fat."

"It isn't fat. It's ascites."

"Say, listen, dumb egg: all dogs get that way when they grow old."

"Listen, yourself, lame brain: all dogs that get this way pop off without warning. Look at him!"

The cameraman looked. He cocked his head.

"Well," he said, "his chassis is beginning to sag, at that. But it's about time to trade him in on a new model anyway. He's got too long a wheel base and not enough road clearance. What kind of a disease is this ascites? If it's contagious, will I get one of those? Is it too late for chloroform?"

"It isn't a disease, Mr. Kettering; it's a symptom. It's a dropsical condition."

"You mean, Zilch has dropsy? What is this—a fast one?"

"His peritoneal cavity," Miss Gibson explained in her sweet, clipped voice, "is filled with serous fluid. It is the result of an organic lesion. It might be cirrhosis of the liver or deficient heart action. If it's liver, there's no hope."

"Yeah? Well, it still looks like too many T-bone steaks to me. What are you—a dog doctor on the side?"

"My father was a veterinary. I used to be daddy's li'l' helper."

"How do I find out what's wrong with him?"

"If we had a stethoscope, we could examine his heart."

"What's the matter with a mike and a repeater? Come on."

The cameraman picked up Zilch and carried him into another sound stage, where effect men were making experiments with a strange-looking gadget intended to imitate the bark of a machine gun. Louis explained what he wanted. The effect men plugged a mike into the amplifier circuit. The mike was placed against Zilch's left side, and the great stage was suddenly filled with the mystery of a dog's heartbeats.

"There!" Miss Gibson exclaimed. "Hear that, Mr. Kettering?"

"It sounds like the charge of the light brigade to me."

"That soft, rushing sound. It's a leaky valve."

"Shall I send for a plumber?"

"Why not let me take him home? I understand sick dogs. I'll put him on digitalis. If necessary, I'll operate to relieve that ascitic condition."

"Go as far as you like," the cameraman said carelessly.

Zilch faintly snarled, and the mammoth studio thundered to the portentous, challenging roar of a lion.

At noon the next day Louis Kettering stopped beside the table at which Jane Gibson sat lunching alone.

"Why, hello there, dumb egg!"

"Hello yourself, lame brain."

"Let me see. What was it I wanted to ask you? Oh, yeah. Do I need a new mutt or will the old one hold out a while longer?"

"Sit down," Miss Gibson invited with a smile that showed the upper row of her beautiful teeth, "and I'll give you the latest bulletins from the bedside. The patient passed a restful night. I started him on digitalis and this morning you'd have thought he was a brand-new dog. He was positively hilarious."

"Yeah?" Louis said indifferently. He sat down and picked up the menu. "Say, dumb egg, how long have you been in this business?"

"About a year and a half, lame brain."

"Got black on white?"

"Yup."

"How they treating you?"

"Oh, all right."

A waitress came over. "Ham and eggs, a cup of Java, strawberry shortcake," Louis said. "What kind of a break," he asked Miss Gibson, "they giving you in this new picture?"

"It's a pretty good part. Of course, I haven't had very much experience and that Ray woman steals every scene we're in. That woman certainly is a devil on wheels."

"What's it all about?"

"Hellbent? Haven't you read the script?"

"No. What is it—more modern madness?"

"Unh-uh. A weak woman; a headstrong, spoiled son of the rich who really isn't bad at heart; and a pure, noble girl of the masses who teaches him that life isn't really like that. It's full of good, clean, wholesome fun—roadsters plunging off cliffs, collegiates getting boiled, throwing vases at one another and plugging the theme song, and parents wringing their hands about it all."

"What do you do?" Louis asked, and wondered what panchromatic film and a 2X filter would do to her eyes and hair.

"I'm the weak woman. I flap, drink gin, slide down banisters and yell whoopee at every entrance. The boy quietly ruins me. This is indicated by showing an orchid wilting on its stem. I'm going to have a baby, but I'm too game to tell. That Ray woman wants the gameness stuff out, because it gives me some sympathy. When I discover that Jimmy is in love with her, I fall under a truck to show there are no hard feelings and that their love is best. This is preceded by a boudoir sob scene that is supposed to melt the glaze off a door knob."

"Yeah?" Louis said indifferently.

"It's a fat part if you work it right."

"That's the trouble. Beulah Ray is going to outsmart me. If I had her experience and if the part was rewritten a bit, I might walk away with Hellbent. But I haven't a chance. She is the cleverest lens hog in Hollywood. She is going to steam-roller me. When she

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"Milly, Did You Hear Him? Isn't He a Scream? Zilch! What a Weird Name for a Dog! Where Did You Ever Get That Name, Mr. Kettering?"

Gang Morality in the Colleges

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS

Dean of the College, Princeton University

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

I USED to notice on ocean liners or in the smokers of Pullmans that when strangers learned that the odd man in the group was or had been a college professor they often opened hostilities by asking him, "What do you think of the American undergraduate?" in much the same fashion that they would ask, "What do you think of the American Indian?" The spirit in which they put the question to the teacher was like that in which bad boys tantalize a lubberly turtle. They try to tempt him to stick his head out so that they can poke him where it hurts.

The academic mind is unsuspecting, and the professor addressed would usually oblige by attempting to answer. This would almost inevitably start a free-for-all discussion which was likely to become acrimonious if in the group around the professor there were present employers of young college graduates. The charges of some such employers would fill a rather large book. In the main, however, they would fall under two headings: First, the college man is irresponsible and careless about his obligations; and, second, he is so bumptious that after working six months in an office as a clerk he expects to be made the president of the company.

Now that I am forced to put this troublesome question to myself, I shall, therefore, proceed with circumspection, and instead of coming out point-blank with the statement that he is the best fellow ever or the world's worst reprobate, I shall confess that in my opinion he is neither. The one thing that is significant about him is that he has a different decalogue. He is not always governed by the same principles which regulate the conduct of an employer or an older isolated individual, like his father. It may shock some of his parents and even some of his professors to learn this, but, as I have seen the undergraduate, over and over again, what seems to be his peculiarly annoying conduct has been dictated to him by a compelling code of gang morality. Even the very best undergraduates are subject to it. Let the reader here put in his demurrer if he disapproves. I shall return to this later and try to make my contention clearer.

Ripening Green Freshmen

IN THE meantime, let us begin with something upon which a group of outsiders, including even a hostile employer, could agree. First of all, let us admit that the undergraduate is human and that he is young. Let us remember also that either or both of these characteristics may constitute a liability. Since he is young and human he changes somewhat during the four years that he is in college, and I am quite willing to admit here on the kick-off that however poor a thing he may still be in his employer's estimation, when he graduates he has usually changed for the better.

It is perhaps not necessary to prove that there is such an increase in social maturity going on rather steadily during the four years of college. Not many weeks ago I sat on a commencement platform and watched the "grave old seniors" file by and receive their diplomas. When I remembered what immature boys some of them had been on their first blundering appearances in a freshman classroom or in the university offices, I could not help but feel that the painful efforts of their professors had not all been in vain.

Everyone who has had any experience with college men will immediately concede that in most cases there is this difference at least between the freshman and the senior: The freshman realizes that he is a beginner and that he is a pollywog in the big pond. He is often awkward, but he is willing to learn and amenable to suggestion. However much he may occasionally try to hide it, he is cowed or at least affected by the presence of so many who outrank him, are older in the ways of this new world. Much of this—indeed too much—disappears when he is a sophomore, usually the most class-conscious year of collegiate existence.

The old college song calls the juniors stately and the seniors grave, and there is some warrant for these adjectives. Though the outsider may find this oversubtle, I can assure him that there are such differences of attitude and bearing, of assurance, of social attitude and maturity, and that they are so real that I have known college policemen who could on sight pick out of a mixed crowd of undergraduates the members of the freshman class, even when they showed no distinguishing outward marks.

At any given time, except for the effects of rooted local traditions or customs, I have found undergraduates pretty much the same in all the colleges. There are noticeable outward changes from decade to decade; particularly in our times there is a sort of freemasonry among them, and just because of this odd code of theirs they seem to signal to each other and react in much the same way to changing social customs in the country.

The most significant differences are to be found between the type of boy who only attends classes in a large city university and lives, eats and often works at home, and the young man who goes away to the residential college, where all students live, eat, work and play on the campus. In this latter type the advantages or disadvantages of college life are strongest, old customs take root more easily and rapidly and are likely to persist longer, since they are less interfered with by the big world outside. So, for instance, when as a result of a strike against the high price of clothing, some ten years ago, at Princeton, undergraduates began to wear cheap painters' overalls and jackets, they started one more old custom, for this was the origin of the white uniform, the so-called beer suit with the class emblem painted on its back, now worn by seniors in the spring of their last year. So also, when a group at Dartmouth suddenly decided that the undergraduates there should wear shorts with bare knees showing, it may be that this innovation likewise started an old custom.

Ten-o'Clock Scholars

THOUGH citizens of small college towns establish what might be called a toleration to undergraduate eccentricities, such practices are clearly impossible to the boy living at home and attending classes, say, at Chicago or Cincinnati or Boston University. There the intolerant gaze of the passengers on the elevated and the raised eyebrows of the shopgirl would soon tend to wither the outlandish fad.

Even those who feel that the American undergraduate is like the American Indian must admit that even Indians differ among themselves. The fierce Sioux was not like the friendly Delaware. So it is with the college student. At first sight he seems to defy classification, yet just as because of his racial heredity no Indian is outwardly or in his mental set altogether like a Chinaman or a Hindu, so because of his associations and environment and the gang morality they beget, no undergraduate is quite like, let us say, a day laborer or a skilled mechanic. They will have points of contact, but their different ways of life will in some respects, at least, have given them different habits and attitudes and to a certain point have conditioned what psychologists nowadays call their behavior patterns.

One of the most important incidental differences between the college man and the boy who has started at the bottom with a railroad

or a manufacturing company is that in most cases the college man has not yet been accustomed to regular stated hours of work. In most institutions his classes fall at odd hours during the week. It may be that on Monday he has one class at eight, another class at three in the afternoon; in between he has no stated obligations. Tuesday his first class may fall at eleven, and Wednesday morning he may have no recitation hours at all. I have come to believe that this irregularity of college schedules is in many cases the reason why some undergraduates cut their classes so frequently or are tardy in meeting their assignments. The charge of shiftlessness and irresponsibility made by so many employers, in part, at least, goes back to this score, yet I have seen many cases of undergraduates who in college were unable to meet their appointments, but who after being really forced into a regular régime were quite as dependable as any other workmen. If it is any consolation to their later employers, I for one am willing to concede that this casualness, this irregularity of undergraduate habits, is often a trial to their professors as well.

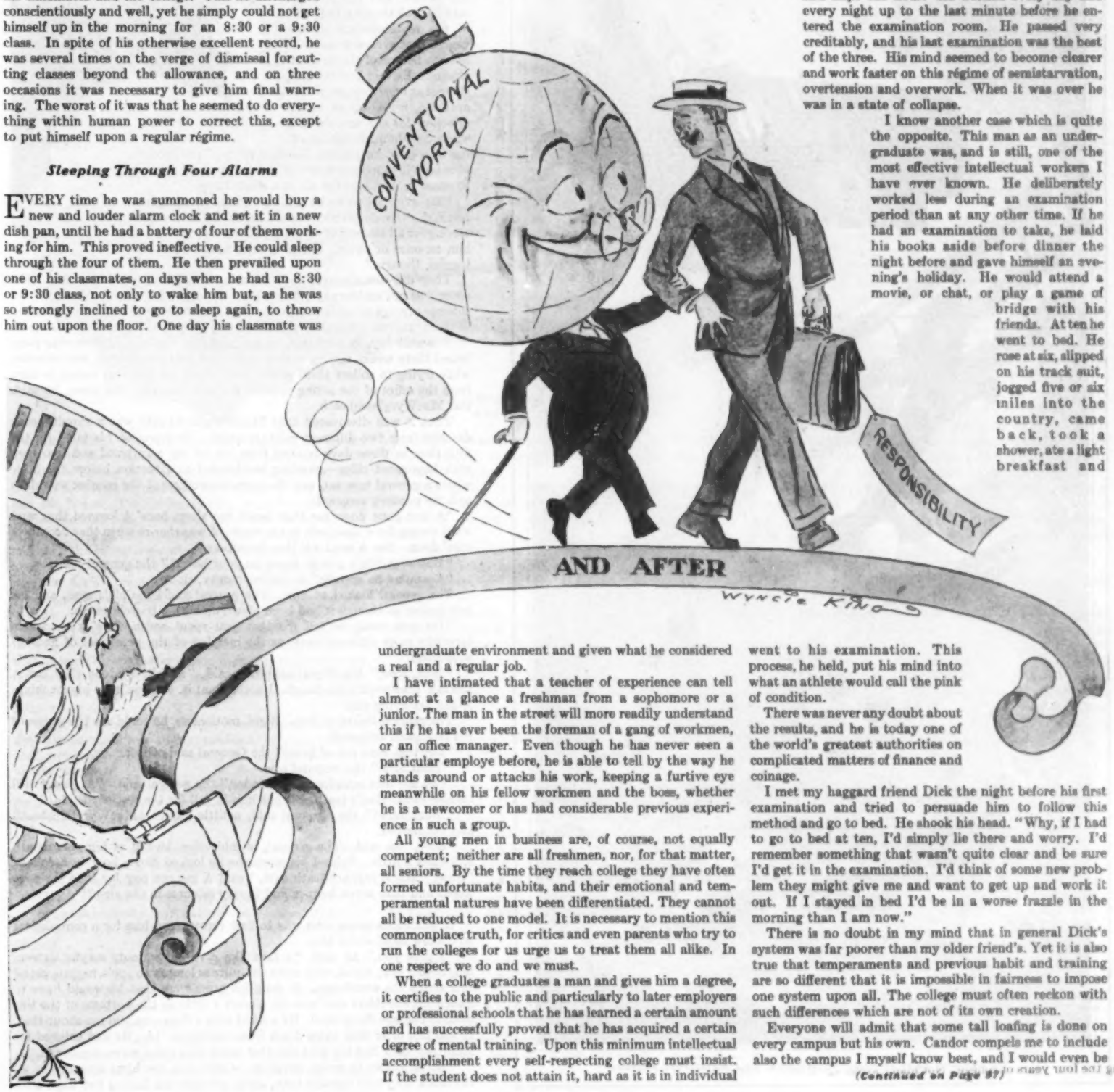
I remember, for instance, the case of my young friend, Bob. He was a thoroughly fine fellow, had even been elected to an office of decided responsibility toward his classmates and the college. This he discharged conscientiously and well, yet he simply could not get himself up in the morning for an 8:30 or a 9:30 class. In spite of his otherwise excellent record, he was several times on the verge of dismissal for cutting classes beyond the allowance, and on three occasions it was necessary to give him final warning. The worst of it was that he seemed to do everything within human power to correct this, except to put himself upon a regular régime.

Sleeping Through Four Alarms

EVERY time he was summoned he would buy a new and louder alarm clock and set it in a new dish pan, until he had a battery of four of them working for him. This proved ineffective. He could sleep through the four of them. He then prevailed upon one of his classmates, on days when he had an 8:30 or 9:30 class, not only to wake him but, as he was so strongly inclined to go to sleep again, to throw him out upon the floor. One day his classmate was himself late and forgot him. He then hired his janitor, not only to drag him out of bed but also to pour a pitcher of water on his head.

In spite of this heroic arrangement, after his last warning, he again slept through a 10:30 class. It looked like a hopeless pathological case.

After graduation I recommended him with considerable hesitation to a construction company, where it was necessary for him to appear shortly before seven every morning. It was his responsibility to see that the heavy machinery, like the crushers, mixers and cranes, was tested and started and ready to function before the laborers arrived. Some six months later the superintendent, to whom I had explained his weakness for oversleeping, wrote me enthusiastically about my friend Bob and his work, adding that he had never been a minute late in all this time. He had regular hours now with a vengeance. Cranes, crushers and mixers were far more real than any lectures in economics or history ever could have been. It is only fair to add that I have known any number of cases of such irregularity in college which disappeared literally in the twinkling of an eye when the boy was taken out of his somewhat artificial undergraduate environment and given what he considered a real and a regular job.



I have intimated that a teacher of experience can tell almost at a glance a freshman from a sophomore or a junior. The man in the street will more readily understand this if he has ever been the foreman of a gang of workmen, or an office manager. Even though he has never seen a particular employe before, he is able to tell by the way he stands around or attacks his work, keeping a furtive eye meanwhile on his fellow workmen and the boss, whether he is a newcomer or has had considerable previous experience in such a group.

All young men in business are, of course, not equally competent; neither are all freshmen, nor, for that matter, all seniors. By the time they reach college they have often formed unfortunate habits, and their emotional and temperamental natures have been differentiated. They cannot all be reduced to one model. It is necessary to mention this commonplace truth, for critics and even parents who try to run the colleges for us urge us to treat them all alike. In one respect we do and we must.

When a college graduates a man and gives him a degree, it certifies to the public and particularly to later employers or professional schools that he has learned a certain amount and has successfully proved that he has acquired a certain degree of mental training. Upon this minimum intellectual accomplishment every self-respecting college must insist. If the student does not attain it, hard as it is in individual cases, he must fail of graduation. This is probably the point upon which every college is most severely criticized. It is, of course, a terrible shock and disappointment to the boy and to his parents to find that he cannot be graduated with his class, and the college is frequently accused of not discharging its obligation to the student whom it has accepted when it does not pass him. The other side of it is, of course, that if it wishes its degree to mean anything, it does not discharge its responsibility to the public where it passes a boy, certifies him as a bachelor of arts, when he has failed to reach this standard. In this respect they must all be treated alike. That, however, is about the only respect in which they can be.

Training for Examinations

THE point is illustrated by the different ways in which undergraduates approach examinations, the means usually employed by the college to test their proficiency. In our last graduating class I knew one boy, Dick, who had three examinations on three successive days. During this period he had eaten very little, only an occasional sandwich, had drunk innumerable cups of coffee and had slept one hour. He worked every day and every night up to the last minute before he entered the examination room. He passed very creditably, and his last examination was the best of the three. His mind seemed to become clearer and work faster on this régime of semistarvation, overtension and overwork. When it was over he was in a state of collapse.

I know another case which is quite the opposite. This man as an undergraduate was, and is still, one of the most effective intellectual workers I have ever known. He deliberately worked less during an examination period than at any other time. If he had an examination to take, he laid his books aside before dinner the night before and gave himself an evening's holiday. He would attend a movie, or chat, or play a game of bridge with his friends. At ten he went to bed. He rose at six, slipped on his track suit, jogged five or six miles into the country, came back, took a shower, ate a light breakfast and went to his examination. This process, he held, put his mind into what an athlete would call the pink of condition.

There was never any doubt about the results, and he is today one of the world's greatest authorities on complicated matters of finance and coinage.

I met my haggard friend Dick the night before his first examination and tried to persuade him to follow this method and go to bed. He shook his head. "Why, if I had to go to bed at ten, I'd simply lie there and worry. I'd remember something that wasn't quite clear and be sure I'd get it in the examination. I'd think of some new problem they might give me and want to get up and work it out. If I stayed in bed I'd be in a worse frazzle in the morning than I am now."

There is no doubt in my mind that in general Dick's system was far poorer than my older friend's. Yet it is also true that temperaments and previous habit and training are so different that it is impossible in fairness to impose one system upon all. The college must often reckon with such differences which are not of its own creation.

Everyone will admit that some tall loafing is done on every campus but his own. Candor compels me to include also the campus I myself know best, and I would even be

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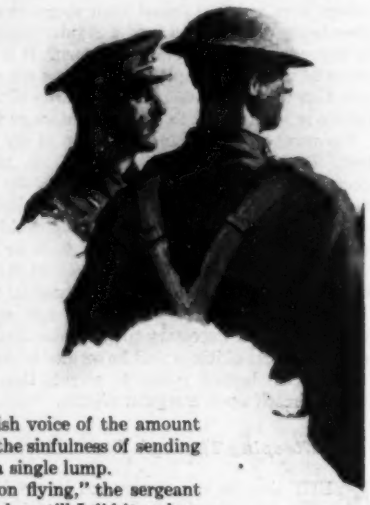
THRIFT

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The German Shot Straight Up, Stalled, and Burst Into Flames

IN MESSES they told of MacWyrglinchbeath how, a first-class air mechanic of a disbanded Nieuport squadron, he went three weeks' A. W. O. L. He had been given a week's leave for England while the squadron was being reëquipped with British-made machines, and he was last seen in Boulogne, where the lorry set him and his mates down. That night he disappeared. Three weeks later the hitherto unchallenged presence of an unidentifiable first-class air mechanic was discovered in the personnel of a bombing squadron near Boulogne. At the ensuing investigation the bomber gunnery sergeant told how the man had appeared among the crew one morning on the beach, where the flight had landed after a raid. Replacements had come up the day before, and the sergeant said he took the man to be one of the replacements; it appeared that everyone took the man to be one of the new mechanics. He told how the man showed at once a conscientious aptitude, revealing an actual affection for the aeroplane of whose crew he made one, speaking in a slow, infrequent, Scottish voice of the amount of money it represented and of the sinfulness of sending so much money into the air in a single lump.



"He even asked to be put on flying," the sergeant testified. "He downright courted me till I did it, volunteering for all manner of off-duty jobs for me, until I put him on once or twice. I'd keep him with me, on the toggles, though."

They did not discover that anything was wrong until pay day. His name was not on the pay officer's list; the man's insistence—his was either sublime courage or sublime effrontery—brought his presence to the attention of the squadron commander. But when they looked for him, he was gone.

The next day, in Boulogne, an air mechanic with a void seven-day pass, issued three weeks ago by a now disbanded scout squadron, was arrested while trying to collect three weeks' pay, which he said was owing to him, from the office of the acting provost marshal himself. His name, he said, was MacWyrglinchbeath.

Thus it was discovered that MacWyrglinchbeath was a simultaneous deserter from two different military units. He repeated his tale—for the fifth time in three days fetched from his cell by a corporal and four men with bayoneted rifles—standing bareheaded to attention before the table where a general now sat, and the operations officer of the bomber squadron and the gunnery sergeant:

"A had gone doon tae thae beach tae sleep, beca' A kenned they wud want money for-r thae beds in the town. A was ther-re when thae boombers cam' doon. Sae A went wi' thae boombers."

"But why didn't you go home on your leave?" the general asked.

"A wou'na be spendin' sic useless money, sir-r."

The general looked at him. The general had little pig's eyes, and his face looked as though it had been blown up with a bicycle pump.

"Do you mean to tell me that you spent seven days' leave and a fortnight more without leave, as the member of the personnel of another squadron?"

"Well, sir-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "naught wud do they but A sud tak' thae week's fur-rlough. I didna want it. And wi' thae big machines A cud get flying pay."

The general looked at him. Rigid, motionless, he could see the general's red face swell and swell.

"Get that man out of here!" the General said at last.

"'Bout face," the corporal said.

"Get me that squadron commander," the general said. "At once! I'll cashier him! Gad's teeth, I'll put him in jail for the rest of his life!"

"'Bout face!" the corporal said, a little louder. MacWyrglinchbeath had not moved.

"Sir-r," he said. The general, in mid-voice, looked at him, his mouth still open a little. Behind his mustache he looked like a boar in a covert. "Sir-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "wull A get ma pay for thae thr-r-ree weeks and thae seven hour-rs and for-rty minutes in the air-r?"

It was Ffollansbye, who was to first recommend him for a commission, who knew most about him.

"I give you," he said, "a face like a ruddy walnut, maybe sixteen, maybe fifty-six; squat, with arms not quite as long as an ape's, lugging petrol tins across the aerodrome. So long his arms were that he would have to hunch his shoulders and bow his elbows a little so the bottoms of the tins wouldn't scrape the ground. He walked with a limp—he told me about that. It was just after they came down from Stirling in '14. He had enlisted for infantry; they had not told him that there were other ways of going in.

"So he began to make inquiries. Can't you see him, listening to all the muck they told recruits then, about privates not lasting two days after

"But Why Didn't You Go Home on Your Leave?" the General Asked

reaching Dover—they told him, he said, that the enemy killed only the English and Irish and Lowlanders; the Highlands having not yet declared war—and such. Anyway, he took it all in, and then he would go to bed at night and sift it out. Finally he decided to go for the Flying Corps; decided with pencil and paper that he would last longer there and so have more money saved. You see, neither courage nor cowardice had ever functioned in him at all; I don't believe he had either. He was just like a man who, lost for a time in a forest, picks up a fagot here and there against the possibility that he might some day emerge.

"He applied for transfer, but they threw it out. He must have been rather earnest about it, for they finally explained that he must have a better reason than personal preference for desiring to transfer, and that a valid reason would be mechanical knowledge or a disability leaving him unfit for infantry service.

"So he thought that out. And the next day he waited until the barracks was empty, prodded the stove to a red heat, removed his boot and putty, and laid the sole of his foot to the stove.

"That was where the limp came from. When his transfer went through and he came out with his third-class air mechanic's rating, they thought that he had been out before.

"I can see him, stiff at attention in the squadron office, his b. o. on the table, Whiteley and the sergeant trying to pronounce his name.

"'What's the name, sergeant?' Whiteley says.

"Sergeant looks at b. o., rubs hands on thighs. 'Mac——' he says and bogs down again. Whiteley leans to look-see himself.

"'Mac——' bogs himself; then: 'Beath. Call him MacBeath.'

"'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' newcomer says.

"'Sir,' sergeant prompts.

"'Sir-r,' newcomer says.

"'Oh,' Whiteley says, 'Magillinbeath. Put it down, sergeant.' Sergeant takes up pen, writes M-a-c with flourish, then stops, handmaking concentric circles with pen above page while owner tries for a peep at b. o. in Whiteley's hands. 'Rating, three ack emma,' Whiteley says. 'Put that down, sergeant.'

"'Very good, sir,' sergeant says. Flourishes grow richer, like sustained cavalry threat; leans yet nearer Whiteley's shoulder, beginning to sweat.

"Whiteley looks up, says, 'Eh?' sharply. 'What's matter?' he says.

"'The nyme, sir,' sergeant says. 'I can't get ——'

"Whiteley lays b. o. on table; they look at it. 'People at Wing never could write,' Whiteley says in fretted voice.

"'"Tain't that, sir,' sergeant says. "Is people just 'aven't learned to spell. Wot's yer nyme agyne, my man?'

"'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' newcomer says.

"'Ah, the devil,' Whiteley says. 'Put him down MacBeath and give him to C. Carry on.'

"But newcomer holds ground, polite but firm. 'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' he says without heat.

"Whiteley stares at him. Sergeant stares at him. Whiteley takes pen from sergeant, draws record sheet to him. 'Spell it.' Newcomer does so as Whiteley writes it down. 'Pronounce it again, will you?' Whiteley says. Newcomer does so. 'Magillinbeath,' Whiteley says. 'Try it, sergeant.'

"Sergeant stares at written word. Rubs ear. 'Mac—wigglinbeech,' he says. Then, in hushed tone: 'Blimey.'

"Whiteley sits back. 'Right,' he says. 'We've it correctly. Carry on.'

"'Ye ha' it MacWyrglinchbeath, sir-r?' newcomer says. 'A'd no ha' ma pay gang wrong.'

"That was before he soloed. Before he deserted, of course. Lugging his petrol tins back and forth, a little slower than anyone else, but always at it if you could suit your time to his. And sending his money, less what he smoked—I have seen his face as he watched the men drinking beer in the canteen—back home to the neighbor who was keeping his horse and cow for him.

"He told me about that arrangement too. When he and the neighbor agreed, it was in emergency; they both believed it would be over and he would be home in three months. That was a year ago. '"Twull be a sore sum A'll be owin' him for foragin' thae twa beasties,' he told me. Then he quit shaking his head. He became quite still for a while; you could almost watch his mind ticking over. 'Aweel,' he says at last, 'A doot not thae beasts wull ha' increased in value, too, wi thae har-rd times.'

"In those days, you know, the Hun came over your aerodrome and shot at you while you ran and got into holes they had already dug for that purpose, while the Hun sat overhead and dared you to come out.

"So we could see fighting from the mess windows; we were carting off the refuse ourselves then. One day it crashed not two hundred yards away. When we got there, they were just dragging the pilot clear—all but his legs. He was lying on his back, looking up at the sky with that expression they have, until someone closed his eyes.

"But Mac—they were still calling him MacBeath—was looking at the crash. He was walking around it, clicking his tongue. 'Tzut, tzut,' he says. '"Tis a sinfu' waste. Sinfu'. Tzut. Tzut. Tzut.'

"That was while he was still a three ack emma. He was a two soon, sending a little more money back to the neighbor. He was keeping books now, with a cheap notebook and a pencil, and a candle stub for nights. The first page was his bank book; the others were like a barograph of this war, tighter than a history.

"Then he was a one A.M. He began then to work over his ledger late into the night. I supposed it was because he had more money to worry him now, drawing, as he probably did, more a month than he ever had in his life, until he came to me for an N. C. O.'s rating sheet. I gave it to him. A week later he had to buy a new candle. I met him.

"'Well, Mac,' I said, 'have you decided to go for a sergeant yet?'

"He looked at me, without haste, without surprise. 'Ay, sir-r,' he says. He hadn't heard about flying pay then, you see."

He Was Keeping Books Now, With a Cheap Notebook and a Pencil, and a Candle Stub for Nights

Ffollansbye told about his solo:

"His new squadron were pups. I suppose as soon as he saw they were single-seaters, he realized that there would be no flying pay here. He applied for transfer to bombers. It was denied. It

(Continued on Page 78)

WHO PLAYS GOLF AND WHERE

By Boyden Sparkes

TROOPER HOYNE, of the New York State Police, was concealed in the syringa bushes masking a private driveway off the Albany Post Road when his idle scrutiny of the traffic stream was transformed into an alert consideration of a particular vehicle. Something furtive in the manner of the driver of one of three huge maroon-lacquered automobile vans had captured his attention.

Identical legends on the glistening sides of the three vans advertised them as kindred property of a moving and storage company. Two of the great trucks were moving briskly toward New York, but the third one was loafing behind. Anybody so disposed may hide stolen goods, bodies or contraband liquor in those vast mobile chambers. Still, on patrol you are only justified in stopping such vehicles as are operated recklessly, are too heavily loaded or which appear, as Trooper Hoyne would say, phony. This one appeared phony. The hairy-armed driver obviously and by design was allowing less capable drivers to cut in ahead of him, widening the gap between the other two vans ahead.

The Truck Drivers Drive Off

TROOPER HOYNE, motionless in his ambush as a dog pointing birds, saw the big machine roll to a stop at the roadside. Then he saw the driver rise in his sheltered seat and, using his hairy arms as a semaphore, signal a high ball, a direction to proceed, to the truck ahead. The relief driver of that one had been gazing backward over the tailboard with evident curiosity. After that signal the truck ahead speeded up and Trooper Hoyne saw the driver and the relief man of the stalled vehicle dismount and lift its hood. Somehow their pantomime with wrenches applied to spark plugs was unconvincing. Twice the trooper started forth to demand their credentials and have a look at the inside of the van, and twice he changed his mind. Whatever they were up to, he preferred to catch them dead to rights. The other maroon trucks were out of sight when Trooper Hoyne saw the two, after sharp looks up and down the road, clamp down the hood, mount to the seat and start off. A hundred yards ahead the van turned off the Post Road into the crossroad that links Dobbs Ferry with the Saw Mill River Parkway.

"Phony, all right," thought Trooper Hoyne, and then, giving a hitch to the heavy, shiny holster strapped to his gray, black-striped breeches, he straddled his motorcycle. A second later he was in pursuit, but it was a cautious, stalking pursuit in which he screened himself behind an old-model flivver. The driver of that rattling car, catching a fever of guilt from a glimpse in his rear-vision mirror of a purple hat cord, slowed down to an incontrovertibly legal gait, but when Trooper Hoyne gestured at him indignantly from a distance of thirty yards he started up like a nervous past him and blocked his progress along the narrow, high-crowned road arched with maples. When he finally passed it the truck was out of sight, and Trooper Hoyne, with a twist of his wrist, fed gas to the engine between his knees. As he roared up over the hill he saw it again.

The truck had stopped in a cinder yard where several scores of other cars were ranked. Trooper Hoyne knew where he was, but he still was puzzled and not quite ready to believe his own suspicion. The men had disappeared, but the trooper waited. After about five minutes there vaulted over the tailboard to the cinders a stocky figure in a robin's-egg-blue pull-on sweater and wrinkled white-linen knickers. Trooper Hoyne did not recognize him as the driver of the van until he saw him reach hairy arms upward to receive over the tailboard two bags of golf clubs.

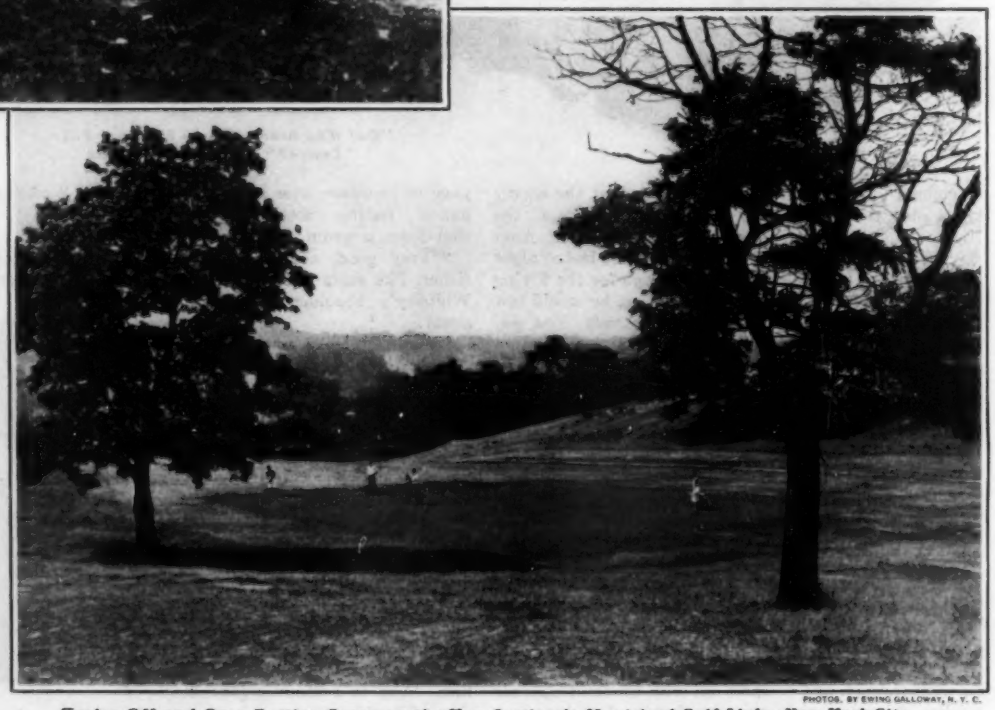
Concealment was no longer a matter of concern to the trooper, and with pretended indifference he sat down on a bench. He saw the custodians of the truck, golf bags in hand, get a nod of recognition from the man in the starter's shelter, saw them register and then affix bits of heavy paper in the form of shipping tags to the golf bags. He saw one of them, in the manner of a two-gun cowboy, level forefingers at two of the caddies, wistful behind a wire corral, and saw the lucky caddies grin as the discharge of playfully cocked thumbs sealed a contract for the round. It was not until the pair had, in turn, waggled their drivers and sent their balls down the slope toward the first green that Trooper Hoyne, who himself plays handball for relaxation, expressed any opinion.

"What," he asked then, "is this here world coming to? A pair of Mick truck drivers! Chancing their jobs for what? To folley a golf ball."

Trooper Hoyne was getting but a small part of the picture of what this here world has come to with respect to golf; a microcosm of the whole, perhaps, but not the complete vision. A larger glimpse was given to him by the one in charge of that golf course, Hugh M. Lyons, superintendent of two of the public golf courses operated by the Westchester County Park Commission. There is a third course; a fourth one is being constructed and two others are projected. The Scotch Mr. Lyons built the two he superintends.

The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker

"TRUCK drivers?" he'll say if you ask him. "Sure! Plenty of them. Over there in the ranking space there's nearly always a truck of some kind—bread trucks, meat trucks, laundry trucks. How the drivers steal the time is something I don't have to trouble about. Maybe they start their work early in order to crowd in a round.



PHOTOS BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Teeing Off and On a Putting Green on the Van Cortlandt Municipal Golf Links, New York City

"On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when there are foursomes teeing off every five minutes, we have all sorts of people playing; some of them, judging by their automobiles and chauffeurs, quite rich; some of them, judging by other means, quite poor. On any rainy day you can readily discover that these public courses are being used by men who are noticeable because of their sunburned faces, large muscular hands and two-by-four wrists. Some of them drive extraordinarily long balls too. They are building mechanics whose work is interrupted by rain. Some of them are known to us as carpenters, stonemasons, bricklayers, tile setters and plasterers. We have swarms of clerks who start a round at dawn and finish in time to reach their jobs at nine o'clock. Other swarms arrive in the late afternoon and play until they can no longer see a ball. There

are others who play during the day but work at night. One of our regulars is a lean fellow who walks five miles from Hastings, plays thirty-six holes and then walks five miles back. He is a signal-tower man for the New York Central Railroad. He does not employ a caddie, so that his golf costs him only the fifteen dollars a year he pays the county for his season ticket. He is a better golfer, too, than a whole lot of men whose club memberships cost them $5000 and annual dues $500 or $1000."

The Westchester County park courses in a recent year earned a profit of more than $65,000. That profit and subsequent profits are to be spent for increasing the play facilities in the 456 square miles of the county.

If you inquire at the offices of the United States Golf Association they will tell you there are about 3,000,000 golfers in the United States, assuming that anyone who swings a club once or twice a year is a golfer. Clearly, that figure is just a guess; but the guess of Ganson Depew, of Buffalo, the chairman of the public-links section of the same organization, is that 750,000 are municipal-links players.

Before the war there were about 1800 golf courses in the country. Today there are not far from 6000, of which about 4500 are private-club courses. Except for 256, the rest are business enterprises conducted for a handsome profit by hotels, real-estate promoters and others with a genius for making money. The 256 are municipal golf courses operated in 173 towns and cities. If the figures are accurate—and pains have been taken to get them so—then 25 per cent of the country's golfers are getting their play on less than 5 per cent of the existing golf courses. This helps to explain why some ultra-exclusive private-club golf costs fabulously, but it is by no means the sole explanation of the miserable golfing facilities that have been provided in a few cities.

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

A Putting Lesson at Virginia Beach, Virginia

Golfers of All Nations

IN CHICAGO, in Indianapolis and numerous other cities, the public-park golfers are permitted to enjoy their games on courses excellently maintained and controlled; in New York the grades run from fair to minus.

A conversation with the starter at the Forest Park course in Queens County is an illuminating experience for anyone wishing to explore the subject. He is a little fellow, stern and zealous. He needs to be, for his voice is the only available instrument for keeping in order a host of caddies, the protégés of many precinct captains. Some of the 800 who hold caddie badges at this park are clean, intelligent lads; some are not so clean and are big enough to drive trucks.

In the shade of trees that were growing when Long Island was overrun with the soldiers of George III, the starter sits on a bench near the first tee. There golfers, before they hit a ball, submit to his scrutiny season permits for which they are charged ten dollars, or else the daily permit which costs one dollar.

"Sundays," he says, "sometimes there are ninety bags in the line and players may wait three or four hours to start. Weekdays you can tell more about them—who they are and what they do for a living. We got a couple of millionaires who play here; at least they are rich enough to travel, keep servants and fine cars; and there's plenty of others who could afford to play on private courses. There's one who spends $100 every winter for nuts for the park squirrels, and that's what I call rich; but the majority are not rich. One of the best players is an Italian who drives a street-cleaning-department ash truck at night. There's a couple of Negro valets from Kew Gardens, a whole lot of Japs in the silk business, a few Chinamen, and plenty of Italians.

"One of the regulars is a mounted cop on the night shift. Altogether there are about 100 policemen and firemen, including Captain Geegan, who used to be head of the bomb squad. There's a raft of school-teachers, male and female. We get jockeys from Jamaica—Pony McAtee, Mack Garner and his cousin Willie. Some are actors, night-club musicians and newspaper copy readers. I know five who are waiters in a big New York hotel. On Thursday afternoons Queens doctors don't keep office hours, and if you should call for a doctor on the fairways then you might get anything from an alienist to a maternity specialist. Fridays we're all filled up with dentists. There are carpenters, bricklayers, auto mechanics. There's one carpenter boss who plays every afternoon at five with a lithographer. There's a dynamite expert who plays with a woman who demonstrates for a cosmetic manufacturer. There's Johnny Morrison, Dazzy Vance, Eddie Moore and others from the Brooklyn ball club. And the women! I don't know where they find the time."

The starter's roll call was interrupted there by some confusion on the caddie bench, and his rebuke to a full-grown youth responsible for the disorder evoked a challenging "Yeah?"

"Yeah," said the starter, "and one more word and I'll sock you in the mush. Huh?"

There was no answer, and the starter, after the bellicose caddie's eyes fell, explained quite needlessly that he was the caddie master. Then he resumed:

"We got a foursome of cripples: a one-legged man and three whose limbs were withered by infantile paralysis. The one-legged man can break ninety. One of those fellows started playing two years ago on crutches. Then he swapped the crutches for canes. Now he uses only one cane, but he has to rest his weight on it while he swings with his right arm. He says the golf has strengthened his bad leg.

"There are two Pullman conductors on a run to Buffalo. They carry their clubs on their trips and play in both cities. Then there's a lot of office help, girl store clerks and any amount of traveling salesmen from all over. Oh, yes, and three wet-wash laundry-truck drivers."

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Glenwood Municipal Golf Course, Minneapolis

From Deriders to Devotees

THERE is, in reporting on the addiction to golf of truck drivers, an extra pleasure for one who remembers a spoiled putt of seven years ago.

It was on a green that lies close to a roadway that flanks a Westchester course. Three contemptuous workmen, observing the important operation from the springless seat of a truck loaded with stone, held their tongues until the putter head started back from a ball ten inches from the cup. Then, in a chorus of shrill falsettos, they called out, "Oh, Clar-ence!" Today, perhaps, they are, with golf sticks in their hands, learning how golden is silence on the greens.

Certainly, most of the municipal courses of the country are the kindergartens for the players who have bought their first set of clubs. Indeed, this fact is largely responsible for much that is unsatisfactory in the experiences of competent players who use these courses.

"I don't have any trouble with the golfers," said the foreman of one of New York's park courses. "It is the beginners and the visitors who don't play who cause the trouble. I've even found 'em sitting on the greens eating a picnic meal.

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BILLBOARD-DÄMMERUNG

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

NATIONS can generally be depended on to take different views of almost every matter under the sun. They do not think alike, for example, on such subjects as war, statesmen, architecture, the Soviet Government, business methods, breakfasts, cigarettes, navies, how to eat eggs, the rights of minorities, the color of army uniforms, taxation methods, dress or alcoholic beverages.

A South German holds Italians in low esteem for inclining toward purple or henna-colored suits of peculiar cut; the Italian regards the South German costume of short pants, abbreviated jacket and high-crowned hat as a ludicrous thing; the tweed-clad Englishman considers either of the two as beyond the sartorial pale; and the Japanese, in his felt hat, black raincoat and semikimono, quivers with internal horror at all of them.

The Frenchman sneers at the Englishman for drinking whisky; the Italian regards the drinking of anything but wine as a defiance of all the laws of health; the German knows that the drinking of anything but beer is a form of depravity; and all of them together scream with anguish at the criminal folly of drinking American cocktails.

A German Signboard in the Modern Manner

On one thing, however, all the nations are in complete accord. No international conferences, no League of Nations or World Court, could add to the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which they see eye to eye on this thing, and this alone. This one thing is the matter of scenery wrecking by means of billboards and other unnecessary eyesores.

They are hopelessly at variance on visa fees and regulations, the caliber of their guns, agricultural methods and the value that should be attached to one another's money, but they are unanimous in declaring that no man or group of men has the right to sully the landscape of a nation with daubs of paint and sprawling letters in order to call the attention of unwilling but helpless passers-by to pills, beer or beef tea, cigarettes or sewer pipe, cookies or corsets or soft drinks. They are unanimous in saying that no person wishes to look at billboards except the persons who erect them. They are unanimous, these nations who can agree on nothing else, in holding that the landscape and natural beauty of any section, whether the section be a state, a town or a village, stand high among its most precious, lasting and wealth-producing possessions, and that it is the duty of every nation to guard its citizens against the loss of its landscape and its natural beauty. They are unanimous in saying that a landscape destroyer has no rights worth considering when they are set against the rights of the people for whom a nation holds its natural beauty in trust.

The landscape destroyer may, they say, squirm a little and evade a little and dodge the laws and public opinion for a little time, but in the end they will get him.

Circumventing the Scenery Wreckers

ENGLAND and France say that this is so; Germany and Belgium say it; Italy and Austria—countries for whom the holding of similar beliefs is as difficult as for two giraffes to walk under a hand car together. They are agreed that if the laws which they now have are not strong enough, they will be made stronger, and, if necessary, still stronger, until the scenery wreckers are at last circumvented and the scenery stands clean and beautiful again.

Cleanest of all the large nations of Europe, in so far as the wrecking of scenery is concerned, are Italy, Germany and Austria, but the cleanliness of their landscapes is not due to the beauty-loving instincts of the residents. It happens that in Italy there are certain privately owned roads, or *autostrade*, built for the convenience of automobilists who are addicted to traveling at high rates of speed. It is not easy to travel at high rates of speed in Italy under ordinary circumstances, because Italian roads are not only heavily overlaid with deep white dust in all dry seasons but are thickly infested with wine carts drawn by such dissimilar beasts of burden as a donkey and a cow yoked together, and driven by easy-going persons greatly given to indulging in protracted naps while driving. Thus a motorist who travels at a high rate of speed is more than likely to emerge from a dust cloud to find himself inextricably tangled with a dazed driver, half a dozen wine casks and a gaudily painted wine cart, and to be additionally cramped by discovering a cow leaning against his face and a donkey's hind leg loosely knotted around his neck. For these and other reasons, the smooth, undeviating and wine-cartless *autostrade* of Northern Italy were built by private interests, and on them, in return for paying a moderate toll, one may gratify his lust for fast driving without having to dodge wine carts, to say nothing of elderly women carrying seven dollars' worth of hay or five bushels of potatoes on their heads.

In Germany, too, the regular roads are frequently infested with heavily laden beer wagons which have a way of moving unexpectedly into the path of a hurtling automobile; and nobody can tell when a thick-necked German, with hobnailed boots, a shaving brush stuck in the back of his hat, and a mouthful of Emmenthaler cheese, is going to walk phlegmatically out from one of the beer stands with which every roadway is extensively equipped, and place himself directly between the headlights. This is one of the reasons for the privately owned road known as the Arvus Bahn, not far from Berlin.

Now, these privately owned roads are, because of their private ownership, in some respects free of the restrictions which have been imposed on roadside advertisers; and as a result they offer clear proof that European billboard interests have no more love for beauty and no more respect for the amenities of the countryside than they have in any other country where they are not rigidly controlled by law. Along the sides of the Arvus Bahn stand gaudily colored boards which inflict on the eye of the passer-by the joys of products and of various places to indulge in the good old *Tanz*, or dance; of this, that and the other beer hall; and of a remedy that wants people to believe it has the power of curing everything from headache to fallen arches, and so on and so forth.

Similarly, along the *autostrade* of Northern Italy the vine-clad poplars and the pale pink farmhouses of Lombardy are glimpsed around advertisements. The Italians have a great reputation for being artistic and beauty-loving, but prolonged contemplation of the advertisements is enough to convince all but the most rabid billboard advocates that there are enormous numbers of Italians who are about as artistic and beauty-loving as the average Digger Indian.

A Law With Teeth

IN ONLY one way can Italy persuade her vermuth manufacturers and her patent-medicine mixers and her corset makers to be good boys and respect the Italian landscape, and that is by a national law which wastes no time whatever in sympathizing with any loss which the law may cause to any scenery defacer. Italy has hedged herself about in a number of ways to

An Ancient Sign in Rothenburg

insure the preservation of her beauty. Municipalities, for example, have art commissions which keep a more or less careful eye on ancient dwellings that are worthy of preservation, on choice bits of scenery and on relics of Italy's past grandeur.

The Italian law against billboards, scenery defacement and the wrecking of historical or picturesque spots or dwellings, was passed in June, 1922, just before the beginning of the Fascist régime.

"All immovable things," says the opening paragraph of the law—and by "immovable things" is meant land, mountains, rocks, dwellings and any other thing that cannot be handily picked up and carried away—"all immovable things whose preservation is desirable because of natural beauty, or because of association with historical events or with literature, are hereby given special protection. The beauty of the landscape is likewise protected by the present law."

Prevention of Cruelty to Scenery

THE law goes on to say that nothing whose preservation has been deemed advisable—no farmhouse, villa, palace, castle, cottage or anything else at all—can be destroyed or altered in any way without the consent of the Ministry of Public Instruction. Government authorities, moreover, are given the right to prohibit the construction, erection or alteration of anything which might injure the view of any historical or natural monument anywhere in Italy. "Government authorities," says the law, "may forbid any construction which might cause damage to natural beauties."

The most sweeping sections of the law are its fifth and ensuing articles: "It is forbidden to display, in any manner, posters or any other advertisements which injure the appearance, or detract from the full enjoyment of the immovable things or the beauty of the landscape mentioned in Article I. This prohibition applies to all posters or other advertisements, even though they were displayed prior to the passage of the present law. The Minister of Public Instruction, through the prefect or subprefect, shall order the removal of all forbidden posters or advertisements; and in fifteen days' time after the issuance of the order by the Minister of Public Instruction, the government may demolish any illegal construction and remove any illegal poster or advertisement. The expense of the removal shall be charged to the proprietor of the property, and the proprietor in turn can claim reimbursement from whoever was guilty of the transgression. All construction contrary to the terms of this law, and all displays of posters or other advertisements, shall be called to the attention of the Superintendent of Monuments and the Ministry of Public Instruction by the honorary inspectors, the provincial committees, the provincial or municipal offices, or the departmental offices of the forestry service and of the civil engineers and the technical offices of the Finance Ministry."

The Italian law, like the French law, holds that the protection of a nation from the landscape destroyers is essential, but that the people themselves are too careless and untutored to be intrusted with their own protection. Consequently, both Italy and France administer the law from a central bureau in their respective capitals. "This is the law," they say to their people. "See that it is obeyed!"

Germany, on the other hand, inclines even more than England to the theory that the success of a law depends largely on enlightened public opinion, and that the best of laws can be properly enforced only if the people see the benefits to be derived from it. As a result of this belief, the different states of the German Republic have laws which enable local authorities in all parts of Germany to pull down almost any billboard or advertising sign, provided that the local authorities have sufficient sense to recognize them as being offensive, or contrary to good taste, or a blot on the landscape. It might be remarked in passing that local authorities, in Germany, seem to be little different from those in other parts of the world.

In addition to the laws, Germany is equipped with a large and hard-working assortment of government bureaus, private organizations with government backing, and semiofficial societies for the protection of scenery and the promulgation of tidiness, all of them busily engaged in trying to force the benefits of scenery protection into the heads of municipal authorities, automobilists, picnickers, billboard advertisers and school children. And finally, due to the thoroughness of the German people, the subject of the billboard nuisance, the signboard menace, the evils of untidiness and the delights of an unsullied countryside are dealt with in as many books, pamphlets, brochures, essays, magazines and bulletins as would be devoted to sex or the tariff in other sections that could, if necessary, be named.

The German Republic is divided into several states and free cities. Of these, Prussia is the largest and most populous. It has more manufacturing cities than other sections of Germany, which means that it has more wealthy travelers and more automobilists and more picnickers and more wander birds, as the Germans so graphically put it—more persons who conscientiously set forth in a big, serious way for a day or a week in the country, with shoe boxes full of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and an almost insatiable craving for beer. Consequently, the advertising interests of Prussia are more determined and persistent in their efforts to strew the countryside with their billboards; and the antibillboard and antiuntidiness movements make more noise and publish more books and stir up more excitement in Prussia than in other parts of Germany. One finds the youth of the land being filled with a hatred for billboards and scenery desecration by such an impressive-sounding organization as the Staatliche Stelle für Naturdenkmalpflege in Preussen—the Public Board for the Care of Natural Monuments in Prussia. One finds the people of Prussia being spurred to antibillboard activity by the Deutscher Bund Heimatschutz—the German Society for the Protection of the Fatherland. One finds active and effective local societies with names very difficult to remember or pronounce; such, for example, as the Bezirkstelle für Naturdenkmalpflege im Gebiete des Ruhrsiedlungsverbandes—the Regional Board for Natural Monuments in the Field of Activity of the Ruhr Settlement Society.

MARIE JAEDICKE, BERLIN

A Modern Hotel Sign in the Old-Time Manner

A Waste-Paper Receptacle in Essen, Bearing the Words, "In Your Hands Rests the Cleanliness of Your City"

The chief reason for the extreme antibillboard activity in Prussia is the weakness of the Prussian antibillboard law, which made the mistake that was made in the first English antibillboard law. Instead of protecting all country scenery, it protected only a certain type of scenery that nobody—least of all the person who wrote the law—is able to define. "The police authorities," says the Prussian Law Against the Defacement of Beautiful Scenery, "have power, in order to prevent the defacement of regions excellent from the point of view of landscape—*landschaftlich*—to forbid billboards and other inscriptions and pictures that deface and spoil the view."

The Meaning of "Landschaftlich"

THERE have been almost as many brawls in Germany over the use of the word "*landschaftlich*" as over the respective merits of light and dark beer; for a person who favors billboards maintains stoutly that there are only a few regions in Germany that are truly *landschaftlich*, or excellent from the point of view of landscape; whereas the persons who dislike billboards maintain equally stoutly that all rural districts are *landschaftlich*. Because of the brawling, the police authorities of Prussia, in many instances, have smoked their pipes and drunk their beer, and phlegmatically neglected to take the action that they are theoretically entitled to take.

The head of the Deutscher Bund Heimatschutz is Dr. Werner Lindner, of Berlin. In Berlin there is only a small central organization that regulates and inspires the activities of the 200,000 members of the Bund Heimatschutz—the Society for the Protection of the Fatherland—that are scattered through every Prussian city and town; and when Doctor Lindner speaks, 200,000 Prussians echo his sentiments in the most passionate and guttural of German accents.

"There must be a new law," Doctor Lindner declares; "for no man in any country is qualified to say that there is any part of any landscape that is not beautiful. The flat plains of Brandenburg require as much protection as the romantic valley of the River Bode in the Harz Mountains, or the cliffs of the Saxon Alps. No man can distinguish between Grade A scenery and Grade B scenery. Scenery is scenery; and the scenery of every state and

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JOHN HAD A COMPLEX

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TO UNDERSTAND about John Trent, you have to go clear back to the time when, not yet three, and parentless, he was taken over by a highly maiden aunt who had timidly fluttered forward to accept what the family conclave had been relieved to agree was, after all, her responsibility.

Aunt Emma had perceived young John initially as a cross. But he didn't know it. He just moved in, fat and friendly, and took possession of a large house and a large and empty heart with prompt and beautiful simplicity.

The trouble was that, to Aunt Emma, boys had always seemed pretty much a menace. They cluttered and clattered and made unpredictable loud noises. They threw stones and handsprings and scuffed their feet and backed into bric-a-brac and discovered, invariably, the obscurest ways of being deplorable.

With love for the little thing came Aunt Emma's decision that John was to be different. Something of Fauntleroy she had in mind, and something of the Little Lame Prince, and finally, splendidly, he was to grow into that shy and treasured girlhood vision of the shining knight who never, alas, came riding.

So John was reared in a tall-walled garden to which the howls of lesser urchins pierced but thinly. For companionship Aunt Emma invented little Adelbert—really, she must have—who was brought over on selected occasions for drop-the-handkerchief. And for instruction she used equal ingenuity in the discovery of Walpole Wren, whom the odor of tobacco made deathly ill and who banned the Elsie books as far too rugged reading.

At thirteen John was, inevitably, one of the most winsome boys who never broke a window. If he couldn't skin the cat, he could curtsy with the best of them, and all old ladies longed to pat him on the head, and all old gentlemen elsewhere.

He was ready now, with the equivalent of a grammar-school education and extras in horticulture, for Brates Academy. There was a good bit of clucking over this, to be sure, but Brates was one of his father's last requests, and so, with an ample supply of auntly admonitions, John fared forth into the great open spaces where boys are boys.

John had looked forward to Brates. He had had glimpses, of course, of clamorous activities without the garden wall, and though he took Aunt Emma's word that they were engaged in only by rowdies of a most contaminating type, still he hoped, vaguely, that he might find, at school, just one boy, maybe, cut from a more emphatic pattern than the little Adelbert. So he arrived at Brates in a glow of anticipation and a velvet suit with a wide lace collar. And it was "Heaven help the sailors on a night like this."

The first glad yelp which greeted his appearance brought boys bounding from every cranny of the campus, to roll upon the ground in paroxysms of astonished gratitude.

"Hey, lookit! Looka! He's got a velvet suit."

"It is not!"

"It is too. I felt it. Feel it."

"Hey, Gladys, what's your name?"

"Pinch it an' see if it's alive, Skinny."

"Hey, you, bend over and see if you say 'Mamma.'"

"Spud! Hey, Spud, hurry up. He's got on a velvet suit!"

Undoubted ingenuity has been displayed by a number of folks who have gone in wholeheartedly for atrocities. Nero comes to mind, and Attila. The painful practices of certain interrogatory Spaniards displayed undoubted cunning, and even the red man and the Terrible Turk had moments of resourcefulness. But the most devious diversions of these worthies were the mere dallyings of dilettantes compared with the excruciations which can be inflicted by the inmates of the average prep school. And given prey like John, they reached new heights. Poor kid! He hadn't known he was different. He didn't know there were such things as shame and shock and humiliation. He'd never even heard the word "sissy." And what he went through those first few days did something to John which came very close to being permanent.

He stayed at Brates because at first he didn't know how to do anything else. And gradually, of course, the school lost interest. There wasn't much fun hazing a guy who didn't know what it was all about. And there wasn't any satisfaction in licking a kid that anybody could lick with one hand tied behind his back. Shortly, too, the older boys took a hand. "Hey, kid, leave that kid alone." So finally they let him alone. And John let them alone. For four long years.

Brates became a sort of test for John, even a kind of game. The rules were that he had to keep on wearing, with a high head, the incredible costumes which Aunt Emma assembled, and never ever let anyone know that he cared. The rules were that he must keep alone, apart, and never forget the humiliation of those first awful days.

A hard game this, that you kept losing and playing on at, and losing again because of some queer and secret pride that wouldn't let you give up. A game without cheers or silver cups or team mates or any fun whatever. Emphatically not the sort of game a boy should have to play.

But This Week, Which Was a Good Week to the Crowd and a Wonderful Week to John and an Exciting Week to Dorothy, Was Just a Sour Seven Days to Burney

When John came home from Brates, in senior spring, he found Aunt Emma dying and then he felt, at seventeen, that life had done him in. He was a sissy, they'd said—Sissy Trent. Well, four years of that had been enough for him. Now that he was free he wouldn't be anything to anybody, ever. He'd be a hermit. So he froze the kindly advances of his aunt's old friends and the curious ones of the neighbors with equal and unyouthful coldness.

He didn't live in a cave, of course, with lank locks and a gunny-sack kimono, but he was a hermit all right. Or maybe a recluse. For he might as well be comfortable.

He didn't know just how recluses went about it, but he drove his big car, late at night, alone and at unearthly speed, because he'd read about that sort of thing somewhere, and he took long lonesome walks, preferably in the rain. Things like that and looking aloof seemed to be about the entire repertory. Recluses, John decided, must sneak off and get some exercise.

So John discovered a small gymnasium in a dingy part of town where he could get himself satisfactorily tired out under the supervision of one K. O. Kelly.

Sometimes he'd spend the whole afternoon there listening, with the preliminary boys who trained there, to tales of fistic ferocity in the days when box fighters was box fighters and K. O. Kelly had come within a punch of the middleweight crown.

"A nice kid," K. O. would say after John had left, "but what he's doin' down here is one for the book. I'd figure he was buildin' up to muscle some dude, but he won't let me learn him to box. He just says everybody could lick him anyway. The kid don't seem to have no heart. And it ain't right."

John went a lot, too, to the public golf links. And he got to be able to smack out those deceptive drives that start low and not very enthusiastic, and then suddenly take an interest in things and go higher and higher and farther and farther, till it's just a mashie to the green. He didn't seem to get much of a thrill out of it though. His caddie would say to the other kids, afterward, "My guy got a deuce on No. 5 today. He was even fours to the fifteenth. But he don't seem to care if his putts drop or not. He's a nawful funny guy for such a young guy."

Now, a young guy with long legs and an adequate profile and a car that simply slayed you cannot live this ridiculous sort of life unremarked. John had, in fact, at twenty-one, become the neighborhood enigma.

Betty insisted that his life had been blighted by an opera star. Marian held out that he was a secret power in the underworld and had twice seen his car head over toward the Flats. Helen was positive that he was fulfilling a mysterious vow. But they all agreed that something very remote and romantic must be going on, and that it was just too intriguing for words, and something no girls should have to stand for right under their very noses.

Stratagems were being discussed at a little party given for Dorothy Blake the afternoon she arrived to visit Betty.

"But he sounds to me like he was just impossibly snooty," Dorothy commented, after everyone had had her say.

"No, he's not. Really. Wait till you see him. He's got a sort of look like some strange power had him in its spell. I mean, it's like he was a sort of victim. Honestly, Dorothy, it's weird as possible."

"But what do the boys say?" asked Dorothy. "Even boys are sometimes right about boys."

"They don't say anything. They don't know him. That's the whole thing. Here he's lived all his life—I mean, on this very street—and not a soul knows him even to speak to."

"I still think," put in Pauline, "he's doomed by a dread disease."

"I think he's just a plain wet smack," declared Alice. "I remember him when he was a kid. He lived there then, in that same big house on the corner, with a queer old aunt or something. He was never allowed to play with a soul, but we used to see him driving with her sometimes, and he wore silly suits."

"And then he went away to school somewhere—Brates, I think. And since he came back he's been living there alone in a shell. In a regular shell, like some antiquated old oyster."

"Brates Academy?" asked Dorothy. "And you say his name is John Trent?"

"Why, yes. Why, Dorothy? Do you know anything about him?"

"Bill, my brother, went to Brates, that's all."

But it wasn't all, nearly. For Dorothy had gone to Brates often with her mother, to visit Bill, and she had noticed the tall quiet-looking boy. Perhaps because he was always alone. She had asked Bill once who he was, and remembered, now, the tone in which he had said: "That? Oh, that's Sissy Trent."

He hadn't looked like a sissy to Dorothy. He had looked proud and lonesome and different. Deftly, as one deals with brothers, she had questioned Bill and, as one does at fifteen, she had embroidered the little story into a wistful, shy romance with this proud lone boy a hero, her hero, at the happy-ever-after end.

Now, four years later, Dorothy was listening to a group of girls who were weaving little romances about him also. And this, to Dorothy, who had, so to speak, seen him first, seemed to be very uncalled for and catty. Not that she cared, of course, but it was the sort of thing a girl simply can't begin tolerating.

Dorothy Blake was one of those girls around and about whom things have a perfect mania for happening. Not that she was ever the cause. One look into quite the biggest and unquestionably the most guileless blue eyes in the world would have convinced you of that. The people these things happened to and who were aptly elated or subtly deflated thereby would have considered it perfectly ridiculous if anyone had suggested that the finger in their pie was a small pink one attached to the hand of little Dorothy Blake. And yet—and yet these happenings were nearly always, with the oddest coincidence, just the things which little Dorothy Blake might have thought it would be fun to have occur.

Yes, Dorothy was one of those girls. And so, when she decided that steps had better be taken about this John Trent situation, his future, right then and there, might well have been considered fraught with surprises.

Dorothy, of course—and quite sensibly, too—had never read Freud or any of the other gentlemen who have delved so dismally into the subconscious. If she had, she would have known that John had a complex—a full-grown

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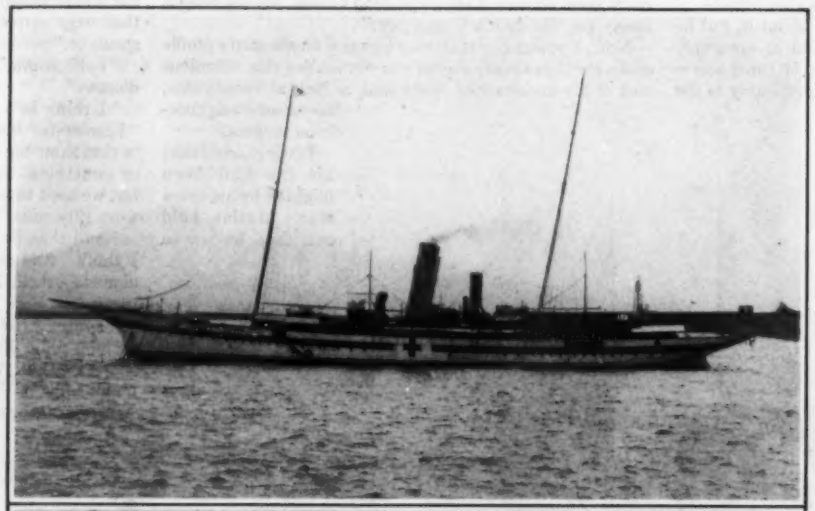
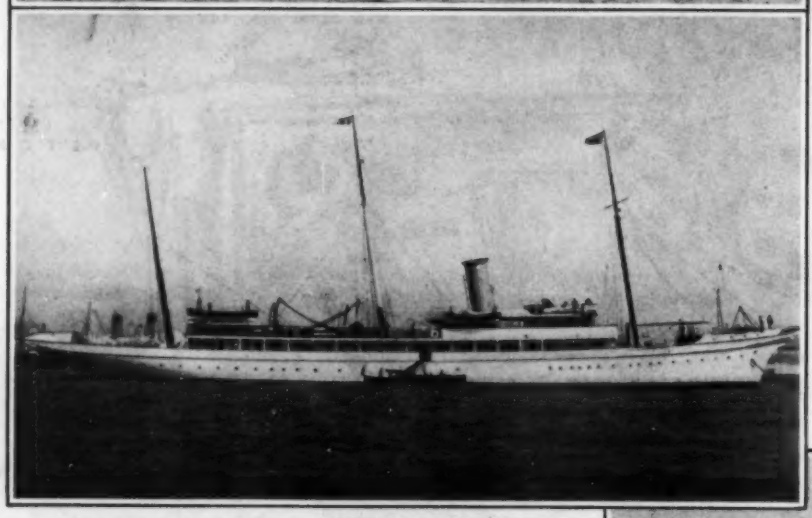
Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.

In Association With William Blackwood





The New "Erin," Which Escorted the "Shamrock V" Across the Atlantic for the 1930 Cup Races. Above—The Old "Erin," Converted Into a Hospital Ship in 1914 and Sunk in 1916 by an Austrian Submarine

IN 1881—I give the exact year, because there have been scores and scores of arguments about it ever since—I pulled off what was admitted to be the cleverest piece of advertising which had been successfully attempted by any British trader. I had only three shops at that time and was exceedingly keen on having a real big Christmas attraction for them—something which would make the people of Glasgow literally sit up and take notice. I racked my brains over this puzzle for many weeks, but the inspiration wouldn't come. It had to be a rip-snorter, or nothing at all. Then, all at once, when serving a customer one afternoon with a two-pound slice of cheese, the idea came to me that I would import, display and sell the largest cheese ever made in the world. There was only one place to get this cheese—America. And even in America there was only one man who I knew could make it—Dr. L. L. Wright, of Whitesboro, New York. The cables were set humming at once. Within a few hours of the idea being conceived every detail was fixed, and I knew that six weeks before Christmas my monster cheese would arrive at Glasgow from New York.

Naturally, I got very busy on preliminary announcements. I advertised the name of the ship on which the cheese was coming across the Atlantic; I advertised the day and hour of the vessel's arrival; I advertised the fact that eight hundred cows had given their entire milk for six days to allow of the record cheese being made and that two hundred dairymaids had been kept busy over the same period; that the world's best cheese experts had been in consultation so that Lipton's customers might partake of the largest and finest cheese ever made in human history. There were actually hundreds of people at the Broomielaw when the steamer did arrive, and many thousands more assembled in the main streets of the city to see the giant cheese—Jumbo was its name—conveyed from the docks by steam traction engine to my principal store. A royal visit could hardly have roused more enthusiasm. The procession of the cheese was an event which was spoken of for many a long day afterward in Glasgow. We had the utmost difficulty in getting the cheese into the main window of the Jamaica Street shop, but when we did finally have it posed in all its massive grandeur, it was an object of admiration and awe to daily crowds for several weeks.

A Lesson in a Cheese

I REMEMBER going home to our little house in Crown Street on the night the cheese was installed, feeling that I had accomplished something out of the ordinary even for a progressive young shopkeeper with ideas behind him. My father and mother were keenly interested in my story of each day's business happenings, and of course I told them all about the safe arrival of Jumbo and how much I was hoping the advertisement would be a good thing for the business.

"It will be a better advertisement still, Tom, if the cheese is a good cheese," quietly remarked my mother, with her customary fine judgment.

Here my mother unconsciously put her finger on one of the elementary principles of sound commerce and of honest advertising. All the publicity in the world, no matter how immediate and widespread the reaction to it may be, will not definitely establish the sale of a bad article. All the advertisement layouts that genius ever invented with the express purpose of tempting prospective customers to buy will fail lamentably if the goods fall short of the boost. This is a cardinal truth which requires no emphasizing, but in the early days of advertising I don't think it was quite sufficiently appreciated. In any event, I had begun to realize it as a vital thing in my own business, and it only required my mother's shrewd observation to confirm me—if confirmation were needed—in a determination never to advertise any article which did not measure up to the specifications. In other words, I strengthened my resolve to give the people who patronized my stores the very best quality of goods that my money could purchase, in the first instance, or theirs, over my counters, in the second.

Fortunately, I was able to assure my mother that Jumbo was a cheese of unassailable reputation, for I had made sure of the ingredients months ago and had myself tested it, not half an hour previously, with every possible personal satisfaction! And even when I was giving my mother this assurance, the idea came to me—why not make the Giant Cheese a better advertisement still by turning it into a Golden Cheese? What was to prevent my adding to the excitement which the arrival of Jumbo had roused by hiding a large quantity of sovereigns and half sovereigns in its vast interior? The idea appealed to me, and I wasted no time in carrying it out. Naturally, I did not keep it secret; I let the public into my full confidence! And when, on Christmas Eve, the hour came for cutting up the cheese, the street in which my shop was situated was a seething mass of people.

I certainly expected a large crowd and had arranged with the police authorities for a dozen officers to be present for the ostensible purpose of keeping order, although, to tell the truth, this was more of an advertising touch than anything else. As it transpired, a hundred policemen would not have been too many, for as the evening advanced the street was besieged by incoming thousands from every quarter of Glasgow, all anxious to have a dip into Lipton's Golden Cheese. Prompt to the announced minute I started personally to cut up Jumbo. Only so many customers were allowed into the premises at a time, and the excitement outside was intense. In varying portions, ranging from six and four pound slices down to half a pound, the great cheese melted, "like sna' aff a dike," as we say in Scotland, and in less than two hours Jumbo was no more.

The Glasgow Gold Rush

MANY of the customers could not restrain their impatience to find out if they had "struck lucky." Immediately they received their parcels from my assistants they tore the paper off and began to explore their portions, some of the purchasers doing this actually before they had left the counter. Others, clamorous to be served themselves, pulled and elbowed them out of the way. Groans from the disappointed ones mixed with shouts of glee from those who were fortunate. As often as not, both types dashed back to the counter for another

Sir Thomas Lipton Aboard the S. S. "Cedric" En Route to America

cut. Pandemonium reigned supreme, but it was a laughing, good-natured pandemonium and the general merriment was increased highly when it was discovered that the policemen sent to maintain order had themselves yielded to temptation and were lining up with the ordinary customers and placing their orders for as large chunks of Jumbo as they could afford to buy. One policeman did find a sovereign in his parcel as he was halfway to the door, and he was so overjoyed that he started dancing a fandango in the course of which he lost his helmet. I am safe in saying that hundreds of customers never managed to get inside the shop door. Had Jumbo been five times its size I could have sold every ounce that Christmas Eve. It is almost needless for me to add that the Glasgow reporters were present in force, and that next morning I had many columns of free publicity.

Convinced that I had got hold of a really good idea in this Giant Cheese stunt, and equally certain that it could be carried on, with necessary embellishments, for a long time in different parts of the country I made arrangements with an American concern to install special machinery for the production of still larger cheeses. And these formed important features of my special Christmas, and other shows, for several years. Some of the cheeses weighed as much as five tons, and it may be interesting to mention that in order to produce a five-ton cheese thirty-five tons of milk are necessary. One very large and very special cheese absorbed the milk of four thousand cows over quite a long period.

Two Mammoths Come to Lipton's

CIRCUMSTANCES usually combined to aid me in making the most of my Christmas displays of the monster cheeses. I remember arriving at Nottingham one morning toward the end of December and finding my local manager perturbed as to how he was going to have his big cheese removed from the station to his principal window. In his dilemma he asked my advice.

"There's a circus in the town, isn't there?" I remarked. I had seen it myself on the journey from the depot to the shop. "Well, what about getting one of the circus elephants to draw the cheese from the goods yard to the store, going by way of all the main streets? It will be a first-class novelty in the way of advertisements."

And it was. Nottingham turned out to the last man, woman and child to see the unique procession. The services of the elephant cost us thirty shillings—just about the cheapest item of transport in the books of the branch for that year, considering the publicity. I remember that the elephant himself took a very intelligent interest in his task, occasionally veering his massive head round so as to inspect the strange load he was being asked to pull. This sent the spectators into fits of laughter.

The cutting up of the cheeses was now such a big and spectacular business that, to add a still further note of comedy to the ceremonies, I invited contractors to tender for the job as though it were an engineering feat of some difficulty and importance. At Edinburgh one Christmas I issued a newspaper announcement to the effect that "after careful consideration of the many tenders sent in for the cutting up of the Jumbo Cheese, the firm had decided to accept the offer of two hundred students from the university." With high-spirited, hot-blooded youth only too willing to take part in such an amusing function, a rag was assured. Of course the students were out for all the fun they could get, but I, too, determined that the fun would not be all on their side. So, when dozens of the young fellows crowded into the largest of my Edinburgh windows, the glass of which had been removed, they found themselves up against an impossible task. The cheese was to be cut by a strong wire at which they pulled and tugged in vain. Try as they would, they could make no impression, and not one of the students realized that the obstacle which prevented their succeeding was a strong iron bar supporting the cheese at the back. Only when an artful shopman slipped the bar away did the wire start to do its work, and it then did it so quickly that the students lost their grip and were sent sprawling through the open window amongst the hilarious crowd in the street.

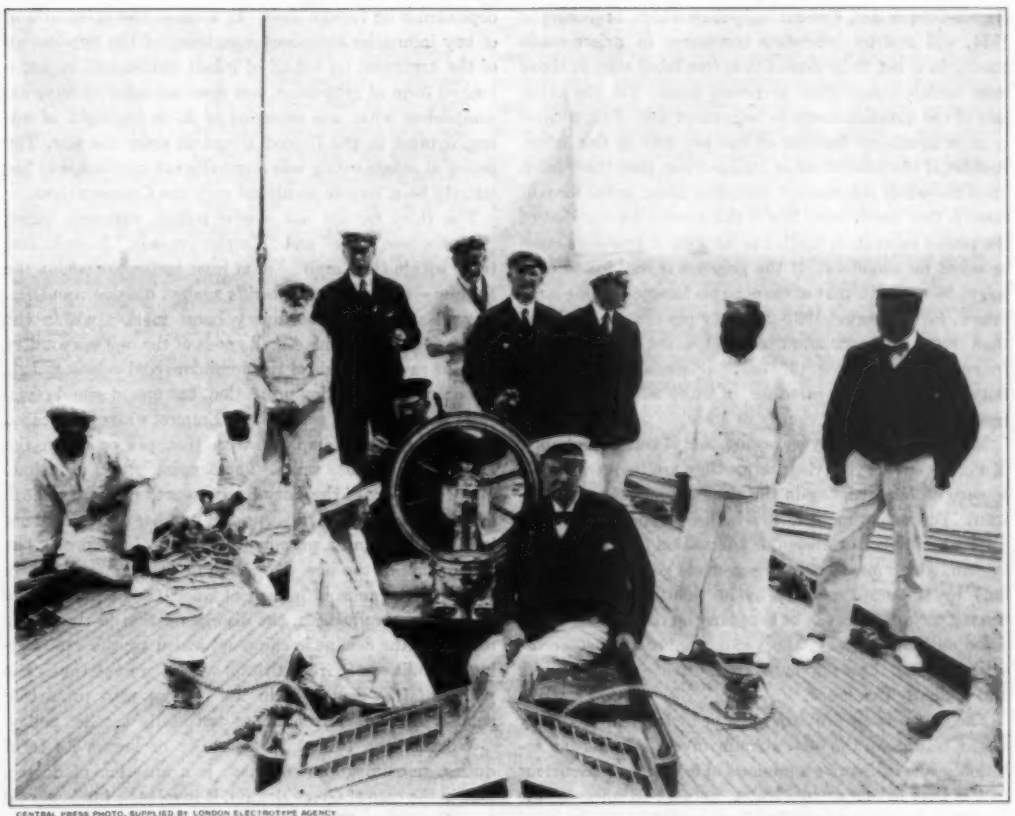
At Sunderland the local police objected to the selling of the monster cheese, on the score that, as it contained money, the transactions over my counter partook of the nature of a lottery; and lotteries were not permitted in the law-abiding town of Sunderland. I discovered, however, that I could keep outside the arm of the law if, before selling the cheese, I informed the public that any money found in its capacious interior by purchasers must be returned to my local manager. So I inserted a facetious advertisement in the local papers to this effect. The Sunderland Jumbo was sold in double-quick time and, strange to relate, not one half-sovereign was returned!

COPYRIGHT PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Lord Birkenhead and Two Notable Yachtsmen, Sir Thomas and Lord Camrose

Practically the same thing happened at Newcastle, only here the police objection took the form that the lives of the Tynesiders might be endangered through swallowing sovereigns unawares. My attitude here was simplicity itself. I warned the Newcastle public, by prominent advertisements in the news sheets of the town, that any man or woman buying a portion of the Giant Cheese at Lipton's Christmas Market stood in very grave danger of being choked by the large number of gold coins of the realm with which this particular cheese was liberally sprinkled throughout. I headed this semi-serious advertisement POLICE WARNING. The people literally rolled up in their thousands, eager to be choked. And I never heard that anybody was.

No matter how popular an advertisement device or scheme may be, it has been my invariable experience that its effectiveness must wane in time unless a spice of novelty is continually thrown in, or a new angle to it explored. Thus, in later years, I struck the idea of getting people prominently in the public eye at the moment to preside at the ceremony of the Big Cheese cutting. I never managed to pull off a Scottish Lord Provost, but I roped in a good few English and Irish mayors. A popular stage favorite was always a sure touch, and had my great friend Sir Harry Lauder been to the fore in those days I would most certainly have offered him a big fee to get into the window along with Jumbo. Perhaps he might have done it for nothing—you will note that I say "perhaps."



CENTRAL PRESS PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

Sir Thomas' Cingalese Servant, John, at His Left, Has Sailed With Him for Nearly Thirty Years

When the Sky Was the Limit

IT MAY be that I have devoted too much space to these stories of my giant cheeses, but they afforded me splendid publicity over a period of years. Moreover, they had the added advantage of being good newspaper headlines. And I always had an eye open for any advertising scheme which I thought would make the news editors take a deep breath and yell lustily for their brightest reporter. The result was that though I was always willing to buy space in the advertising columns in the ordinary way, I repeatedly got far more space and much more valuable publicity on the news pages.

I think I must have been the very first advertiser to use the air. This was long before the days of the Brothers Wright—those amazing and immortal pioneers who made a Lindbergh possible—and aeroplanes were still undreamed of. But there were balloons! Hearing that a famous aeronaut was coming to Glasgow to give an exhibition ascent at a local gala, I immediately got in contact with him and arranged for one of my representatives to go up in the balloon and distribute from the clouds a hundred thousand "air telegrams" extolling the merits of Lipton's bacon and hams, the purity of his butter and the freshness of his eggs. Prizes ranging from twenty pounds in cash down to a flitch of bacon and a ten-pound canister of tea were offered to the first fifty people presenting the telegrams at the nearest Lipton branch shop, or, for that matter, at any of my shops, because nobody could say where the manna from the heavens might fall. Vast crowds watched the ascent of

(Continued on Page 48)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues). Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

In Argentina, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela: Ten Cents the Copy, $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles: $6.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In all other localities: $10.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1930

Excessive Salaries

A QUESTION at once interesting, important and puzzling came before the public when, in the course of recent litigation, a stockholding group opposed to the merger of two great steel companies brought out the facts that the president of one of them received a bonus of $1,623,753 in 1929 and that six vice presidents had received bonus payments of $1,432,033 in the same year. The subject is interesting because all of us are more or less curious regarding the rewards which other men receive. It is important because the suitable payment of those responsible for the conduct of large business enterprises is always a burning question, and the puzzling aspect arises from the difficulty of determining how they shall be rewarded.

It is probable that public opinion does not favor the payment of such immense salaries or bonuses, regardless of the worth of the few officials to the company in question. Possibly this feeling is somewhat accentuated when disclosure comes in the course of bitterly contested litigation. In this particular case it had been known for a dozen years or more that large payments were being made; any shock caused by them came merely from the sudden, unfriendly limelight. But this is a minor issue. The essential point is that the average man cannot be altogether blamed for being dubious of the values of such payments since business experts themselves are altogether at sea on the matter.

There is, of course, no question in the minds of authorities that what appear to be enormous rewards are often justified. If sufficient improvement in the condition of as important an undertaking as the second largest steel company in the United States can be traced to the activities of the president, then it is absurd to begrudge him a large bonus in a very prosperous year just because most people never accumulate a fraction of that sum in a whole lifetime. But the difficulty comes in determining the form or method which these special rewards should take. Shall the heads of these great corporations be given small nominal salaries and fabulous bonuses in good years, or moderate salaries and bonuses in stock in good years, or fairly large salaries at all times and moderate extra bonuses in especially good years, or very large but not sensational salaries at all times?

We have no intention of going into details regarding the merits of any of these varying plans. That is something for the banking groups, the larger stockholding groups and the managements of the different corporations to work out in connection with their technical advisers and boards of directors. We wish to call attention to what seems a matter of broader application; namely, that in wide reaches of industry, as well as in government, the salaries are not large enough. Here and there, in special individual cases, small nominal salaries and enormous extra rewards may be wise. We cannot say otherwise. But, generally speaking, it seems undignified if not actually demoralizing to fail to pay the heads of important enterprises a fixed salary in keeping with their positions and responsibilities. In many branches of business inadequate salaries are paid, and too great a temptation is placed upon the incumbents of important positions to make money on the side.

It is absurd for the public to begrudge a bank officer a good salary and yet applaud him as smart when he makes money outside, often at the expense of his efficiency or even of his integrity in a position of peculiar responsibility. As already indicated, it would be going much too far to say that most plans for extra rewards are unwise. But as a general proposition, salaries should be large enough to enlist the best efforts and loyalties of men who head great undertakings, whether private or governmental, without frantic efforts to earn extras. If men in positions of such dignity and importance are not worth the sort of salary which befits such positions, then others who can give value in return should be selected.

Prison Labor

IT IS fortunate that further careful studies, under the auspices of the Governors' Conference, are to be made of the whole broad problem of prison labor. The series of prison riots in many parts of the country during the past year has certainly demonstrated to the public that idleness in prisons is a prime cause of unrest. No problem presses for solution upon the states and the governors thereof more insistently than this. Idleness in prison life is shortsighted and a menace to the general community as well as to the inmates. Yet the sale of prison-made goods has been so strongly opposed that great difficulty exists in working out a system of proper employment within prisons.

The governors are concerned over the effects of the Hawes-Cooper Act, Federal legislation which, beginning in 1934, will restrict interstate commerce in prison-made goods. It is not to be denied that free labor may at times meet unfair competition in prison labor. Yet the other side of the question needs to be pointed out. Prison labor is an insignificant fraction of one per cent of free labor. Besides, if the prisons are self-supporting, then the burden upon the whole community, including labor, in the form of taxes is that much less. Nor is this burden merely that of the prison institution itself; the families of prisoners must be cared for somehow. If the prisoner is enabled to earn wages he can send part of them to his family. In one large prison, for the period 1927–28, forty per cent of the more than 1000 prisoners admitted had wives and children. In one large city, for 1928–29, the welfare department reported 12,810 cases cared for, of which 873 were the dependents of prisoners, county or state.

Many prisoners are very young, and if trained in habits of work while serving their terms they are frequently able to earn an honest living in the same or similar lines afterward. Discussion rages as to whether the problem can be solved by further extension or adaptation of the state-use system, which means that prison-made goods can be used only by the state itself or by its political subdivisions. Even if the prisoners can be kept busy on these tasks, which some authorities deny, the goods produced must necessarily displace those purchased from private manufacturers and made by free labor.

The prison-labor problem must be looked at from many angles because of the intricacies involved. Almost any solution seems to involve a measure of injustice. The curious fact is that in one or two states, notably Minnesota, the prisoners are kept very busy, are enabled to earn quite a wage for themselves and also serve to free the state from expense, relatively speaking, for their care and for that of their dependents. Yet if unemployment is greater among free labor in Minnesota than elsewhere, the fact has not come to general notice. If one state can keep its prisoners busy, why not another?

Tariff Struggles of Other Countries

HAVING expended over a year of congressional activity in the enactment of the new tariff, Americans may perhaps feel like taking enjoyment in the spectacle of tariff struggles in other countries. Interested parties in various countries of the world have contrived to give to our new tariff act an importance which the outcome may prove not to have been justified. Certainly, we have been given the center of the tariff stage. At the same time, a tariff struggle is under way in Great Britain which on historical grounds clearly holds prominence over ours.

Free trade has been on trial in Great Britain for nearly a century. It was scarcely questioned, as national or Empire policy, until after the World War. The struggle now going on is really before the people, not before Parliament; eventually it will come to decision in a general election. It is a three-cornered struggle, which owes its unique features to the particular relations of the United Kingdom to the dominions in the far-flung British Empire.

The traditional policy of free trade is sponsored by the Liberal Party and by certain factions in both the Tory and Labor parties. Free trade is the policy of classical British economists. Great Britain is a creditor country with a congested population in reference to land area, and highly industrialized. The British system of banking, importing and exporting, and shipping is spread over the entire globe. Returns on extensive foreign investments, as well as the earnings on the various services, suffice to pay for excess of imports over exports of goods and leave annually a sum for fresh investment abroad. Since international trade is the life of the United Kingdom, the Liberals regard the policy of free trade as axiomatic. The political eclipse of the Liberal Party, for other reasons, has, however, seriously weakened the public defense of free trade.

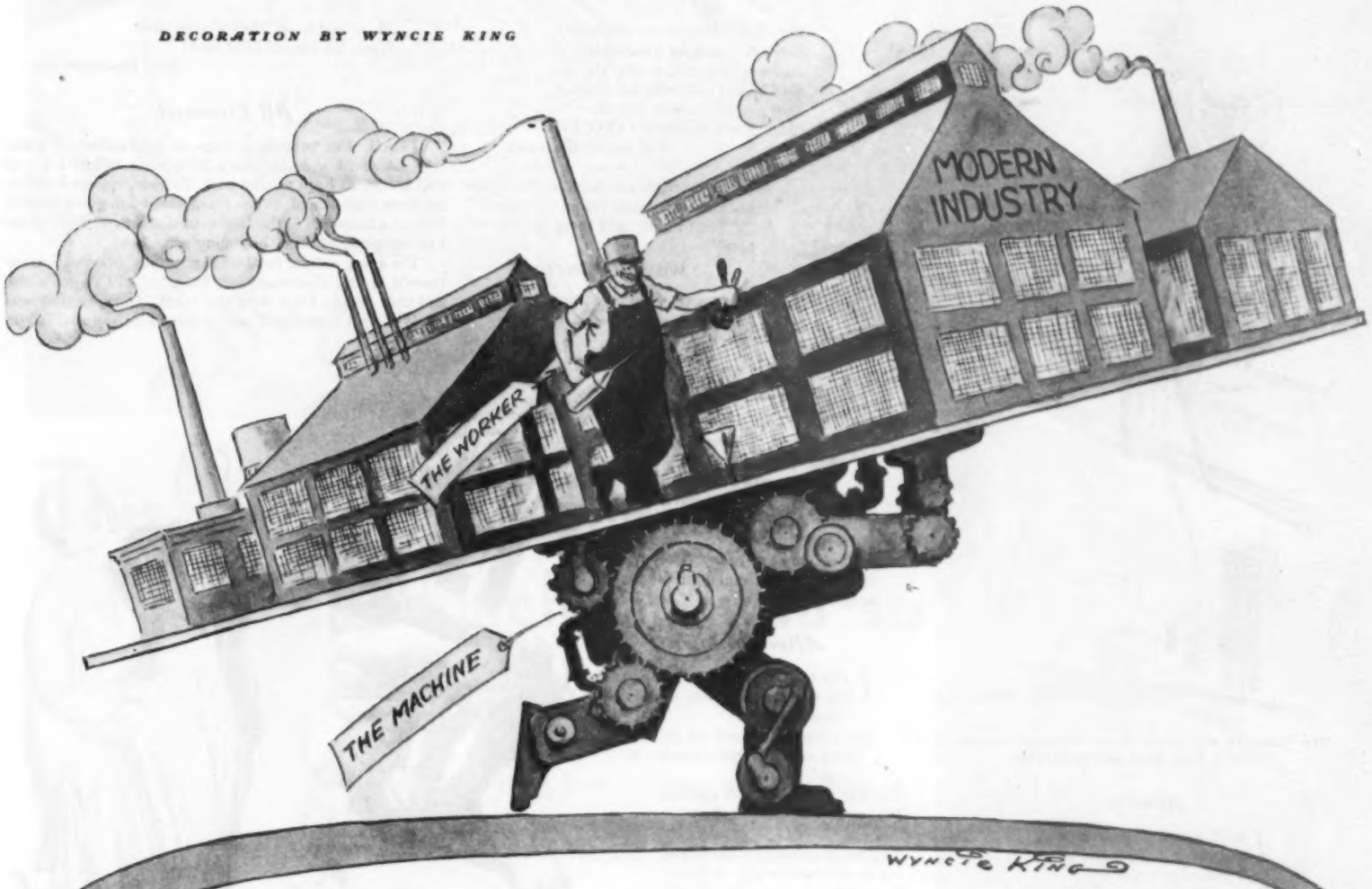
Directly after the war the so-called "safeguarding of key industries" was introduced. The policy represented the lesson of the war; the country resolved never again to be dependent for an essential commodity upon a foreign source. For illustration, the textile industry revolted at dependence on foreign dyes. In a sense, the safeguarding of key industries contained something of the implication of the argument on behalf of infant industries. It was a limited form of protection, but does not seem to have accomplished what was expected of it, in the light of unemployment in the United Kingdom since the war. The policy of safeguarding was originally not partisan, but has latterly been largely identified with the Conservatives.

The third faction has a new policy, variously called "Empire free trade" and "Empire crusade." It seeks free trade within the Empire—or at least preference within the Empire—with protective tariffs against outside countries. It envisages an extraordinary home market within the Empire for the manufactured goods of the mother country and the raw materials of the dominions and colonies. It is essentially an orthodox protection, but one in grand style, since it includes all parts of the Empire, wherever located over the globe. Compared with this, protection in the United States hulks small. The Empire crusaders include many members of the Tory Party, representatives of both labor and agriculture, a surprising number of bankers and industrialists, and a prominent fraction of the press. The proponents of the new doctrine find their ammunition in the unemployment of industrial labor, the decadent state of the heavy industries, the disorganization in the textile mills, and the decline in shipping, which are the outstanding disabilities of Great Britain at the present time. The policy of free trade within the Empire with protection against the outside represents essentially a relief policy.

Whether the United States raises or lowers its tariff duties, remaining protectionist, is a question of degree. But in the case of Great Britain, it involves a fundamental transformation. The decision is one of extraordinary importance to the world, politically and economically.

THE NEW CRAFTSMANSHIP

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING



By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

THE notion is dying that a machine-made article cannot be so fine as one made by hand; but it seems to be still taken for granted that the operator of a machine is not so skilled and resourceful a craftsman as the old hand worker, that the general level of mechanical skill is lowering and that machine products by their uniformity will result in a dull, ugly sort of world.

People who live in books uniformly take that view of things. This view is not important, but it is important that we separate the facts from the fancies, for not without machinery can the more important economic problems of the world be solved. The consequences of misleading the world on this point—although this would not be possible for long—might easily become tragic.

Take first the effect of machine operating upon men. It has been so often asserted as to be a commonplace that the almost mechanical tending of a machine takes away not only a man's skill but also his initiative and makes him into some sort of strange creature that looks like a man but really is not a man. The error here is in assuming that all machines are alike, that all of them require only mechanical attendance and that the men operating them are highly skilled machinists wasting their lives away.

All machines are far from being alike and their operations call for various kinds of intellects and perceptions. If a machine requires no judgment at all to operate, then it is better to make it automatic than bother a man to attend it. The lowest order of men who are now operating machinery with us are the men who a few years ago would have been classed as unskilled labor and would have been compelled to eke out miserable existences as draft animals with hods or wheelbarrows or in back-breaking tasks with picks, shovels and crowbars. As we have learned more about economical manufacturing we have steadily cut out the jobs requiring brute strength and also we have cut out the jobs that required little or no intelligence, though we have never had a job of any kind for the unskilled man which did not require more acute perceptions than the rough jobs to which he had been accustomed as an unskilled laborer. Formerly we had a certain number of jobs which required very little mental effort on the part of the worker or attendant; we found that the men who stayed in those jobs were the men who did not want to exert their minds or who had very little in the way of minds to exert. It would be most unfortunate if industry provided places only for the thinking men. For then the unthinking would become public charges; the very poor are recruited almost solely from the people who refuse to think and, therefore, refuse to work diligently.

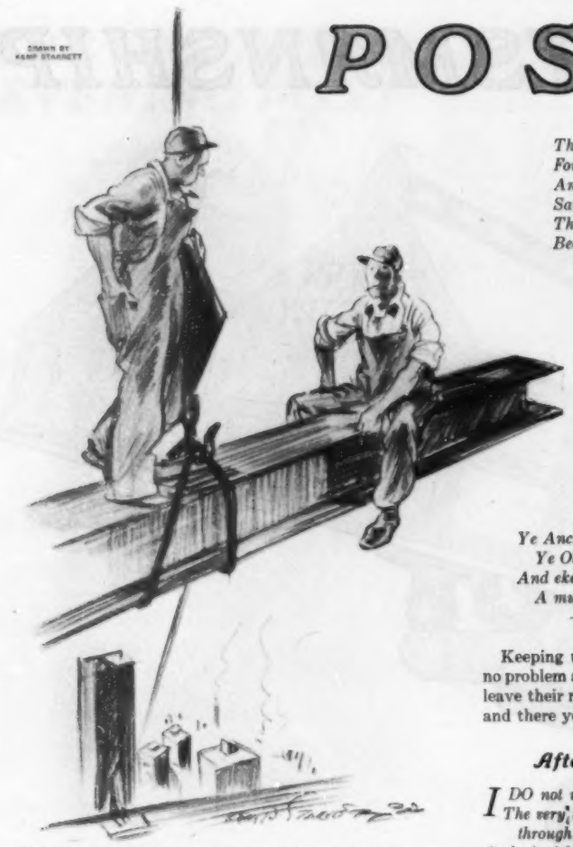
We still have some jobs which require no special ability to fill, and these jobs are occupied by men earning at least seven dollars a day, who would otherwise be able to pick up only odd jobs of heavy work. No intelligent man could or would stay in these jobs, and we would not permit an intelligent man to stay in one. The work done in them is monotonous in the extreme, but invariably they are filled with the kind of men who welcome monotony because it does not call for thought. And yet even in these jobs some skill is needed.

Possibly the requirement is not for skill but for a higher alertness than is necessary in, say, a ditch digger or a crossing tender. The man has to know what he is doing, no matter how mechanical the task, or he will fall behind in his work and also he will continue to operate when something goes wrong. The call is for something in the nature of craftsmanship, but of a kind different from what is usually comprehended in that word. No matter what mechanical precautions are taken against human error, a man without what might be called machine sense will spoil much work if allowed to go on. At least some grade of intuition is required for even the lowest job. It takes a higher grade of man to manage an electric hoist than to manage a plain block and tackle. The lowest job in our factory today requires a higher grade of intelligence than the lowest job in the best hand factory of the older days. This is a fact of which those who praise the good old days are not aware. Craftsmen one hundred years ago were not comparatively so numerous as they are now. Only a few names have come down to us. Today, high-grade craftsmanship is the commonplace of industry. It has to be.

It is usually assumed that in the old machine shop all the men were highly skilled journeymen or apprentices on the way to becoming skilled. That was never the case. Even in the best shops the proportion of first-class machinists was very small and a fair part of the work was always done by semi-skilled or unskilled laborers who were mostly hired for their strength. Today not only is the lowest job in our industries much higher than the lowest job in the old industrial set-up but also the highest jobs call for more skill and craftsmanship than only a few of the older craftsmen possessed. We have in our industries no absolutely unskilled men, but taking our lowest grade as comparable with the old

(Continued on Page 137)

POST SCRIPTS



"So I Says to Her—Yer Crazy! Wadder Yer Want Wit' a New Book Every Month?"

Advice

LADY, you don't have to be
A student of psychology
Or a wizard or a seer
To know that each man likes to hear
One: His biceps are so strong;
Two: His judgment's never wrong;
Three: His virtues are unlistable;
Four: He's simply irresistible;
And you may add, if after this is
Said he still withholds his kisses,
That you like to have him near
Because he's always SO SINCERE.
—*Myra M. Waterman.*

"So you made a motor tour of all those beautiful cathedral towns of France?"

"Yes, by golly, and never had a puncture!"

Wayside Curse

YE LYTTLE Coffee Shoppe,
Ye Hotte Dogge Standye,
Ye House of Soda
Poppe
& Maple Sugar
Candy,
Ye Ancient Welcome Inne,
Ye Olde Towne Halle;
And eke your kith and kinne,
A murrain on ye alle!
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Keeping up with the Joneses is no problem at all today. They just leave their radio going full blast—and there you are.

After Sunburn

I DO not want to swim or row—
The very thought sends shudders through me—
And picnicking I will not go,
Pray do not mention beaches to me!
Nor does the temperature enhance
The torrid prospect of a dance.

No form of exercise enthralls me—
I do not want to golf, or fish;
Tennis, in prospect, quite appalls me—
At present, dear, I only wish
To sit and let the clothes hang slack
Upon my incandescent back!
—*Sara Henderson Hay.*

All Planned

"YEAH, I'm entering college in September. I guess maybe it will take me a little while before I get as well known as I am around here. You see, college is different from high school; in the place where I'm going there'll be over a thousand in the freshman class alone. That's why I'm not going to delay becoming prominent.

"I'm going out for football first thing. Oh, yes, I know there'll be lots of competition, but after all I've got a rep, and that always helps with the coach. Any guy that was All Winaka County end isn't going to be shunted off on some scrub team without a chance to show what he's got—not exactly. The way I've got it figured, I've got a swell chance of getting captain because a lineman has got a lot better chance than a back. While the star backs are cutting into each other's votes I figure a good shifty end—provided he's got personality and leadership, of course—will step in and cop the job.

"You got to get a lot of breaks, but don't forget you've got to make 'em too.

"That's the way I figure it for college. When I get captain then I figure I'm all set, and it's my own fault if I don't get president of my class, only I'm not going to do a lot of log-rolling. I figure the way is just to be myself and not go high-hatting anybody or being wet.

"I haven't figured out what fraternity I'll take—maybe Phi Gamma; that's one of the biggest ones. But I'm figuring on bids from Upsilon, Delta U and three or four more, and I'm going to watch which way the wind's blowing before I hop. That's about the way I've got things doped for my freshman year, except of course I'll be playing basket ball and baseball. Only I'm not figuring on captaincies there.

"Then after I'm really known—maybe sophomore year—I'm going out for other activities. A guy has got to be versatile these days, so I'm going to get on the Daily. The way it works nowadays, the man who gets editor-in-chief of the Daily controls the college; and besides, he's sure of a job on any paper or magazine in the country when he gets out. Yeah, I've got my college career all planned. It's dumb not to."

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

DRAWN BY D'ALTON VALENTINE

"Something in Objets d'Art, Madam? This is a Neat Number"

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

"Did You Enjoy the Missionary Meeting?"
"Yes. And I'm Not Sure But I Had a Better Time Than I Should Have Had"

This soup is just the kind of luncheon you so often want!

A luncheon that is both delicious and nourishing. A luncheon that has enough good, substantial food, but is not too "heavy". A luncheon that is easily prepared.

This is just what you want on many and many a day. How you welcome the help and comfort of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! With its 15 vegetables, it's a meal in itself. Its flavor is a temptation to any appetite.

And it's already cooked—on your table in next to no time! Just think what such convenience means to you in the middle of your busy day!

Don't forget that this soup, so extraordinarily rich in the valuable vegetable foods, is one of the most wholesome of dishes for the children. The mineral salts supplied by vegetables are required for proper growth and development.

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup there are so many and such good vegetables that the mineral salts abound in it. Let the children enjoy this healthful soup often. For their midday meal or their supper nothing could be better.

Millions and millions of women serve soup for luncheon every day. Soup has such a bracing, invigorating effect. And with 21 different Campbell's Soups to choose from, its variety is almost endless. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Ho, for the life of a sailor,
For pirates and battles and sport,
For plunder and cargoes of Campbell's
And bowlfuls of soup in each port!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

XVII

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AT A LITTLE before ten, Lofton appeared in front of the chair where Chan was sitting. He still had the air of a much-abused man.

"Well, inspector," he announced, "I've got my people together in the smoking room. I chose that spot because it's always deserted at this hour. A bit odoriferous, perhaps—I trust you won't hold them there long. I suggest you come at once. Keeping a touring party intact in one place for any length of time is, I have discovered, a difficult feat."

Chan rose. "Will you also come, Miss Pamela?" he suggested. As they walked along he added to the doctor: "Am I to understand that all members of band are present?"

"All except Mrs. Luce," Lofton told him. "She prefers to sleep late. But I'll have her roused if you say so."

"Not at all," Chan replied. "I know where Mrs. Luce was last evening. Matter of fact, she dined at my house."

"Not really?" cried the doctor, with unflattering surprise.

"You would have been welcome yourself," Charlie smiled.

They entered the thick atmosphere of the smoking room. The group inside regarded Chan with curiosity. He stood for a moment, facing them. A little speech seemed indicated.

"May I extend courteous good morning?" he began. "Would say I am as surprised to see you all again as you must be to behold me. I am reluctant to enforce my inspeakable presence upon you, but fate will not have it otherwise. Inspector Duff, as you know, was awaiting you at Honolulu, paradise of Pacific, intending to travel eastward in your company. Last night in paradise, history repeats and snake appears, striking down the worthy Duff. He is much better this morning, thank you. Maybe plenty soon he sees you all again. In meantime a stupid substitute for Duff has been pushed into position for which he has not the brains, the wit, the reputation. Notably, myself."

"You Mean You Know Who Killed My Grandfather?"

He smiled pleasantly and sat down. "All mischief comes from opening the mouth," he continued. "Knowing this, I am still forced to operate mine to considerable extent from now on. Let us make the best of it. My initial effort will be to find out from each of you exact presence between hour of, may I say, eight last evening, and sailing of boat at ten. Pardon such outrageous hint, but any of you who fails to speak true may have cause to regret same later on. I have said I am dull and stupid, and that is the fact, but often the gods go out of way to take care of such. To recompense, they shower on me sometimes amazing luck. Look out I don't get shower at any moment."

Patrick Tait was on his feet. "My dear sir," he remarked irritably, "I question your authority to interrogate any of us. We are no longer in Honolulu ——"

"Pardon interruption, but what you say is true," Charlie put in. "Legal side of matter is, no doubt, such as to give eminent lawyer bad attack of choleric. I judge from records of case same has happened before. Can only say captain of ship stands behind me firm as Gibraltar rock. We proceed on assumption every one of you is shocked and grieved by attack on Duff and eager to see the attacker captured. If this is wrong—if there is man among you who has something to hide ——"

"Just a minute!" Tait cried. "I won't let you maneuver me into that position. I've nothing to hide. I only wanted to remind you that there is such a thing as legal procedure."

"Which is usually the criminal's best friend," nodded Chan blandly. "You and I, we know. Do we not, Mr. Tait?" The lawyer sank back into his chair. "But we are some miles off the point," continued Charlie. "You are all friends of justice, I feel certain. You have no interest in that poor relation of same, legal procedure. Let us go forward on such basis. Doctor Lofton, since you are conductor of party, I begin with you. How did you spend two hours mentioned by me?"

"From eight to about 9:30," said Lofton sourly, "I was at the Honolulu office of the Nomad Travel Company, which manages my tours for me. I had accounts to go over and some typewriting to do."

"Ah, yes. Of course, others were with you at that office?"

"Not a soul. The manager was due to attend a country-club dance and he left me there alone. Since the door had a spring lock, I had only to close it after me when I went out. I returned to the ship at about 9:30."

"Nomad Travel Company office is, I believe, on Fort Street, only few steps from mouth of alley wandering along rear of police station."

"It's on Fort Street, yes. I don't know anything about your police station."

"Naturally, you don't. Did you encounter any members of travel party in neighborhood of alley?"

"I have no idea what alley you're talking about. I saw none of my people from the time I went to the office until I returned to the ship. I suggest you get on with this. Time is pressing."

"Whom is it pressing?" asked Chan suavely. "Speaking for myself, I have six days to squander. . . . Mr. Tait, do you cling to legal rights, or will you condescend to tell humble policeman how you spent last evening?"

"Oh, I've no objection," returned Tait, amiable with an effort. "Why should I have? Last night, about eight o'clock, we started a contract-bridge game in the lounge. Aside from myself, Mrs. Spicer, Mr. Vivian and Mr. Kennaway took part in it. It's a foursome that has had many similar contests as we went round the world."

"Ah, yes, travel is fine education," nodded Chan. "You played until the boat sailed."

"We did not. We were having a splendid game when, at about 8:30, Mr. Vivian raised the most unholy row ——"

"I beg your pardon," Vivian cut in. "If I broke up the game I had an excellent reason. You have heard me tell my partner a thousand times that if I make an original two bid, I expect her to keep it open even if ——"

"So you told me that a thousand times, did you?" flared Mrs. Spicer. "A million would be more like it. And I've explained patiently to you that if I had a flat hand, I wouldn't bid—no, not even if Mr. Whitehead was sitting beside me with a gun. The trouble with you is, a little knowledge is a dangerous ——"

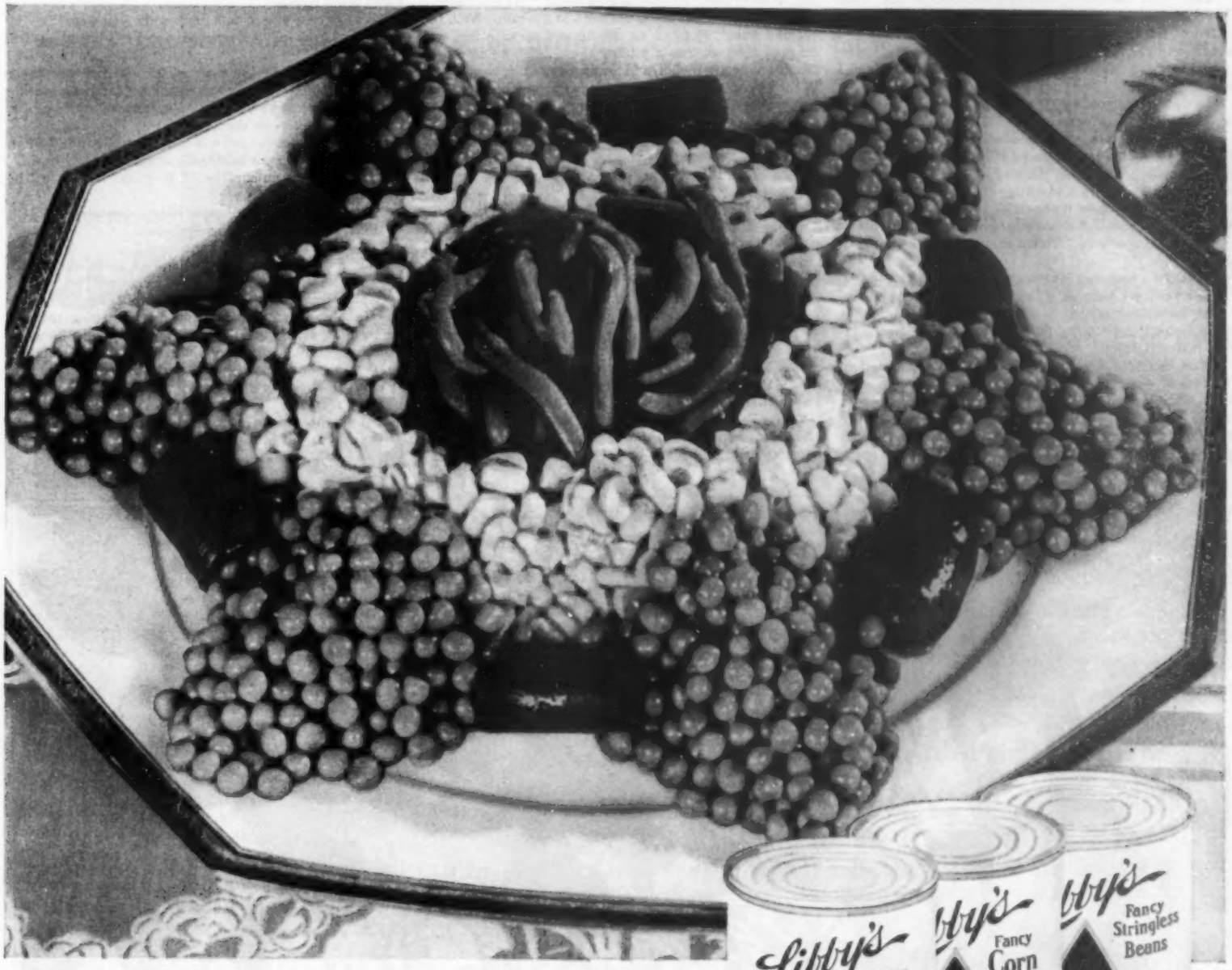
"Pardon me that I burst in," Charlie said, "but the matter becomes too technical for my stupidity to cope with. Let us seize on fact that game broke up."

"Broke up in a row at 8:30," Tait continued. "Mr. Kennaway and I went out onto the deck. It was raining hard. Mark said he thought he'd get his raincoat and take a stroll up to the town. I saw him leave about ten minutes later. I told him I preferred to stay aboard."

(Continued on Page 32)

Now . . Libby quality in these foods too!

Peas, Corn, Stringless Beans . . garden fresh



PEAS, Corn, Stringless Beans—now packed under the world-famous Libby label that assures you unvarying high quality! Libby's Peas, the Early June and the Sugar varieties, come in five different sizes, and both size and kind are illustrated on the label. Perhaps the tenderest and most flavorful of all are Libby's Fancy Garden Sugar Peas—large and small sizes packed together just as they come from the pod. Libby's Corn includes all the popular varieties, each packed in two different ways: the familiar cream style; and whole kernel, a popular new style that is wonderfully like whole, fresh corn. Libby's Stringless Beans, green and wax, are the Rogers Refugee kind—shapely, tender, full of flavor. And because all these are Libby Vegetables, you can know they are packed garden fresh in sunny canning kitchens.

Tune in Wednesday Mornings!

Over WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations, at 9:45 E. S. T.
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period . . . a newsy recipe talk.

L I B B Y M ç N E I L L & L I B B Y - C H I C A G O

(Continued from Page 30)

"And did you?" Charlie asked.

"No, I didn't. After Mr. Kennaway had gone I remembered that I'd seen a copy of the New York Sunday Times hanging outside a news stand on King Street yesterday morning. I'd meant to go back and get it. I hadn't seen one for ages and I was keen to have it. The rain seemed to be letting up a bit. So I got a coat, my hat and stick ——"

"Your Malacca stick?"

"Yes, I believe I carried the Malacca. At about ten minutes of nine I walked uptown, bought the paper and returned to the ship. I'm a slow walker and I suppose it was about twenty minutes past the hour when I came aboard again."

Chan took his watch from his left-hand vest pocket. "What time have you now, Mr. Tait?" he asked quickly.

Tait's right hand went to his own waistcoat pocket. Then it dropped back to his lap and he looked rather foolish. He extended his left wrist and examined the watch on it. "I make it 10:25," he announced.

"Correct," smiled Charlie. "I make it the same, and I am always right."

Tait's bushy eyebrows rose. "Always?" he repeated, with a touch of sarcasm.

"In such matters, yes," nodded the Chinese. For a moment he and the lawyer stared at each other; then Chan looked away. "So many changes of time as you peruse way around world," he said softly. "I merely wished to be certain your watch is up-to-date. . . . Mr. Vivian, what was your course of action after bridge-table eruption?"

"I, too, went ashore," Vivian responded. "I wanted to cool off."

"With hat, coat and Malacca stick, no doubt?"

"We've all got Malacca sticks," snapped the polo player. "They're almost obligatory when you visit Singapore. I walked about the city and got back to the ship a few minutes before it sailed."

"Mrs. Spicer?" Charlie's eyes turned in her direction. She looked weary and fed up.

"I went to bed when I left the bridge table," she told him. "It had been a somewhat trying experience. Bridge is only fun when you happen to have a gentleman for a partner."

"Mr. Kennaway, your actions have already been detailed by Mr. Tait."

Kennaway nodded. "Yes, I took my little stick and went ashore. I didn't stay long, however. I thought Mr. Tait might want me to read to him, so I came back to the ship soon after nine. But Mr. Tait, to my surprise, wasn't aboard. He appeared about 9:20, as he told you, and he had the Times under his arm. We went to our cabin and I read to him from the paper until he fell asleep."

Charlie looked around the circle. "And now this gentleman?"

"Max Minchin, Chicago. And nothing to hide, get me?"

Charlie bowed. "Then you will be glad to detail your actions?"

"Yes, and it'll take just one minute, see?" Mr. Minchin fondled an expensive, half-smoked cigar, from which he had failed to remove a shining gold band. "Me and Sadie—that's the wife—was doing the town in the rain. Well, the evening wasn't so much on the up and up with me, so I dragged the frau into a pitcher show. But we seen that fillum a year ago in Chi, and Sadie was itching to get back to the stores, so we made our get-away quick. After that, just buying right and left. We didn't have no truck with us, and when we couldn't handle no more, Sadie agreed to quit. We staggered back to the ship. I didn't have no gat on me and I wasn't carrying no Malacca stick. When I carry a cane, it'll mean my dogs ain't no good no more; I told Sadie that in Singapore."

Charlie smiled. "Mr. Benbow?" he suggested.

"Same story as the Minchins," that gentleman replied. "We did the stores, though they're not much after those Oriental bazaars. Sat a while in the Young lobby and watched it rain. I said I wished I was back in Akron, and Nettie practically agreed with me. First time we've been in accord on that point since the tour started. But we were on good old U. S. soil, even if it was pretty sloppy, and we came back to the ship, walking high, wide and handsome. I think we stepped aboard about 9:15. I was dead tired; I'd bought a motion-picture projector in Honolulu, and the weight of one of those things is nobody's business."

"Miss Pamela," said Chan, "I already know how your evening was spent. Leaving, I think, only two yet to be inquisitioned. This gentleman; Captain Keane, I believe."

Keane leaned back, stifled a yawn and clasped his hands behind his head. "I watched the bridge for a while," he replied. "Not as a kibitzer, you understand." He glanced at Vivian. "I never interfere in affairs that don't concern me."

Recalling the captain's record outside various doors, Charlie felt the remark was somewhat lacking in sincerity. "And after the bridge ——" he prompted.

"When the battle broke," Keane went on, "I took to the open air. Thought some of getting my own little Malacca stick and going ashore, but the rain gave me pause. Never did care for rain, especially the tropical kind. So I went to my cabin, got a book and returned here to the smoking room."

"Ah," remarked Chan, "you now possess a book."

"What are you trying to do—razz me?" said the captain. "I sat here reading for a while, and about the time the boat sailed I went to bed."

"Was anyone else in this room while you were?"

"Nobody at all. Everybody ashore, including the stewards."

Charlie turned to the man whom he had purposely saved until the last. Ross was sitting not far away, staring down at his injured foot. His stick, innocent of its rubber tip, lay beside him on the floor.

"Mr. Ross, I believe you will complete the roster," Chan remarked. "You went ashore last evening, I have heard."

Ross looked up in surprise. "Why, no, inspector," he replied. "I didn't."

"Indeed? Yet you were seen to come aboard ship at 9:15."

"Really?" Ross lifted his eyebrows.

"On authority not to be impeached."

"But, I am sorry to say, in this case quite mistaken."

"You are sure you did not leave the ship?"

"Naturally, I'm sure. It's the sort of thing I ought to know about, you must admit." He remained entirely amiable. "I dined aboard and sat in the lounge for a while after dinner. I'd had a rather hard day—a lot of walking, and that tires me. My leg was aching, so I retired at eight o'clock. I was sound asleep when Mr. Vivian, who shares my cabin, came in. That was in the neighborhood of ten, he told me this morning. He was careful not to wake me. He is always most considerate."

(Continued on Page 104)

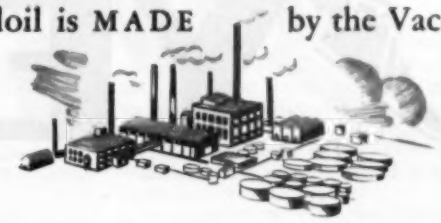
"Let the Refreshing Breeze of Reason Blow Over This Affair," He Suggested Gently

Your oil—was it made to fit

your engine or to fit some crude oil?

Here are two men. Each one is going to make an oil which he will offer for your engine. The first man starts with some particular crude oil. He must pick the process and use the equipment best designed to refine that *crude.* But, since the refining process often *changes* the properties present in the crude and also changes their proportion, this man may get a deficient oil even from a high grade crude . . . The other man begins with the needs of *your engine,* not with a particular crude. He knows that your engine needs certain properties in an oil —and in certain definite proportions: 1. CARBON CONTROL—to keep down hard carbon deposits. 2. HEAT RESISTANCE—to make your oil last longer. 3. OILY CHARACTER—to protect moving parts from wear. 4. OXIDATION CONTROL—to prevent gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of oiling system. Too much of one property, not enough of another, would make a badly-proportioned oil instead of a full-duty oil. He chooses processes needed to develop these properties in exactly the right proportions.

He chooses crudes which contain them. When the oil is finished it is MADE for your engine . . . Of the two resulting oils, you'd doubtless choose the one that was MADE *for your engine.* When you choose Mobiloil, you choose that kind of oil. The makers of Mobiloil know that engine study, not crude oil, is the soundest scientific basis for determining how a full-duty oil can be made. The most thorough lubrication study of gasoline engines ever made has been conducted by the Mobiloil technical staff. That is where the making of Mobiloil starts. Mobiloil processes, crudes and equipment are all dictated by the *needs of your engine,* not by the requirements of some particular crude. And that's why Mobiloil in your crankcase will keep your engine young for many thousands of miles. Mobiloil is MADE by the Vacuum Oil Company.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

HE was in on the "finish" for fifty million magazines

Of the 126 drives equipped with Goodyear Belting in the plant of the Fitchburg Paper Co., Fitchburg, Mass., in 1926, not one was more important than the vacuum pump drive. Not one is more important today. For upon a steady suction from that pump is dependent "Fitchburg Finish"—the fine uncoated paper made by this long established concern—and the printing excellence of books and magazines which *total yearly over 50,000,000 copies!*

Four years ago the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—made a careful study. For that vital drive he specified a Goodyear Thor Transmission Belt, 6-ply construction, 12″ wide, 40′-11″ in over-all length. That accurately specified belt is still on the job. The strong silver-duck structure—rubber cushioned between plies—maintains abundant and constant power. "We simply don't worry about pump failure any longer," says Mr. Edward B. Wright, Plant Engineer.

Is "finish" important in your operation? Is freedom from shut-down desirable? If so, the G.T.M. can be of real help. By careful application of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Hose, Belting, Molded Rubber Goods and Packing—he has brought a new certainty and new operating freedom to countless manufacturing businesses. For data on the experience he has had in your industry just write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

BELTS MOLDED GOODS HOSE PACKING

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American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

THE perspective of business men is often confined to a single industry or vocation, but not so with James Simpson, head of Marshall Field & Co. We looked at business objectively together the other day in Chicago, examining for a few moments the trends and currents of present-day business life.

"Good men are harder to find today for executive positions than ever before," he began, when I interrupted to say that I had heard the same observation so often recently that it merited a suggestion as to the probable cause.

"Personally, I think it is in large part due to the restlessness of youth," continued Mr. Simpson. "We train our own executives and we like to start them in at the bottom so that they will grow with our organization, and when I say good executives are rare, I mean that the material from which we build executives is hard to find. The young men of today seem to be looking round for easy jobs. They won't pay the price in hard work or drudgery that comes from the long training period. They don't realize that it takes a good many years to develop to full strength the instincts of a merchant. But in the long run, what seems to be drudgery is the very thing that will make the rewards come more quickly when once the executive is thoroughly trained."

It took Mr. Simpson fifteen years to go from the bottom to a vice presidency at the age of thirty-one, but he became president of one of the largest department stores in the world at forty-eight. When one loves one's work it ceases to be drudgery and becomes the greatest interest in life.

"How do you keep in touch," I asked him, "with such a vast organization inside your own business, and know what is going on in the business world too?"

"I suppose," he replied, "we have at least fifteen major businesses combined in a single company here, and at the head of each of these businesses is a responsible executive who knows conditions in his own field. The travel of all our representatives last year was in the neighborhood of three million miles. When our men come back from abroad I almost invariably talk with them—this in addition to written reports giving us the general picture. I make it a point to talk to the heads of departments regularly, and the mass of information sifts its way through to me in memorandums from the heads of departments.

"Constant contact with these men, in addition to the various department heads, gives me accurate summarized information on merchandising activities and trends and business conditions generally throughout the world.

"As a director in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, I am in touch with financial conditions in this area, and you know, of course, how comprehensive and, at the same time, how reliable is the information gathered through the Federal Reserve System."

Mr. Simpson doesn't believe in spreading himself out too thinly, and that is why he is not serving on many boards of directors, but his membership on the board of the New York Central keeps him in touch with conditions in the railroad world and the financial situation in New York. Thus, for instance, by watching the car loadings alone from week to week he says he can tell how business is progressing in every section of our industrial map.

Mr. Simpson pins a great deal of faith on the human factor in organization. Without making invidious comparisons about other businesses, he thinks it takes a long time to develop a department-store executive; or, to put it another way, it is more difficult to substitute a trained executive in department-store activity than in almost any other business.

"The cumulative experience of many years," he told me, "is behind an executive organization of our kind. I suppose we have a hundred men each one of whom could be successful in his own business if he wished to be a proprietor."

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

James Simpson

"Then how do you hold them?" I asked. "Isn't the instinct for ownership dominant in most men?"

"It is in these men too," replied Mr. Simpson. "But when you consider that 67 per cent of the stock of our company—much more than the controlling interest—is owned by executives and employes and people directly associated with the business for many years, you will see that opportunities for ownership are usually satisfied in that direction. There have been eighty-three men in our organization who have served more than fifty years. This gives you an idea of the importance of building an organization of men who will stick with you."

"And how do you find time," I queried, "in the vast responsibility of your organization work here, to do anything outside?"

Mr. Simpson is the chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission and has been an influential factor in helping to solve Chicago's traffic problem.

"I have long believed," he said, "that every business or institution in a city ought to contribute definitely the service of one of its men for civic matters. I happen to have been elected on the part of our company to make that contribution. I say that it is an obligation because every business ought to take an interest in community affairs, for its own protection as well as the community generally. We pay, for example, six million dollars a year in taxes—every year that sum goes to the Federal, state and city governments out of our income. Isn't it really worth while to know something about what happens to the taxpayers' money? I am not unmindful also of the contacts that such public service brings and the indirect help that it may be to our institution, but all I am saying is that the advantages are mutual and that any part of my time given to civic work is as much a personal as a business responsibility."

Mr. Simpson works morning, noon and night, and usually takes Saturdays off to read at home many of the papers and documents that he has neglected during the week. He keeps himself in excellent physical condition through tennis and golf and long vacations.

"What is your impression of the business outlook?" I asked as we parted.

"Sometimes," he replied, "a check-up or short rein is a good thing for business. We are now going through the second of the postwar deflations. It will take us a little while to go through it, but in the end we will have benefited, for perhaps we were going a bit too fast."

* * * * * * * * *

THOUGH there is an element of profit in every business, there are many walks of life in which the financial side has received an emphasis that sometimes befogs altruistic phases of the same effort.

Edward D. Duffield, president of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, says that nowadays all insurance men are beginning to realize that every dollar spent for a premium is in itself an act of unselfishness.

"We ought to be quicker to recognize," he said, "the acts of unselfishness involved in the individual's point of view toward insuring his own life. The chances are that the individual himself will not in any way benefit, except perhaps in the thought of making provision for others. Unselfishness of this kind can be encouraged, but the responsibility of insurance companies is correspondingly increased because it is up to insurance to find a way to meet the current problems of life."

The methods of insurance companies perhaps have been more closely studied than those of any other investment business, because of the large staffs of salesmen employed by all the companies. The problem of the president of an insurance company is not merely, however, to supervise sales, but to coördinate different departments involving the investments of funds and the development of new forms of insurance.

"My job," said Mr. Duffield, "is to see to it that there are other men in our company who are able to do things better than I can. Our task always is to find out what the public wants, and this sometimes involves guessing how a thing will react from a psychological viewpoint.

"We once tried a plan to persuade the young married man to take out a policy, and we arranged it so that in the first five years payments would be less and then the premium jumped up. We were afraid that many of our policies would lapse, but we were gratified to find that we had guessed right, for our task is to find out what life insurance can do, and all companies have to provide policies that actually meet the changing needs of the individual.

"Incidentally, you will be interested to know that nowadays we all spend as much time in our effort to induce people to hold their policies as to find new customers, for a lapsed policy is of no benefit to either the insured or the company that issues the insurance. In recent years we have been gratified to know that people more and more are holding on to the insurance policies they are taking out. Here again, the question of psychology enters into it—you cannot always talk to people about their personal future, but yet we have to leave the thought of protection for the individual and the family.

"I suppose there is no business in which there is more detail than insurance, and I believe that state supervision, considering the fact that one out of every two or three people in the country is insured in some form, is a necessity."

(Continued on Page 122)

WHAT DO YOU CALL VALUE ?

The answer to this one question can give you more practical assistance than anything else in your selection of a motor car . . . *what do you call value?*

If it's a matter of alert, all-round performance, you'll find that your requirements are completely fulfilled in the brilliant speed, power, and acceleration which Oldsmobile provides.

If it's comfort and ease of control, a ride will convince you that Oldsmobile more than measures up on these points.

If it's smart style and tasteful appointments, you'll discover that Oldsmobile's bodies by Fisher offer you everything you want in good looks as well as staunch, enduring construction.

Finally, if the whole question resolves itself into a matter of obtaining all these desirable things at moderate price, Oldsmobile will appeal to you in the strongest possible way. For its well-earned reputation as "the fine car of low price" is the sound basis of Oldsmobile's nationwide success.

Examine Oldsmobile, and compare it point for point with other cars. Note its many up-to-the-minute features of design. Take the wheel and test performance. Then, with actual comparisons to guide you, judge Oldsmobile's genuine goodness, its thorough dependability, its remarkable value for yourself.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

GILROY AND SON

By Frank Wead

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

TOM GILROY pursed his lips and blew into the telephone transmitter. The prompt, answering "pfut" from Benny Beaudine, thirty feet above him on the deck of the diving barge, clicked in the inside of his helmet and made his eardrums ring.

"Comin' up," he said.

"Comin' up," said Benny.

The life line tautened, lifting the lead-soled shoes free of the muddy bottom as the handlers on the barge slowly heaved it in. The dark shadow of the barge and the distorted bars of the diving ladder grew steadily larger, until suddenly it was within reach, just beside him. Tom got hold of the ladder with his hands and awkwardly swung his feet onto the first rung. Slowly, step by step, he mounted through the greenish water toward the yellow daylight overhead.

Willing hands grasped the heavy canvas suit and steadied him as he leaned his body over the side of the barge. There was the rattle of a socket wrench against the helmet and the faceplate swung open.

"Stop the pump," said Benny's voice. The slow, regular puff of the hand pump died away. There was a sharp twist against the strength of Tom's body and he ducked his chin into his neck as the helmet lifted clear. His eyes blinked involuntarily in the bright glare of the afternoon sun. The handlers had the belt off now, were helping him over the side of the barge to a seat on the tool box. A man knelt at each foot. Heavy shoes were jerked free, the dripping canvas suit was peeled off. Someone handed him a lighted cigarette. Tom sat there for a moment, resting, in thick socks and two suits of heavy blue underwear. His eyes watched the men of the diving crew with a twinkle of amused pride as they hurriedly straightened out the gear, thrusting oars into the legs of the suit and raising it up into the wind to dry. The Brooklyn Navy Yard was strangely quiet down there below the level of the dock. Out in the stream of the East River, tugboats and barges slowly bucked the tide or raced madly with it. The familiar sky line of Manhattan, a cardboard city of empty buildings, seemed far away. It was good to be up in the world again.

He Felt Himself Lifted Slowly, and Then Suddenly He was Sitting on the Deck of the S-69. A Helmet Clicked Against His, a Body Leaned Against Him in the Water

"Didja get it?" asked Benny.

Tom flicked his cigarette into the water.

"Sure," he said. "Take it away any time."

Benny eagerly stood up and wriggled his hand in small circles to the engineer of a crane on the dock above them. The arm of the crane projected over the side of the dock and its wire cable led straight down beneath the surface. The engineer jerked at his levers. The crane wheezed and shot out white jets of steam. The cable tautened, hung for a moment, and then slowly reeled in. A box of heavy engine parts, dropped overboard when a strap had broken in loading the transport Belleau Wood, came slowly out of the water and was lifted to safety on the dock.

"Any trouble?" asked Benny.

Tom waved a deprecating hand. "Naw," he said. "Only thirty-five feet. It was a cinch. Plenty mud down there though." Tom made light of the depth because he hated to admit to himself that what the doctor had told him two years ago was true. He hadn't told anyone, not even Ann, about it, but the thought that he was no good for deep water work any more lived like a fearful ghost in his mind. Again his eyes roamed over the crew as they busily worked around the pump and stowed the gear away. "Say," he said suddenly. "Where's Tommy?" Benny gave him a peculiar look and jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

At the far end of the dock, Young Tommy Gilroy was giving a wide-eyed flapper his undivided attention.

Tom pursed his lips and a shrill whistle cut the air. His son glanced guiltily up the dock, gave the flapper a hasty pat on the arm and approached his parent on the double. In a few seconds he stood there on the barge before the head of the house of Gilroy, a shorter, twenty-six-year-old edition of his father's square-shouldered, tow-headed, blue-eyed six feet two.

"Well," said Tom, "I suppose you sold her on the idea that you're the greatest diver in the business."

Young Tom flushed. "No, sir," he said. "We weren't talking about that."

"Why the Navy Yard pays you," said Tom, "is beyond me. Just a plain case of sympathy for me, I guess."

"You were coming up before I left the barge," Tommy replied indignantly. "The relief diver isn't supposed to handle gear."

"Oh, yeah? I guess you know so much that you couldn't learn a thing by stickin' around an' watchin' Benny an' the gang?"

Tommy stared quietly across the navy-yard basin and waited for his father to finish.

His indifference seemed to whip the older man into a rage. "I told you to stay away from those dames," he said. "They're nothin' but a lot of little tarts anyway. The next time you have one of 'em in the yard, it's goin' to cost you your job."

Tommy's quietness dropped away from him. He faced his father, tense and white-lipped. "You take that back," he said. "That was Goldie Bren, and she's a swell little kid."

Tom's lips curled. "Bren, is it? I know her father and her brother too. Nothin' good ever came out of that family. Runnin' water taxis an' gyppin' honest sailors out of their jack."

The men of the crew studiously busied themselves about their tasks to avoid noticing the scene. Young Tom's fists were clenched. For a brief instant it looked as if he were about to spring on the older man. Then suddenly he relaxed and his hands turned outward in a gesture of helplessness.

"A lot you know about it," he said.

Old Tom's trembling suddenly ceased. "Go on home," he said gruffly. "Get t' hell outta here."

Tommy strolled dejectedly down the dock. Gilroy shrugged into his clothes. He felt tired, all in. He hated to fight with Tommy. He knew that some day some girl would take Tommy away from him and Ann, and so he was afraid of every girl. But most of all he was afraid of Goldie Bren. He knew that she was the one that Tommy really cared about. He couldn't let Tommy go just yet. Why, the biggest thing in being ashore after those years at sea had been the understanding and feeling that had grown up between them. He'd hardly known his boy before; he'd always seemed closer to Ann during his brief visits home. He wished the kid would get some sense.

It was early, but Tom said "So long" to Benny and the gang, and started toward town. He stopped at the yard office to see what jobs were on the sheet for the next day. Then he walked slowly along the water front toward the gate. The piers were lined with barges and tugs and ships under overhaul. The constant chatter of air hammers came from the building ways at the far end of the yard. Two destroyers were shored up in Dry Dock No. 1; far down in the bottom of the dock gangs of bluejackets merrily wise-cracked one another as they hurriedly scrubbed and painted their hulls. Tom walked along with his eyes on the ground, thinking of what he'd say to Ann about Tommy.

"Tom," someone called—"Tom Gilroy." He stopped and looked toward the voice. A tall, gray-haired man in a captain's uniform stood at the end of Pier 7, beckoning Tom with a gray glove. A chief petty officer stood beside him. A smile of pleasure broke over Gilroy's face.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't Cap'n Parks an' Bull Malloy." Tom ran toward them. A hand with four gold stripes above it warmly grasped one extended from a frayed civilian sleeve, and then Tom and Bull were slapping each other on the back with simultaneous: "Y' old son of a gun, how are yuh?"

"Well, well," said the captain, smiling with pleasure. "We haven't seen each other for a long time, Tom."

"No, sir. Not since we raised the S-54, three years ago."

"Boy," said Bull, "wasn't that a sweet one?"

Tom's face grew solemn, but his heart glowed at the thought of those weeks of struggle with the S-54. Time and again only the captain's heady direction of their little salvage fleet topside had saved someone on the bottom from disaster. And on the last dive, when Tom had been closing up the engine room, his lines had fouled in the dark and they'd sent Bull down to struggle for two desperate hours before he got him free.

"How's the job?" asked Captain Parks.

"Fine, sir. And I want to thank you for getting it for me after my thirty years were up. Not much excitement, though, clearing fouled propellers and fixing zinc plates and underwater valves on ships. All shallow-water work." Tom hesitated. He started to tell the captain that the doctor had said that the S-54 job had been a little tough on his heart, but that seemed babyish, so he said nothing.

They were silent for a moment. "I've got my boy with me now," Tom said, proudly. "I trained him and then put him out with the Miller Wrecking Company for six months. He did a lot of deep-water work with them on the Benares job. He's a fox under the water. He's better than I ever was, right now."

"I'll bet you don't tell him that," the captain said smilingly.

"Well," said Tom, "it wouldn't hardly pay to do that. He might get swell-headed. He's girl crazy now. Got all the skirts in town on the string. All he thinks about is parties an' dancin'."

A twinkle glistened in the captain's eye. "You weren't exactly a monk in your day," he said. "It seems to me I remember a tale about you and Malloy throwing a rough liberty in Panama and almost wrecking some café. Didn't we have to send somebody over to bail you out?"

Carefree days of long ago, the subtle breath of the tropics seemed to rush back to Tom and brought a smile to the corners of his mouth. Malloy shot a quick, sly look at him. "Oh, no, sir," he said to the captain. "That was somebody else."

A faint flush crept through the tan of Tom's cheeks. "That was my first cruise," he said apologetically. "I didn't know any better then. Bull here led me astray. I met the right girl just after that, and got married and settled down."

The captain and Bull smiled at Tom.

"What are you doing now, sir?" Tom asked awkwardly.

"Commanding the submarine divisions. I'm taking Malloy out as an observer on the S-69 for a three-day run. Some new gear and methods to test. Deep-water submergence, crash dives, and all that." He gestured toward the conning tower of a submarine sticking up above the level of the dock. Tom could hear the low cough of her Diesels. The three men strolled toward her abreast. A number of women, some young, some older, one or two with babies in their arms, stood quietly around the dock, waiting to wave their men good-by as they shoved off for the sea. Understanding and feeling swept over Tom as he noticed them; he remembered the many times that Ann had waited on some dock just like that. He wondered if it would have been best if Tommy had put a hitch or two in the outfit. He wished that Tommy would get a square-shooting girl like one of those on the dock, instead of chasing around with a rattle-brained flapper like Goldie Bren.

"It's been fine to see you again, Tom," the captain said.

They shook hands. "Great to see you, cap'n."

Bull clapped him affectionately on the shoulder. Tom watched their lithe, active figures until they suddenly stepped down and disappeared on board the S-69. It was good to see old shipmates again. Tom almost wished that he were going out with them.

Tom felt happier, but his face was solemn as he walked across the front porch of their little house in Flatbush and opened the door. He liked the thought of coming home to Ann each day after the work was over. He tried to tell himself that this was a lot better than going to sea. Ann came out of the kitchen and stood there in the doorway of the living room, looking at him with a quizzical, humorous expression playing around her eyes and mouth. She always looked that way until she found out whether it had been a good day or not. If it had been a bad one she kidded him out of it before she'd let him sit down to supper.

"Hello, baby," said Tom. Ann knew that the day hadn't been so good. He walked across the room and stood over her, looking very big and strong alongside of her small figure, and playfully pinched her cheek. The gray streaks in her hair just made her more attractive in Tom's mind. For twenty-eight years she'd been his girl, and still was.

"Hello, yourself," she said. Tom followed her out into the kitchen and silently watched as she set the supper table. Finally he cleared his throat and said gruffly: "Where's Tommy?"

"He changed his clothes and went out," she replied. "Said he wouldn't be back till late."

"Playin' around with that Bren skirt, I'll bet," growled Tom resentfully.

Ann studiously stirred the soup. "She seems like a nice girl, Tom," she said.

Tom's answering grunt was much more expressive than words could have been.

Ann kidded him into going to the picture show at the yard after supper, but he was still glum and sore at Tommy when they got home. It was only 9:30, but he stalked off to bed without a word.

At half-past ten the shrill, imperative note of the telephone bell knifed the silence that hung over the little house. Tom rolled out of bed and sleepily answered it. Ann, wide-eyed, listened with every nerve tense. She could make nothing out of Tom's short replies and questions, but she knew that something was wrong. Fear for Tommy, a vision of his flivver wrapped around some pole, swept over her.

"I'll be right down," said Tom, and then hung up the receiver.

He snapped the lights on and was half dressed by the time Ann had wrapped an old gray bathrobe around her and was standing in the doorway of his room.

"Is it Tommy?" she faltered.

Tom threw her an angry look. His voice was strained and tense. "He would be out chasin' at a time like this," he said.

They were silent for a moment. Tom rose and thrust his arms into his coat. "The S-69's down off Fire Island Lightship," he said. "The Almorac's shovin' off right away." Ann stared at him, stricken, with undisguised fear in her eyes. He put his arms around her, hugged her tight for a moment and kissed her. "Don't worry, baby," he said. "I'll be careful." Her eyes followed him as he went out the door.

Tom ran swiftly through the gloom of the dock. A tense little group of men watched him from the bridge of the Almorac.

"Here he comes," someone said.

Tom leaped over the rail and onto the deck of the salvage tug, and then leaned gratefully against the deck house

(Continued on Page 124)

Commander Jones Picked Up the Transmitter to Talk to the S-69. "This is Jones on the Almorac," He Said. "We're Sending Tom Gilroy Down to Hook Up Your Salvage Air Line"

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

TRUE ECONOMY IS MORE THAN PRICE-DEEP

Dodge Brothers oft-repeated statement, *"The first cost is practically the last,"* today means more than ever before. For every fine feature of Dodge cars is even finer in the Dodge Six and Dodge Eight of today. » » And modern engineering advancements, such as safe, silent Mono-Piece Steel Bodies and weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes, add still more to their long life, low upkeep costs, lasting dependability and high resale value. » » Luxury, beauty and smooth, brilliant performance are yours in a Dodge Six or Dodge Eight . . . the greatest satisfaction at the lowest cost per mile.

MARATHON SHOWS OTHERS WHAT DODGE OWNERS ALREADY KNEW

Since July first, the Dodge Marathon Eight has crossed and recrossed the country many times. Under every condition of road and weather, this car is recording officially the stamina, dependability and economy with which all Dodge owners are familiar.

DODGE SIX, $835 TO $935 — DODGE EIGHT-IN-LINE, $1095 TO $1145, F.O.B. FACTORY

Dodge Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order. Ask for a demonstration.

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BALL AND JANE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

EVEN if Tommy Gregg had been twins, things couldn't have been twice as bad. He showed up at the stadium about an hour before the game, one day when the season wasn't only four weeks old. Mac McPhail had the boys out early, trying to figure how he could make a pennant contender out of a bunch of dead ones who looked like they was gonna have a tough time finishing in the first division, when we notice a young feller walking towards us.

There ain't anything about this lad to attract special attention. He's about twenty-two years of age, weighing perhaps a hundred and seventy, and mighty easy to look at, being well-built and blond. Also he has a broad grin, and a dimple which if I had it and somebody said it was charming, I would sock them.

He rambles up to the bench and looks at Mac. "So you're McPhail," he murmurs. "Well, I'm Tommy Gregg."

"Is that so?" nods Mac. "Whoever would of guessed it?"

Gregg takes off his hat and mops his forehead with a purple handkerchief. "I'll bet you was worried I wouldn't get here, wasn't you, Mac?"

Mac meets him halfway. "I was in a nervous decline," he admits. "For three days they been feeding me nothing but rheumatic spirits of pneumonia."

"You look," says the kid, "as though you needed it."

He makes a slow survey of the stadium and then turns back to Mac.

"I'd almost guess you don't even know who I am," he says.

"You're right," admits Mac. "But you don't need to take offense at that, because I'm just naturally dumb."

"Sure—sure. Folks can't help being that way. Me, I'm your new second baseman. I'm the phenom Wally Farron signed up and sent in."

Right away I remember the name, because Wally had wrote us a ream about this kid, saying that he was a marvel and wait until we seen him in action.

"I remember hearing about you," I says. "Are you good?"

"I could be half as good and still look like a wizard on this club of cripples." He glances at his watch. "Time is getting fleeter every minute, Mac. Hadn't I better climb into a suit?"

McPhail is grinning. "Go ahead, kid," he says. "If confidence is anything, we won't need nobody else on the field but a bat boy."

Tommy struts off, and Mac and I look at each other. The old-timer darn near splits himself wide open laughing.

"Can you beat it?" he inquires. "Honest, Red, I been in this game for twenty years as player and manager, and I ain't never seen nobody which could even tie that lad. Listen, I'd keep a gimmick like that around just for a laugh, even if he didn't know the squeeze play from a petting party."

"Maybe he can play, Mac," I says. "Wally Farron knows the ivory country and he's hard-boiled as a fifty-minute egg. He sure flung an awful rave about this lad."

Mac nodded. "We'll have some fun with him, and if he shows any stuff we'll farm him out for seasoning. This green salad never could stand the gaff in the majors."

We call the boys over and give 'em an idea what has just come amongst us. They start chuckling, because ball players like a laugh, and next to a dumb rookie they like a Smart Alecky one best. Mac tells 'em the sky is the limit, but make it snappy, because pretty soon the crowd will be coming in and he don't want to make our club look no worse than it does already.

Tommy comes out of the clubhouse. He wears his unie mighty well and walks like he knew how spikes was supposed to feel. He has brought his own shoes and a glove with him, and Mac orders him out on second. Tommy gives a ha-ha.

"Half Mex, She Was, and She Had All the Fire of a Ripe Hot Tamale"

"Wait'll I get the whip warm," says he. "Whatcha think I want to do—ruin your pennant chances by throwing this arm out in my first practice?"

That's a loud holler, and the boys all join in getting Tommy warmed up, so they can park him at second and have a little fun. Finally he announces he is ready, and walks on out. You would imagine he would be nervous, or something, but not that lad. You would think he was Eddie Collins himself and the others was a gang of recruits.

We sent Slab Riley up to hit 'em out, with orders to make 'em hot and tricky. A short laugh, we figure, and a good one, because big-time baseball is some different from the way they play it at the old crossroads.

First crack, Slab sent a screamer low and on the second-base side of the lad. Tommy don't seem to move, but he gets there. It ain't possible even to stop it, I know, but all of a sudden I hear a gasp from Mac and I see the lad has snagged it with his meat hand and sent it to first like a bullet, without bothering to straighten up. Jinx Growdy, on first, is so startled he drops the ball, and right away Tommy lets out a howl.

"Whyn't you put some glue in that glove? Or did I throw it too hard for the little feller?"

Mac ain't smiling no more. He sees that Tommy don't think his stop was nothing much and is only peeved because Jinx dropped the ball. I see Mac's brain beginning to act, and his eyes narrow sort of like a jeweler's would if you shoved a twenty-carat diamond under his nose unexpected-like.

Well, sir, that is just the beginning. Never in all my life have I seen an exhibition like Tommy Gregg put up in the next ten minutes. He covered all the territory from first base to shortstop. He came in for 'em, went back for 'em, and snagged 'em on the line. Trapping a ball didn't seem to bother him no more than another cup of tea annoys an old maid. Mac has withdrawed into his shell and every once in a while I hear him say a cuss word, which is his manner of announcing that he is plenty impressed.

"If that lad can hit ——" I hear him say one time.

Finally he calls the boys in. They are looking at Tommy Gregg like he is a seven-legged cow or something, but the kid acts as though he is only surprised that they are surprised. And the boys are nice about it too. They pat him on the shoulder and say that if he can play like he practices, he will be good.

"Good?" sneers Tommy. "The only trouble will be, am I too good for this club? I only signed up with you fellers because you got a couple of lousy second basemen and I figured I could do more here than anywhere else. How them two second sackers ever sneaked out of the bushes ——"

"Lay offa that!" It is Mink Jones talking, and Mink is plenty big and tough. Also he is one of the two vets fighting for the second-base job. "I think you're good, kid, and you can praise yourself all you want, but you gotta quit slamming me."

Tommy grins and waltzes over to him. "Listen, big boy," he announces to Mink. "You ain't got no call getting sore at anything I said, because you are rotten and everybody knows it. But if you want to make something exciting out of this, I'm as good with my fists as I am on second base. Get me?"

Mac bursts into the séance. "Cut it, you two!" he growls. Then he turns to Gregg. "I'm gonna give you a trial," he said. "You'll probably blow, and when you do, I'll jerk you and send you back to the woodpile. But we'll see what you can do on second for a few innings, anyway. Can you hit?"

"Hit? Me? Say, feller, if I can't bat .400 in this Old Folks League I'll go back to being a book salesman."

"Then I might as well go the whole hog. I'll put you in the clean-up spot."

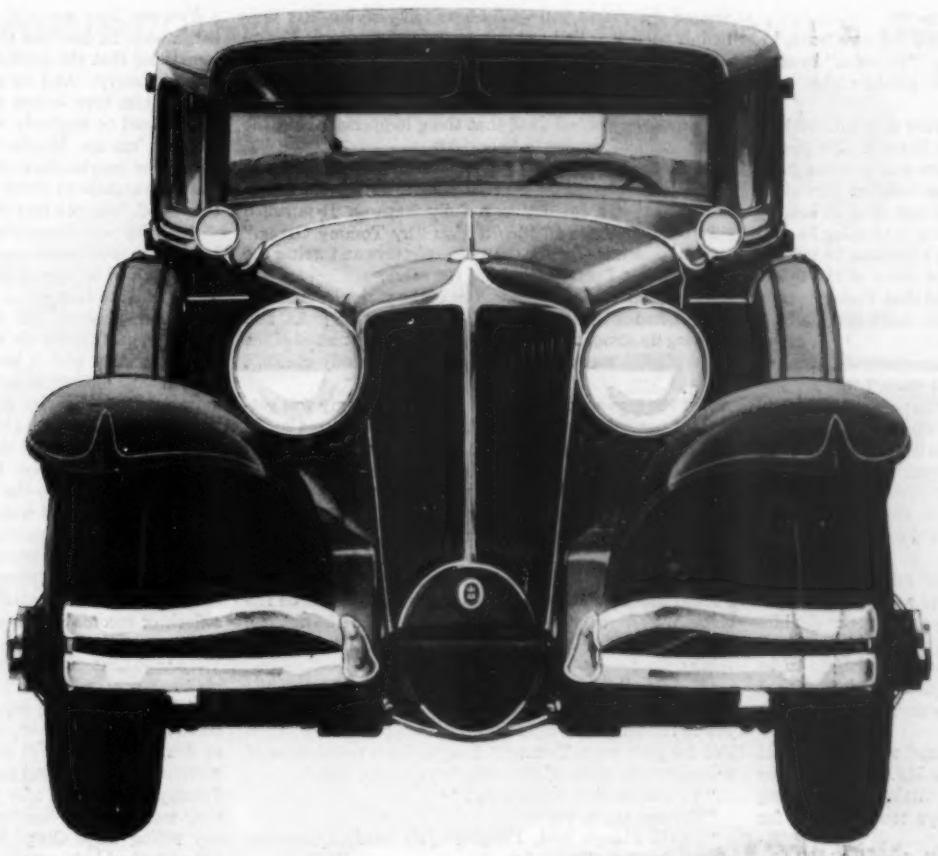
Well, sir, I won't forget that day if I live to be a million. Every newspaperman there got excited, which is something that ain't never been known to happen before to a big-time sports writer except, maybe, the night Wild Bull Firpo knocked Jack Dempsey out of the ring. They all send down from the press box wanting to know who's who on second, and why.

And hit! They start a right-hander and Gregg bats left and makes a triple and a double. Then they put in a southpaw and he slips over to the other side of the plate and poles out two singles. He steals three bases standing up, and makes one unassisted double play. I figure when he gets to feeling at home we can release the rest of the club.

The next day the newspapers go nuts. Here's the snappiest piece of copy which has hit the sporting pages since Tunney took a long count. I and Mac go into conference—me being coach of the team, since my days as a ball player has passed.

"I been talking to the kid," says Mac. "We been discussing his contract. It's the queerest I ever seen. We ain't only paying him two hundred a month, but the contract says that at the end of the year he is to be a free agent to accept the best legitimate offer made by any other major-league club, with us having the preference if we meet the best bid."

(Continued on Page 42)



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CORD FRONT DRIVE

(Continued from Page 40)

"Tommy Gregg," says I, "is foolish like two foxes."

Mac has a dreamy look in his eyes. "It looks," he says, "like we have uncovered the best infielder that ever stepped on a diamond."

Well, the following days which ensued didn't do nothing to make Tommy think any less of himself. He played sensational ball and all the newspapers was printing paregorics about him. There was only one trouble: The other fellers on the club was getting good and tired of hearing him talk about himself, which was the only thing he ever talked about. Besides that, he didn't hesitate to tell 'em all what he thought of 'em. Two or three of the fellers took it up personal and we discovered that Tommy would step with any of 'em, and how! He could use his fists, what I mean.

From the minute he joined the club we started winning. And we won plenty. The old gap at second was plugged up, and his brilliant play gave us, perhaps, the best infield in either major league. Mac was a shrewd manager and our pitching staff was pretty smart, so it wasn't long before we was better than even to win the rag.

Not only was Tommy a wow of a player but also he had color. He never missed a trick. He would fight anybody, any time. He rode the umpires. He'd bawl a teammate out right on the field.

He was what the newspaper boys called great copy. They was always interviewing him and writing up what he said about how good he was. Another newspaper got him to write an article about baseball, and all he did was to tell everybody on the club how they could maybe get to be good players by watching him work. That article furnished him with three battles in the clubhouse, from which he come out sore, but victorious.

And did the fans like him! He had magnetism, that lad; this here stuff they call personality. Besides, after two months in the majors, he was hitting .411, fielding almost perfect, and you could always count on him for something sensational.

I guess there never was a player before or since who caught the public fancy like Tommy Gregg. He was always doing the unexpected and spectacular. It wasn't hardly no time at all before it was a cinch that he was drawing more money at the box office than any other player that ever crashed the big time. No matter where we went around the circuit you would hear folks saying that they hadn't been to a ball game in years, but they just had to see this here Tommy Gregg. At home and abroad we was smashing attendance records.

Mac was happy—plenty so—and he didn't horn in on Tommy's disposition until that thing happened about the comic strip. That was a knock-out.

It was this way: A big newspaper syndicate comes to Tommy and gets him to lend his name to a strip which they sell all over the country as a daily feature. It is called "Tommy Gregg" and then it says "by Tommy Gregg." Of course, somebody else draws the pictures and writes the balloons, but Tommy furnishes the ideas.

That strip like to busted up one of the major leagues. It always had Tommy Gregg doing something great and showing up somebody else for a punk, and the names of the other players was disguised so thin that nobody couldn't mistake 'em.

Did the fans eat it up? Boy, howdy! Tommy was getting 50 per cent of whatever the syndicate grossed on it, and first thing you know that feature was running in half the big sport pages of the country and Tommy's end alone was better than six hundred a week.

But the boys on the club was crazy. This was going too far, and so Mac asks me to talk to the kid. You see, I'm an old-timer, and I am supposed to understand folks. I have sized this kid up as being a pretty good sort, and it has worked around so that I am the only friend he has on the club. We are roomies, and he really seems to like me. So one night I invite him into the room and do the speechifying.

"Tommy," I says, "we know you are the best in the world, and we know the fans love you, and we know that you're bringing us to a pennant and maybe a world's title. But for gosh sake, Tommy," I says, "soft pedal some of this ego stuff. Lay off the other boys on the club."

"You mean that comic strip?"

"For one thing, yes."

"That's a laugh, Red. I'm getting six hundred smackers a week for that."

There he was—nobody couldn't do nothing with him. Yet with me, he was different. Of course, I was old enough to get a laugh out of how he boosted himself all the time, but I also knew him pretty well, and he was plenty of all right.

You see, here was a kid who had caught on like Lindbergh when he first flew the Atlantic. He had a lot of that something that the public cottons to and we was cashing in on it heavy. And he wasn't wild either. Women was writing him love letters all the time and he would read them aloud to anybody who would listen, but he never followed 'em up. Maybe it was because he was naturally decent, or maybe because—like he explained to me—he was too valuable to throw himself away on any dame that ever lived. But the fact is that he was a clean kid.

Publicity was Tommy's middle name, and he got it in bales. The sport pages was full of him. His comic strip was being printed in more papers every day. It wasn't comic at all, but the fans got a laugh out of how he panned all the other players. He did some radio talks—for big money—and told the air how good he was.

He got away with it because as the season wore on, he was showing himself to be the sweetest ball player, and the most colorful, who ever wore a suit. The boys on the club hated him so that they played better ball than they knew how. And they could of liked him easy, if he would of let them. But not Tommy. He was a showman, that boy.

Well, we drove into the homestretch eight games ahead of the next team and won in a walk. We shoved into the World Series with everybody scared to bet, because the other team looked unbeatable, and yet nobody would lay cash money against Tommy Gregg. We lost the first game and win the next four straight, thanks to Tommy, who set a flock of records which will stand for World Series play for the next thousand years or so.

By that time every club in the majors has heard about his freak contract and offers begin pouring in. We finally hold him by meeting an offer of one hundred thousand berries for the next year, and, if you ask me, it was cheap at double the price. It wasn't no exaggeration to figure better than a thousand fans a day who come just to see Tommy and wouldn't be there otherwise. They all knew they was watching baseball history, and there was never any telling when Gregg would be fighting somebody. I reckon he had built up almost as much of a rep as a fighter as he had for his ball playing. There wasn't nothing in the world he wasn't good at.

I and him are pretty good friends then, and I feel right complimented when he comes to me one night for a serious talk.

(Continued on Page 44)

The Studio Talked Plenty, and Her, the Little Vix, She Played Right Back, Because it Was Her Nature to Enjoy Having Men Fight About Her

QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

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(Continued from Page 42)

"Red," he says, "you're the only friend I got on this club. I know you are all washed up and ain't got no dough, so I'm offering you a job for the winter as my manager."

"Suffering mackerel! What do you need with a manager?"

"Plenty. I'm going to be a moving-pitcher actor."

He said it calm and quiet, just like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Well," I says, "if you are trying that racket, I admit you need a manager, and a good one. I will accept your offer."

He held out his hand and we shook on it, and then he told me that he already had an offer, but he thought he was worth a lot more than they had bid and he wanted me to handle everything. And believe me, inside two weeks I figured I was earning every dime the kid was gonna pay me.

Talk about hard-boiled! A picture-company lawyer is tougher than twenty-cent steak. But I got me a good mouthpiece, too, and first thing you know they was drawing first drafts of a contract that was gonna make history in Hollywood.

By the time that contract was signed, it was a wonder. We hadn't had no trouble about the price after the first skirmish. They offered fifty thousand for one picture, with an option on Tommy's services for a second. He decided the hundred thousand was enough, but he would only do one pic for it, and no options. While we was fighting over the details, he took a screen test on Long Island and wowed it. Old studio heads was amazed, but Tommy just got a laugh.

"Me scared of a mike?" he haw-haws. "Why should I be? Ain't I done raddio work? And as for bein' camera-shy, mister, I ain't shy about nothin', and you can pass that word along to the waiting universe."

We go to Hollywood in a drawing-room and compartment suite of an extra-fare train, and when we get to the Los Angeles station, there are two dozen cameras, a half gross of newspapermen and about three thousand fans. Is Tommy shy? Like a chrysanthemum.

For the next few days we have a swell time. We go to the Breakfast Club, where Tommy helps 'em sing Ham and Eggs and makes a talk saying how lucky Hollywood is because he is there. Somebody gives him a card to the Hollywood Athletic Club and he is invited to play some squash, in which game he turns out to be as good as he is in everything else. He grants interviews to newspapermen, sob sisters, and respresentatives of the fan magazines. Before we've been there two weeks they've done everything but crown him king of Hollywood, and he takes it all as a matter of course.

Maybe you ain't never trailed along with a guy who amounted to something in the Hollywood movie game. He has a grand time what I'm telling you. Parties and dances and more parties, chances to make speeches and talk on the radio—and more good-looking dames chasing around than Mister Solomon could of wanted. And they give him plenty rush, but he is just nice to all of 'em and don't play no favorites, figuring himself too good for any jane.

Now, you would think that a guy which had had all the calcium which had come Tommy's way without ever tripping over a skirt wouldn't never get into no trouble over a woman, wouldn't you? You'd think he might get cut in the head over one, but you wouldn't believe he would just about ruin himself.

Carmencita was the dame's name. We seen her first in Hank's place, a delicatessen on Hollywood Boulevard near Vine Street, where every night the main squeezes of the movie world drop in for dinner or midnight supper, or both. She comes in there with a party and Tommy looks up from his goose-liver sandwich long enough to comment that she's a cute little trick.

That ain't no lie, either. She's just five feet tall, with a figure that nobody wouldn't dare to describe. She has black hair and marvelous eyes, olive skin, and tiny feet and hands. And she sends over to say she'd like to meet him.

They get along pretty well, and I see he is interested, but not dangerously so. Just the same, when I find out, three days later, that he has et lunch with her twice in the studio restaurant, I begin to ask questions.

I find out plenty. It seems that all the color which Tommy Gregg ain't got, this Carmencita has. Somebody had spotted her dancing in a Tia Juana honkytonk and brought her up to L. A. to wiggle around in a night club. She was a riot, and she could sing. Half Mex, she was, and she had all the fire of a ripe hot tamale. Our company had picked her out, given her a successful talkie test and was now using her in bits, but prepping her for stardom. She had It, that gal did, and all she needed was experience.

Also she thinks as much of Carmencita as my boy thinks of Tommy Gregg. I guess when they get together, they keep the air hot telling each other how good they are. Then he takes her out once or twice and I learn enough to make me worried. I go straight to Tommy.

"Kid," I says, "you gotta lay off Carmencita."

"Why?"

"Because," I explains, "she's dangerous."

He grins. "I like 'em that way."

"I know, but I don't exactly mean the dame is dangerous, though gosh knows she is. I mean there's something about her I guess nobody ain't informed you."

"What's that?"

I lower my voice and edge closer. "Did you know," I asks tensely, "that she is Slim Gilson's girl? Do you know who he is?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Plenty reasons why you should. Slim is one of the greatest money-making stars that ever hit the screen. He

Not Only Was Tommy a Wow of a Player But Also He Had Color. He Never Missed a Trick

come to Hollywood first from a ranch as a cowboy extra. Then he got to be a star, and since the talkies came in, he's been a riot. And take it from me, Tommy, that lad is one tough hombre."

I wait for Tommy to say something, but instead of that, he starts laughing. He laughs so hard I'm scared he's gonna have histories. And finally he wipes the tears outa his eyes.

"I've heard funny things in my life, Red," he chortles, "but durned if I ever thought I would see the day when somebody warned me away from a moving-pitcher cowboy."

"Don't be a goof," I says. "Just because these babies strut around the screen, don't mean that they ain't good. This here Gilson is six feet two and all muscle. They say he can lick anything in Hollywood and never get warmed up."

Tommy pats me on the back. "You're getting old, Red. Awful old. But I'll tell you the only ambition I got in life which ain't never been satisfied, and that's to flatten one of these celluloid heroes."

I argued with the fool kid. I begged. I pleaded. But it wasn't no use. My warning had made matters worse instead of better. Before then, Tommy's interest in Carmencita had been only casual. Now he started giving her a real play. The studio talked plenty, and her, the little vix, she played right back, because it was her nature to enjoy having men fight about her.

I wondered what Slim Gilson would do. He was off on desert location when it started, and when I heard he had returned to the lot, I went there to take a slant at him.

He's a lad, that feller. Tall and slim, like his name would indicate; with a fine face and dead-level eyes and deep features. He looks romantic in one way, and in another, hard as nails. The very day I'm there Carmencita is eating lunch with him and flirting wide open with Tommy Gregg. The studio is watching and I've got a big hunch that Tommy has bit off plenty.

But the kid don't know it. He realizes that everybody is watching him—which is what he loves—and he knows he's a better man than any actor that ever lived. So he starts playing Carmencita hotter than ever, and I know that the clash can't be held off for always.

Besides, I begin to see that Tommy is sort of falling for the dame. She's pretty—plenty. She's got the same sort of fire that makes Tommy good box office. And being a warm little Mex, she's working Tommy off against Slim; kind of holding 'em both, and rousing lots of bad feeling. Her being Slim's girl—as everybody in Hollywood knew—kind of checked it up to the cowboy, because there ain't nothing can make a man more ridiculous than to have another guy cop his girl while everybody is looking on.

Tommy's picture is getting along fine, and so is the winter season. Our club is going to train on the West Coast and pretty soon the boys will have to report. I'm praying that Tommy and Slim won't clash before the picture is finished—or after, for that matter—and I'm also hoping that this here propinquity won't work on Tommy Gregg too hard, because I ain't keen for him to commit matrimony with no bundle of paprika like Carmencita.

Well, his picture is finished, and though it ain't no classic, it's good enough for the officials to know that with Tommy's name, and release held back until the start of the baseball season, it will be a box-office winner. And just when I get all flattered that I have stalled off a disaster, Tommy flings a party for Carmencita at the Canebrake.

The Canebrake is a nifty night spot halfway between L. A. and Venice. Plenty movie folks go there, and the floor show is always good, hot and impromptu. I'm on the party, and a few others—but mostly Carmencita. She's making heaps of hay, because she knows Tommy is leaving soon, and as though that wasn't enough, who should walk in about midnight but Slim Gilson and a bunch of his friends? And the sap manager seats them at the next table to ours!

If I have any hopes that there won't be no trouble, it is soon blasted, because almost the first thing Tommy raises his voice so it can be heard three tables away.

"I wonder," he remarks, "how tough a two-gun actor is when he ain't got his two guns?"

I give him a kick in the shins and tell him to close his trap. But by now word has got around the place that Tommy is partying with Slim's girl and wise-cracking so Slim can hear him, and everybody is giving the two tables the double-O, and both Tommy and Carmencita are getting an awful wallop out of it.

I got to hand it to this Gilson. He's got one of these here acetic faces—strong and silent—and he don't say a word. You would of thought he didn't even know Tommy and the gal was in the room. He ain't being paid ten thousand dollars a week without being a good actor, not that lad.

Well, at one o'clock the trouble really starts. The bird that owns the Canebrake commences introducing celebs from the middle of the floor, and the first one he calls out is Tommy Gregg. The crowd gives him a swell send-off. They yell for Tommy to make a speech, which he does.

First he tells them that he is the best ball player in the world, and then he remarks that also he is the best actor. Then he cocks his eye at the side of the room and launches into a talk about the movies.

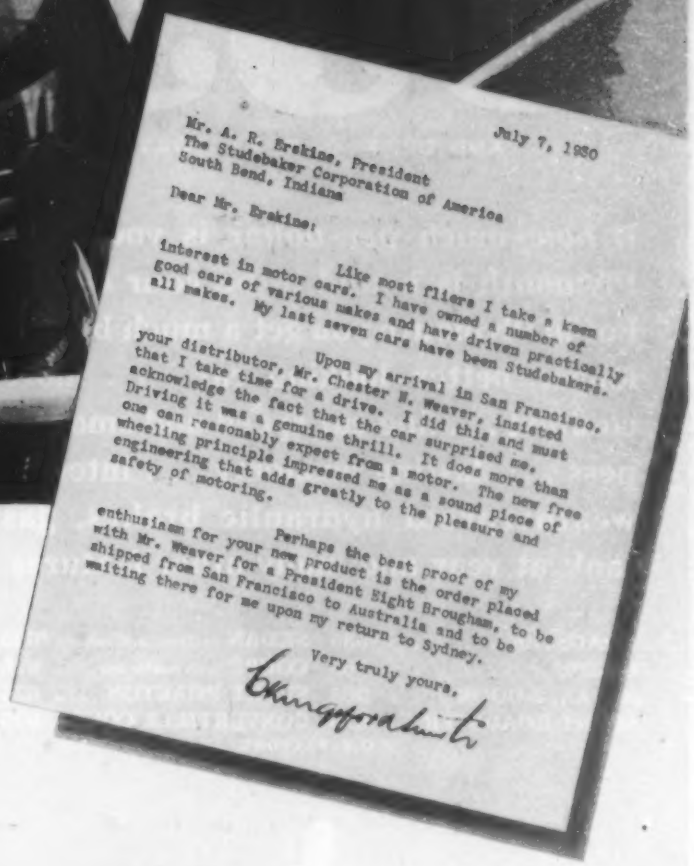
"Moving pitchers would be all right," he says out loud, "if it wasn't for all the faking they do. Take these here Western pitchers, for instance. They pay a lot of dough to fellers that look tough and couldn't lick the underside of a postage stamp. It makes me sick to see these big sissies rambling around the screen acting like he men when really they ain't nothin' but mamma's boys. 'Specially these birds that tote guns and star in horse operas. There ain't one of 'em in Hollywood which has got any nerve, and ——"

Then Tommy's eyes light up with happiness, because something is happening. A long, tall figure unfolds itself from the table. The spectators gasp out loud, because don't you forget that there ain't hardly a man, woman or waiter in that place which don't know all about Tommy and Slim and Carmencita.

Slim Gilson acts just like he does in a big pitcher when he is stalking through the town to have it out with the villain which has just done little Nellie wrong. He ain't smiling and his eyes are hard as he walks out to where Tommy is standing.

(Continued on Page 46)

Lt.-Col. Kingsford-Smith finds *a new thrill in motoring* —FREE WHEELING!



July 7, 1930

Mr. A. R. Erskine, President
The Studebaker Corporation of America
South Bend, Indiana

Dear Mr. Erskine:

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You will appreciate the economy which Free Wheeling gives in the New Series President and Commander Eights. You save 12% on gasoline, 20% on oil.

When your car has traveled 10,000 miles, the engine has actually "worked" only 8,000 miles. There is less tire wear, less chassis strain, plus new factors of safety.

With Free Wheeling under positive gear control, the full braking power of your engine is instantly, easily and always available in all speeds—high, second and low—for use whenever you desire it.

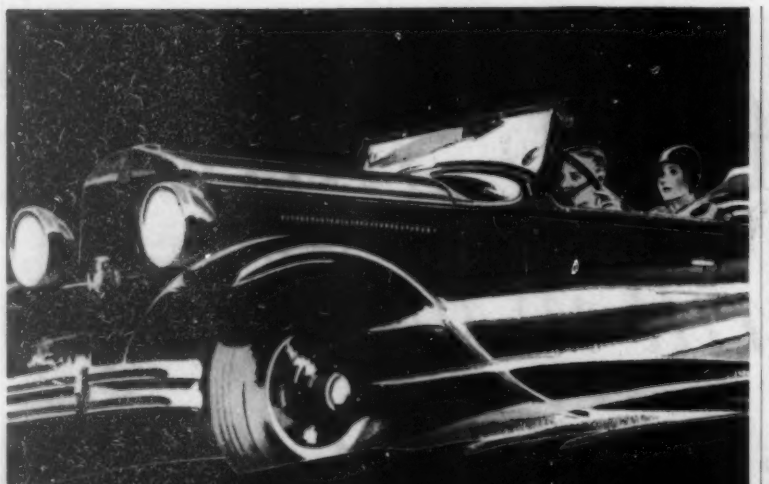
But come, experience the thrill of free wheeling—an epochal contribution to motoring—a brilliant milestone in Studebaker's 78 years of manufacturing progress! It is a new and exclusive Studebaker feature, manufactured under Studebaker patents.

World Champion
PRESIDENT EIGHT
130" and 136" wheelbases—122 horsepower
$1850 to $2600 *at the factory*

World Famous
COMMANDER EIGHT
124" wheelbase—101 horsepower
$1585 to $1785 *at the factory*

Other Studebaker models now as low as $795 at the factory

The World Champion PRESIDENT ★★★ *The World Famous* COMMANDER



PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$535

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

If *how-much-per-dollar* is your test, Plymouth is bound to be your choice. For in Plymouth you get a much bigger, longer, better-looking car . . . more comfort . . . fine-car speed and smoothness . . . lasting economy . . . internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes, gas tank at rear and many other features.

ROADSTER	$535	SEDAN (4-Door, 5-Window)	$625
COUPE	565	COUPE (with rumble seat)	625
SEDAN, 2-DOOR	565	SPORT PHAETON	625
SPORT ROADSTER	610	CONVERTIBLE COUPE	695

F.O.B. FACTORY

FULL SIZE

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 44)

"Sonny boy," he says in a quiet voice, "take that back or papa is going to spank you."

Tommy makes a very personal remark and then the fireworks begin. I couldn't exactly call it a fight, although there was plenty action for a minute or two.

It's like I told you. Tommy Gregg is nifty with his dukes and he's good in a rough and tumble, but against Slim Gilson he didn't even stand a show. No matter what I ever thought about pitcher actors before, I changed my mind then—and so did Tommy. Slim handled him like he wasn't nothing, and inside two minutes gave my boy the neatest shellacking I have seen in many a year. Tommy done his best, but it wasn't good enough; and first thing you know, Slim is dusting off his hands and walking back to the table, while they are scraping Tommy up off the floor.

You can figure out for yourself what happened the next day. Lots of big folks from the movie colony was there that night, and also a couple of prominent newspapermen. By seven o'clock the next morning every paper in the country was screeching to the world about the affair, and, believe me, they didn't make it look sweet for Tommy, either.

That's always the way: So long as a guy is going good, he can get away with murder, but once he slips, it's open season on him for everybody. It wouldn't of been so bad if the sport pages had handled it straight, but nowadays there are lots of sport writers who think they are funny, and what they done to the whole situation was enough to make you weep. They kidded Tommy. They laughed at him! Of course, they had always laughed at him since he broke into fast company and started exhibiting how stuck on himself he was, but that had only tickled the kid, because he was making the grade, and all the wise cracks was laughs to him. But now they're like salt in a sore place.

Tommy shuts himself up in his room and won't see nobody but me. He reads all them newspapers and gets kind of pasty. Some smart boy calls him Two-Gun Tommy, and everybody takes it up. The lad is licked, and how! Tommy never goes near that movie lot again. He don't go nowhere. He's scared of being seen. And only by main force can I drag him with me when we get orders to report to the training camp in March. We get to the ball park the second day of practice, and as soon as we walk out, Mink Jones, the second baseman whose job Tommy had copped, waves him a greeting.

"Hello, Two-Gun!" he calls.

Last year Tommy would of took a crack at him. But not now. He looks at the feller, kind of hurt, and walks away.

A few days later practice starts. Tommy plays like an amachoor. It's sort of like he's scared to do something wrong for fear they'll ride him again. All that wonderful confidence has vanished. He ain't got the spirit of a bottle of soda pop. And it's so bad that Mac calls a meeting of the club and says he'll plaster a hundred-dollar fine on any man caught riding Tommy.

They're a pretty decent bunch at that, and, having had their fun, they are hoping that Tommy will come around, because he is a sweet ball player and they could like him if he would let them. So, anyway, when they quit making his life miserable over the Gilson affair, he begins to play ball something like he used to and matters look up. Then we tackle the Hollywood club for an exhibition game.

That was where bad news plopped us right in the eye. No sooner does Tommy show up on the field than the fans, which had loved him last year, slip him a large razzberry. They call him Slim Gilson and they call him Two-Gun Tommy. He starts the game, strikes out twice, makes three errors and then begs Mac to take him out. Mac argues that he has got to take hold of himself, and the kid says he can't.

"I ain't no good, Mac," he almost weeps. "I'm all washed up. I can't even play ball no longer."

He's right at that. We play up and down the Coast and we barnstorm across the country, but there ain't any town so small that they don't give Tommy the Two-Gun stuff. They've whittled him down and no mistake.

Mac is like a wild man. It ain't only that he is paying Tommy a hundred thousand berries for the season, but also that he is seeing the sweetest natural ball player in the world go flooie. He comes to me pretty near weeping.

"I been thinking of everything," he says. "I realize that there ain't only one way to get the kid back to normal, and that is for him to whip Slim Gilson."

"Swell chance!"

"I know it! Slim has got a million dollars' worth of publicity out of this. He couldn't be bought to let Tommy lick him for five times that amount. But unless something like that happens, we had better send Mr. Gregg back to the rural free delivery and forget about him."

We think we have seen the worst during the barnstorming season, but we got another guess coming. The worst is when the regular season opens and the fans start in on Tommy. Last year they was all for him. This year every two-cent humorist thinks of new wise cracks to fling at the boy, and they got him crawling around the field with his tail between his legs.

There ain't nothing to do but bench the kid. At morning practice the other boys all treat him swell and he shows flashes of his old form, but the minute we put him in the game there is always a lot of hostile fans, even at home, and they have got voices like frogs and they yell at him about Two-Gun Gilson. It seems like the joke gets funnier as it gets older.

About this time we read in the papers that Carmencita, the black-eyed babe from Mexico who started all the trouble, is almost ready for stardom and her company is sending her on a personal-appearance tour through the large cities of the East to see whether she has got a following. More cashing in on the Gilson-Gregg fracas. I have talked to Tommy about the dame, and I have a big idea that he really did fall for her. That gives me a thought, because I know that Carmencita is gonna be playing in a heap of major-league towns pretty soon.

"Just how much do you like this dame, kid?"

"Plenty," he answers. "But what good does it do? I'm a bust as a ball player and she seen me get licked by that cow-chasing sheik."

"Just the same, Tommy, I think she was strong for you."

"Yeh. Now tell me another funny one."

"All right, Tommy, I will. I and you know good and well you can't never lick Slim Gilson. He's got it over you like a tent. Also we know that he is nuts about this Carmencita. Now, Tommy," I says earnestly, "just think how quick the fans would quit their razzing if you could cop Slim Gilson's girl!"

His head snaps up. "You mean ——"

"I mean that the finest way of proving who is the best man is to see which one can grab off the dame both are chasing. The fans have had enough fun out of Slim whipping you. They're all primed to start something new. So, if you could grab off this little package of chili, there wouldn't be none of them could say you wasn't better than Slim, because they would all know that with her having the refusal of both of you, she would naturally pick the best. Of course, you wouldn't have to marry her ——"

"Say, listen! There could be lots worse things than marrying Carmencita."

I report to Mac that I have a scheme, and he agrees with me that it ain't got much chance, but even a straw is good to hang onto if you ain't got a life preserver. So the kid not being needed for playing ball, we let him have plenty free time to court this Carmencita when she commences warbling at the vaude houses.

Carmencita flirts right back at him. I can't figure whether it's because she likes

(Continued on Page 142)

Stories of Stars who were not "Born" but "Made." No. 7

70,000 watched him win this game

yet he never held a football before he came to college

70,000 spectators—fourth down—60 yards to go—only a few minutes left to play—a championship team six points behind—*signals!*

The ball is snapped. Suddenly the left end darts out and tears like mad across and down the field . . . ten . . . twenty . . . thirty yards . . . then he turns, and, still on a dead run, gathers in a long pass and dashes across the goal line to tie the score and make possible the winning point-after-touchdown.

Sounds like story-book stuff, doesn't it? It isn't. It really happened only a few years ago. And the star end who caught that pass had never played football before he came to college.

There are cases like this in every college and in every sport. The sharp eyes of college coaches are constantly on the lookout for men who, though inexperienced, have the makings of star players.

In any sport the ability to *handle yourself well*, to have every part of your body working smoothly and working for you, is all-important.

One of the greatest secrets of handling yourself well is *footwork*. Learn to handle your feet. The way your feet behave is a good indication of your ability.

Star players *train* themselves in footwork. Many months before the season opens, you can find them in the gym, boxing, wrestling, skipping rope, tumbling, playing handball, taking a hundred and one kinds of exercise that helps them develop swift, sure foot-action. And—notice this—more of them wear Keds than any other shoe.

There are three big reasons for Keds' superiority. (1) Keds have a Feltex insole that keeps your feet cool and comfortable. (2) Keds have canvas tops that are light but strong. (3) Keds' safety soles are made of especially-compounded rubber. They take hold like four-wheel brakes and absorb all the shocks of sudden stopping and starting.

Keds will help you to "look good."

The best shoe dealers in town carry Keds. Ask for Keds by name. They are not Keds unless the name "KEDS" is on the shoe. Choose the style and the price that suits you best.

Keds sell for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up to $4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

Keds "Gladiator"

Note the strong heel and toe construction of this Keds model. "Gladiator" can be bought in the new popular suntan or in white, brown or gray.

Keds "Holdfast"

This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. Comes with white or brown uppers, black trimmings and black corrugated soles.

The Dog Contest Winners!

The names of the 530 winners in the Keds Essay Contest will be announced on posters displayed in Keds stores about October 1.

Go to the Keds dealer from whom you secured your entry blank. He will have a complete list of all prize winners and will tell you whether or not you have won one of the 50 pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers or one of the 480 pairs of Keds.

Do not write the Keds Contest Editor. The names of the prize winners will be announced *only on the posters* displayed by Keds dealers. However, on or about Sept. 15, the Keds Contest Editor will send a personal letter of congratulations to every boy and girl who has won a prize.

Footwork builds stars

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"
by ABE MARTIN

"Lem Peters fell in the hoss pond last evenin' waitin' fer somethin' ter turn up.

•

"Lucky fer him his cigars were wrapped in this cellophane stuff.

•

"Lem used ter be in the cigar business hisself. But he retired so as ter git a chance ter smoke.

•

"Spends most of his time now, when there ain't no fires, smokin' rocky fords and wonderin' how they kin sell 'em fer a nickel.

•

"He'd jest about figgered it out when 'long comes this high-class wrap and now he's back where he started at."

• • •

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York.

the better 5¢ cigar

Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. Lorillard Co.

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 25)

the balloon and anxiously waited for the Lipton leaflets to make their appearance. Such a scurrying and hurrying, hither, thither and yonder, as took place when they did begin to fall, borne in varying directions by the air currents, you can well imagine for yourselves. This balloon stunt was so successful in Glasgow that I subsequently tried it out in different parts of the kingdom, including Liverpool, Leicester and Birmingham. Everywhere it created great interest and brought fresh customers to the Lipton stores.

What suits one town or city does not necessarily suit another fifty miles away. Curious it is, but true, that towns should vary so much, even if they are in the same county and engaged pretty well in the same industries. In this respect they are just like individuals. And the shopkeeper who follows the same methods in one town because they have triumphed in another is generally asking for trouble, or, at all events, for disappointment. I discovered this exceedingly valuable knowledge early in my business and advertising life. A hundred pounds spent in a certain way in Peebles, shall we say, may be money thrown in the gutter in Aberdeen—although the mere idea of money in an Aberdeen gutter is altogether fantastic! A scheme of advertising suited to Glasgow may be all wrong for Edinburgh. You can do in Londonderry what you cannot do in Cork.

In the days when I was starting my shops all over Scotland, England and Ireland, I adopted different methods in every town I set out to attack. Always, to begin with, and as a first principle of my business faith, I selected the best shop and the best site I could get hold of. The former I fitted up regardless of expense, so that it stood out like a jewel from among its drab and old-fashioned neighbors. The shop and the quality of the goods in that shop—these were the essentials to begin with. Without them, nothing else mattered. But, having secured the right shop and sure that I had the right goods to sell in it, the second thing was to see that the people knew all about my arrival in their midst—that they were, in fact, properly keyed up to a big event in their domestic lives. The best medium for achieving this end was the local paper or papers, and I made use of their advertising columns to an extent which made me a very popular person with everybody on the staff from the proprietors downward. After all this was done, and the opening day fixed, I looked around for a striking star turn which would rivet attention on the new store from the moment it opened its doors.

The Cingalese Invasion

In Dublin, for instance, I appealed to the infectious and light-hearted gayety of the Irish people by engaging a newly married couple to sit for three days in my window and make tea for the customers. In Liverpool, then the great home of the crack Atlantic liners, I showed a magnificent model of the latest and largest ocean greyhound, carved from keel to masthead in butter. In Cardiff I tried a different method with gratifying success: I played upon the curiosity of the Welsh people for weeks beforehand by the simple statement, reiterated again and again, "Lipton is coming." Everywhere I tried a different exploitation, according to the character of the town, its trade and the tastes and proclivities of the inhabitants.

Another advertising proposition to which I gave full rein about this time was an elaboration of the street-procession idea which I had found to be so effective in a small way. Perhaps the biggest thing of this kind I ever attempted took place in Glasgow soon after I had entered the tea trade on a large scale. Determined to make a splash in my home town and draw widespread attention to my new activities, I secretly organized a little army of about two hundred men who were ordered to report themselves on a certain morning at my headquarters in Lancefield Street. They hadn't the ghost of an idea what they were wanted for, but they knew that it was for a Lipton stunt and that the pay would be all right—I may add that in all my advertising ventures I never stinted money, and the people I employed, therefore, gave me the very best service of which they were capable.

On reaching the Lipton headquarters each man was ushered into a large warehouse, cleared for the occasion and transformed into an immense theatrical dressing room. A couple of hundred Cingalese costumes, complete down to the minutest detail, were laid out on benches all along the room, and to every few men was attached a competent dresser who knew exactly what was required of him—namely, to turn out so many Ceylon natives, dressed and made up so that they would have passed muster in the streets of Colombo or Kandy.

Sir Thomas Lipton at His Desk in His London Offices in 1897

Every man carried two sandwich boards. One board bore the statement, "Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Tea Pot." To give the procession an even more imposing appearance, a squadron of the biggest and best-looking of the "Cingalese" were mounted on prancing chaggers.

The procession took Glasgow by storm. News of the strange black army marching through the city spread like wildfire. The streets were lined deep with spectators, traffic everywhere was held up, and on all hands it was admitted that Thomas Lipton had excelled himself in his latest publicity brain wave.

Actually many of the citizens were under the impression that I had imported the natives from my estates in Ceylon, a splendid testimony to the realistic manner in which my dressers had turned out the processionists.

At the corner of Jamaica Street and Argyll Street a woman whose husband had been one of my ordinary sandwich-board men for years, and who came to the conclusion, not unnaturally, that the black fellows were doing her man out of a job, tried to create a scene by seizing the bridle of one of the horses and swearing heartily at the rider on his back.

"Ye should be ashamed o' yersels, ye great black deevils, comin' tae Glesca an' takin' the bread oot o' the mooths o' honest Scotsmen!" she yelled as a parting shaft.

"Weesht, woman—weesht!" expostulated a friendly policeman, pulling her away from the horse's head. "Them chaps only arrived frae the Indies this mornin' an' they canna understaun' a word ye're sayin'. So save yer breath, woman—save yer breath!"

Not until the evening did the militant lady know that the very man on whom she had poured out the vials of her wrath was her own husband, occupying the proud position of the leader of the Cingalese army and chosen for his ability to play the part. When I heard the story next day, it amused me intensely. But I did not keep the joke to myself. Instead, I rang up the evening papers!

If I say that for a period of fully twenty years practically all my spare time—and the only spare time I had, it seems to me now, must have been the hours spent in bed, on the train, or on board ship at sea—was devoted to thinking out new and snappy advertising schemes, I shall not be overshooting the mark. I made a hobby of this side of my business. Apart from seeing the Lipton shops expand north, south, east and west, it provided me with all the entertainment I required. The invention, framing up and exploitation of a fresh idea kept me mentally invigorated for just so long as the idea worked satisfactorily; when it had fulfilled its purpose and another was necessary to take its place, why, I just went after it hot-foot. Sometimes the idea came after me! And in the funniest places imaginable.

An Ad in the Red Sea

On one occasion I was traveling to the Far East on board the S. S. Orotava. While in the Red Sea the ship went ashore in a mist. As she was stuck pretty fast and no tug was available, the captain decided to jettison some of the cargo. Bales of this and crates of that were brought on deck, and as the sailors started to heave them overboard the idea for a daring and thoroughly original bit of advertising was literally thrust before my eyes. Going down into the engine room, I tipped one of the engineers—all idle, seeing the ship's engines were temporarily stopped—to cut me a stencil and provide me with a pot of red paint and a brush.

Armed with these I went on deck, and, to the vast amusement of passengers and crew, I painted the words "Drink Lipton's Tea" on as many bales, cases and crates as I could manage before they were consigned to the deep. Many of the lighter cases floated ashore all round the coast, and months afterward I heard of the flotsam and jetsam of the Orotava being found by Arabs and others, much to their delight and enrichment. Whether they had the good sense to follow my advice and drink my tea, I cannot say!

I may add that my light-hearted attempts at advertising my firm in the Red Sea were speedily abandoned when it became apparent that the Orotava was in a more hopeless condition than we had at first imagined. Ultimately we had to leave her in the ship's boats and make our way ashore at rather an inhospitable part of the coast. Luckily, there was a cable station not very far away, and I was the first man to think of using the station to send a cable to London telling of the mishap to the steamer, but announcing at the same time the safety of the crew and passengers. This cable, signed "Lipton," appeared in every London and provincial paper next morning, and once more I was the "most advertised man in the United Kingdom"—on this occasion without desiring it.

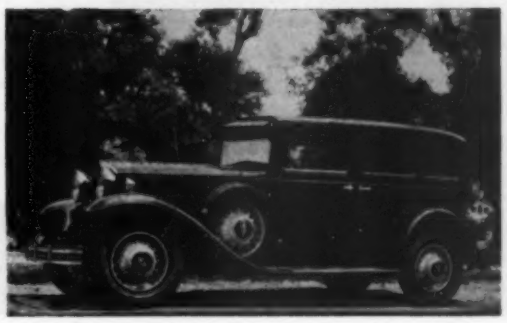
(Continued on Page 53)

Keen,
Cool,
Hard-to-fool,
Knowing cars
Like mothers know
Their children—
Meet the mechanic
Of any good garage.
Ask him,
Quiz him,
Cross-examine him,
On the subject of
Hupmobiles.
For years
His ears
Have listened to their motors'
Croon.
His eyes
Have seen
The mechanical excellence
Of Hupmobile
Deep-down beneath
Where a layman's eye
Can never travel.
His fingers probe,
Disrobe
All pretence, all claims,
And strip a car
To the stark truth
Of its merit.

So . . .
When you look at
The Hupmobiles
Of 1931,
The four great Straight-Eights,
The Century Six,
And your eye
Says "aye"
To their slim, trim beauty,
Their deep, rich luxury,
And your pulse jumps
At their Speed,
Power, Performance,
And you want another opinion
To check your own,
Page your friend
That keen, cool,
Hard-to-fool
Motor car
Mechanic!

HUPMOBILE

1931 SIXES AND EIGHTS



THE COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

The 1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P. . . .	FROM $ 1145
The 1931 CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P. . .	FROM $ 1345
The 1931 100 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $ 1695
The 1931 133 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $ 2080
The 1931 CUSTOM EIGHT, 133 H. P. . .	FROM $ 2645

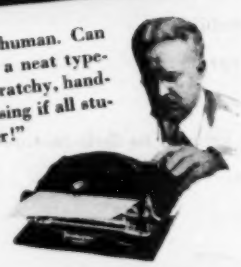
PRICES AT THE FACTORY

This is the Man

Thomas Kelland, a student at the University of Virginia, always uses a typewriter. He's interested in chemistry and his typewriter has a special keyboard with chemical symbols.

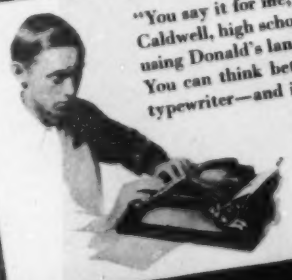
"A college professor is only human. Can you blame us for welcoming a neat typewritten report in a mass of scratchy, handwritten papers? What a blessing if all students would use a typewriter!"

JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE
Hunter College
New York City



"Once it was all wrong to use a typewriter for anything but business correspondence. Thank goodness that's changed! Now an illegible handwriting is the unforgivable thing. I do every bit of my correspondence myself, on my own Remington."

ROSAMOND PINCHOT
New York City



"You say it for me, Mister," said Donald Caldwell, high school student. So we will, using Donald's language. "It's a wonder! You can think better with a Remington typewriter—and it's fun!"

DONALD CALDWELL
Port Washington, L. I.

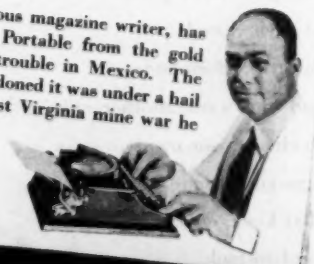
"In engineering one little slip can cost thousands. Writing by hand is too likely to be misread. So I carry my Remington Portable everywhere. Besides, it has a special keyboard with engineering symbols which simplifies my work."

FREDERICO CLARKE
Engineer,
Santiago, Chile

"I'm a sophomore at Wellesley. My family gave me a Remington Portable and it's a marvelous aid in my work. I major in French and have a special keyboard with French symbols and accents."

KATHERINE KIRBY
Wellesley College

Boyden Sparkes, famous magazine writer, has carried a Remington Portable from the gold rushes of Canada to trouble in Mexico. The only time he ever abandoned it was under a hail of bullets during a West Virginia mine war he was reporting.



. . . WHO

. . . helped Katherine Kirby, Wellesley girl, increase her college credits.

• • •

. . . and helped Frederico Clarke, engineer, forestall an error of $80,000 on one job alone.

• • •

. . . helped Donald Caldwell, high school boy, better his report card in one month.

• • •

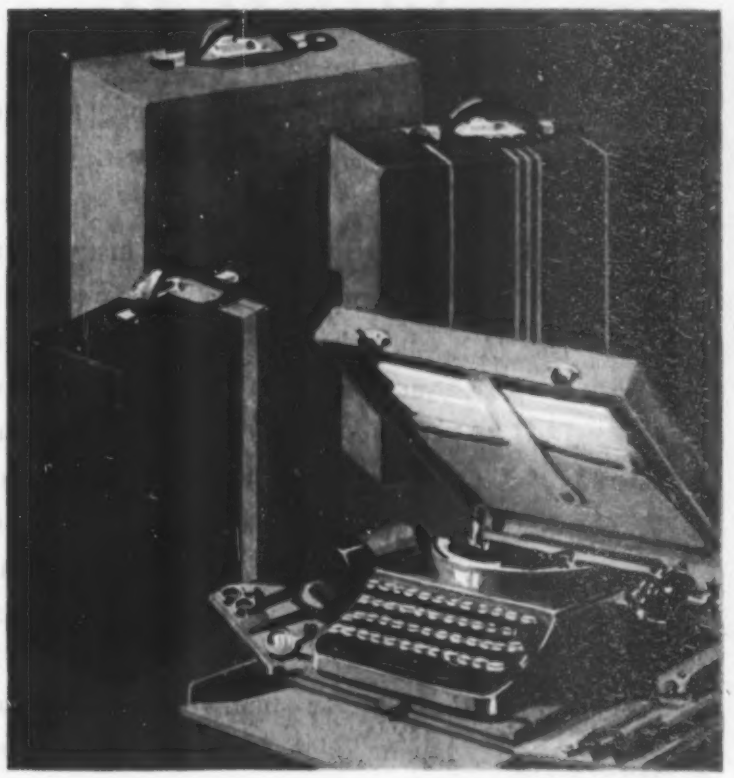
. . . helped Boyden Sparkes, star press correspondent, compose his brilliant news dispatches from everywhere . . . mine wars to Presidential trains.

. . . and the list is hardly started

SOMEONE without any imagination would say that the Remington Portable dealer sells portable typewriters. Actually he sells better, clearer mental effort . . . and the rewards thereof . . . to everyone from a 15-year-old pupil struggling with his lessons, to an august elder, writing down thoughts of world-importance.

For nearly every type of mind thinks better recording its thoughts by this quick, efficient, writing method. The Remington Portable is the writing tool of the modern world. The world that rides Limited trains and Zeppelins, drives motor cars that can do 80, gets the news from one end of the earth to the other in the flash of an electric spark . . . and generally provides a speedy exit for anything that has no speed.

The Remington Portable is not only the sturdiest but also the handsomest writing machine of its size. It costs only $60, and any one of the 2,000 Remington Portable dealers through the country will be glad to tell you about the convenient terms on which you may purchase a Remington. Go to your nearest dealer. Try the touch. Look at the lines. See the range of rich colors. It's a Remington for you!



The Remington Portable Typewriter is the smallest, lightest, sturdiest, most compact typewriter made. Available in a wide range of fashionable colors. Smart, new-design carrying cases in the new tweeds or suèdes, striped in harmonious colors.

Remington
PORTABLE

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
Executive offices, BUFFALO, NEW YORK. *Sales offices in all leading cities.*

"Insist Upon RCA RADIOTRONS"

says

E. A. HANOVER

Vice-President

in charge of Purchases and Manufacturing

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO.

"THE highest quality instrument may perform like a mediocre set if it is not equipped with uniformly high quality vacuum tubes. We use RCA Radiotrons for testing every Stromberg-Carlson Radio. RCA Radiotron precision and dependability and long life are proved by our tests. We urge every Stromberg-Carlson owner to insist upon having a complete installation of RCA Radiotrons in his new set and to use them for replacement purposes."

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
HARRISON, N. J.

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

This is the 22nd in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio manufacturers.

RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

(Continued from Page 48)

It must have been on my return from this Eastern trip, too, that I got an Egyptian native to help me cut the word "Lipton" on one of the stones above the entrance to the Great Pyramid.

I forgot all about the incident for several years, and it was only brought back to my mind when a minister at Cambuslang, himself just home from a holiday jaunt, solemnly told his flock one Sunday night that their distinguished townsman, Mr. Lipton, must have had forbears in Pharaoh's land thousands of years ago, for he distinctly saw the name Lipton engraved on one of the stones of the Great Pyramid!

Indeed, at this period of my business life I would have been quite prepared to hire the Pyramids altogether and use them as a medium for international advertising, so to speak. I did offer to lease a disused chimney stack right in the heart of Glasgow and promised the corporation to make it a thing of beauty, telling its tale to the world of the excellence of my products. But the corporation preferred to have the chimney removed rather than accede to my request. I had another bright idea for utilizing all the buoys marking the channel of the Firth of Clyde from Greenock to Glasgow for some such similar purpose, but again my originality was not received with the acclamation I had hoped for from a progressive body like the famous Clyde Trust.

Foraging for Supplies

Yet the novelty and appeal of the many advertising methods I let loose in these early years of my career would have been completely evanescent—more, they would utterly have failed—had I deviated by one jot or tittle from the plan I laid down before I served my first customer at Stobcross Street—namely, to sell the best food in the world at the cheapest possible price. I allowed nothing to come between me and that steadfast decision. That I had created, in the short space of a few years, something like a revolution in the provision trade of Scotland and England was freely admitted even by my rivals. But I could not possibly have sold so cheaply as I did, had I not, almost from the start, dispensed with the services of the middleman, or wholesale dealer, standing between the merchant and the consumer.

There was, I could plainly see, no room for both the middleman and me in the ham, butter and egg business, if I was going to be in a position to sell these commodities to the public at cheaper rates than they could buy elsewhere. If I paid the middlemen's prices for the provisions I required to retail in my shop, or shops, I would be no better off than any other man trying to make a living by selling the goods in which I specialized. No, I had to forage for my own supplies and sell them at one profit only—my own.

To get these supplies in the ever-increasing quantity rendered imperative by my constantly developing trade became, not a serious matter but a very pressing and important one. I started, as I told you in a previous article, by making regular weekly visits to the North of Ireland and buying from the farmers at their local markets.

Later I enlarged the scope of my weekly visits to embrace other districts of Ireland, and I also went to see the farmers and crofters at their own homes and made bargains for taking their entire outputs over a period. By and by I had built up such a reputation among the Irish producers that weekly visitation was unnecessary; the postal authorities relieved me of thousands of miles of travel by boat and train and jaunting car. But even though I was now able to tell the public that I was in a position to offer them goods "from every county in the Green Isle," it became more and more evident, as time went on, that fresh and liberal sources of supply would have to be found. Literally my Irish friends could not keep pace with the demands of my customers.

In this dilemma I turned to Denmark, Sweden and Russia, to which Continental countries I dispatched representatives. They carried with them practically open check books. Very soon I was doing a vast turnover with the producers in these countries, and particularly with Denmark, the inhabitants of which seem, from time immemorial, to have been excellent husbandmen, experts in farm produce of all kinds. For the Danes I have always had a great admiration. They can do more with a few acres and a few cows than the farmers of any other nation in the world with the exception, perhaps, of the Dutch.

My headquarters in Lancefield Street dealt with all the incoming supplies and, of course, their subsequent distribution all over the country. I had my personal office here and, unless I was away buying, or opening new stores, I was on deck from early morning until late at night. A few weeks ago I was speaking to the head of a large London publishing firm, and he amused me by telling me that his father was one of my employes who frequently put in a twelve and fourteen hour day in the warehouse. On coming home late night after night, the wife would remonstrate with him about the long hours of duty he was putting in, but his usual reply was something like this:

"Why should I complain? I'm gettin' guid wages an' overtime forbye. Besides, a man should never object to workin' for a boss that's in afore him in the mornin' an' still hard at work when he leaves."

As the branch shops multiplied on every point of the compass, the Lancefield Street base became more and more important. Extensive alterations and additions had to be made from time to time. Soon it was easily the largest provision factory in Scotland. It hummed with activity day and night. The staff was constantly being added to; every day there were new faces, and I welcomed them all with a smile and an encouraging word. I started my own printing work at Lancefield Street and my own paper-bag-making department. A few years afterward the former establishment was printing posters and advertising designs in twenty different languages for dispatch to every corner of the world. This was always a most interesting part of the Lipton headquarters to visitors, and they regarded me with amazement when I told them that I spoke all the languages myself and saw to it that never a mistake was made in the weird and wonderful hieroglyphics of which many of the bills and posters were composed. Actually, of course, expert linguists were employed to keep us right, but I often wondered what my printers and lithographers must have thought about the millions of quite unintelligible sheets they saw coming from the machines.

America, Land of Plenty

But to return to the vital question of supplies. Even with my Continental connections, I was finding difficulty in securing the right stuff at the right prices. It was then that my thoughts turned across the Atlantic to the United States. The North American continent was the world's greatest center for ham, bacon, pork, butter and cheese. The supply there was practically limitless. Why not, I started to ask myself, bring the products of the Far West direct to the consumers of Great Britain, and thus save intermediate profits? Better still, why not consider the question of acquiring my own stockyards in the packing district of Chicago and embark on the killing and curing process for myself? I was well aware that there were not at this time—indeed, there never has been—half enough hogs in the whole United Kingdom to supply the home market.

Although I felt certain in my own mind that sooner or later I would be compelled to begin operations in America if my stores kept on increasing at the rate they were doing, it was not until after I had carried out an experiment that I decided definitely to

It Runs . . .
without winding

Electricity keeps it going . . . day in and day out . . . on less current in a year than your dash light takes in *two* hours.

Jeweled...precision built...thoroughly reliable. Vibration will not stop it. Temperature changes will not affect it. Handsome design . . . attractive silvered metal dial. Easily attached above windshield of any car. No car is complete without this Sterling Clock that *runs* and keeps time *without winding*. If your dealer cannot supply you . . . use coupon.

NEW

DASH MODEL
$10 With luminous dial, $11. Takes only ½-inch hole to mount.

Sterling Electric
AUTOMOBILE CLOCK

STERLING CLOCK CO., INC., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS
Division of Western Clock Company

In Canada—Distribution and Service: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Canada

Sterling Clock Co., Inc., La Salle, Ill.
Gentlemen: Send me . . . postpaid . . . new Sterling Electric Clock (enclose check or P. O. money order . . . $10 for dash model . . . $12.50 for clock that attaches above windshield . . . add $1 more for luminous dial).
Place X here ( ) for further details and pamphlet, "Why Not a Clock that Runs Without Winding?"
Car and accessory dealers check ( ) for particulars.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Make of my car is*_____ *Model*_____ *My Dealer's Name is*_____

This Seal Marks Each Selected Bostonian

A new convenience for gentlemen who demand ultra smartness in footwear . . . .

Bostonians
Seven Selected Styles

The very cream of Fall styles. Seven exceptional designs chosen for their excellent taste—from over a hundred new patterns. Selected styles that have an exclusive smartness all their own—an "air" of good breeding that sets them apart from the crowd.

Gentlemen who demand distinctive appearance in footwear will welcome these finely modeled Bostonians. A style for every taste—every age. All correct—all smart. Modestly priced. $7 to $10.

Step into new Bostonians today—into selected style and refreshing comfort. Know the satisfaction of wearing one of the seven smartest shoes of the season.

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.

The ASCOT
SELECTED STYLE NO. 1

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

make my second trip to the United States. This experiment took the shape of sending a young man in my employment across the Atlantic to buy butter and cheese. He was a bright Irish youth of an enterprising nature and my confidence in him was not misplaced, for he achieved all the success I had anticipated for the scheme. By having a representative on the spot, I found I was able to buy butter and cheese at such prices that I could pass on the advantage to my customers—in other words, I was in a position to sell these articles at prices hitherto unknown in Britain. At seven o'clock one evening I made up my mind.

"Mother," I announced just as we all sat down to supper, "I'm going off to America tomorrow. You must help me to pack tonight."

This news was a bit of a bombshell, but the best of all mothers in the world was soon busying herself looking out my clothes—and no evening dress was included in *that* outfit, let me tell you!—laying aside socks, collars, ties and mufflers, and all the while overflowing with advice and counsel as to my health, food and habits—with particular warning never to sleep in a damp bed—while on my travels.

This second trip of mine to America was an important landmark in my business career. Indeed, I often think that it had a distinct bearing on my whole future. It was the precursor of many, many visits over a long period of years and it implanted in my heart a genuine affection for the American people which I have never attempted to conceal and which has gone on increasing with the passage of time. It is no bad compliment to my own land to say that for fifty years I have been as much at home in the United States and among their peoples as I have felt in the bosom of "ma ain kith an' kin." Somehow, America has never seemed to me to be a strange country; certainly from the moment I set foot in New York as a boy I don't think I ever once experienced the sensation of being on a foreign strand. Probably this was owing to the fact that at the outset of my American associations I became a strong admirer of the spirit of genial combativeness which is so essential a feature of the average American man—of the go-get-it determination which stamps Americanism all the way through. I felt, rightly or wrongly, that I had in me a dash of the American character.

Shopping in the New World

On this occasion of my second visit, the conditions were, of course, greatly changed. I had money in my pocket. I was independent. Now I had come, not to see what I could humbly offer to America but what America could offer me, a young business man anxious to spend his money to the best advantage. And let me say at once that I enjoyed every minute of the six weeks to which my trip extended. I was still, to all intents and purposes, an unknown individual, but I was received everywhere with a hearty handshake and a warm kindliness. The few people I did know, through having had business dealings with them by correspondence, went miles out of their way to help me in carrying out my plans and ideas.

In view of the nature of these, Chicago was my main objective, and I lost as little time as possible in arriving at the great city on Lake Michigan. At once, I set myself to find out all I could about the packing business, then, as now, a main industry of the city. For a few days I did a bit of quiet scouting on my own, making judicious inquiries here and there and keeping my eyes open for wrinkles and suggestions. I also visited all the big stockyards, and at these I was so inquisitive that the guides and other employes must have put me down as the most keenly interested stranger they had ever seen on the premises. I was.

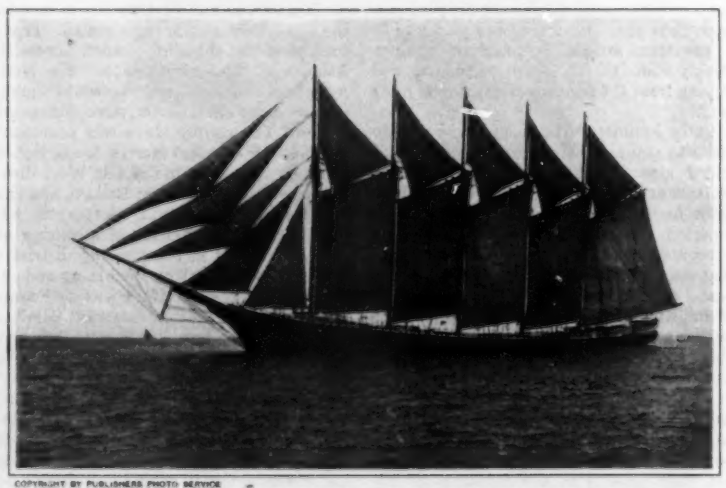
A New Business

Soon I found myself in possession of just what I wanted—a building with the facilities for killing and dressing three hundred to four hundred pigs a day. I hustled some to have the factory in going order, and when it did open its doors, under the title of the Cork Packing House, I had the feeling that my enterprise had been very much worth while. Here I would like to pay a tribute to the courtesy and good-will extended to me at this crucial time in my life by my competitors in the pork-packing trade. Men of such weight and position as P. D. Armour, Louis Swift, Nelson Morris, John Hately and T. C. Boyd showed me immense kindness, and the assistance they gave me kept me from making many blunders in a branch of business absolutely new to me and, as may well be imagined, studded with pitfalls for the unwary newcomer.

In addition to the men I have mentioned, I was fortunate in having the good-natured help of the well-known firm of Kingan & Co. By a happy chance, the principal partners of this company hailed from Belfast, and they remembered me from the days when I used to make my weekly trips to Ireland to buy the butter, eggs and cheese with which to stock my first little shop in Stobcross Street.

Having known me at my start, they could hardly credit that I had now between thirty and forty shops and was selling more goods than any individual firm in Scotland or England. They provided me, in Mr. John McNeill, with my first Chicago manager, and they also initiated me into the secret of a special process for the curing of hogs which made the resultant bacon and hams impervious to climatic conditions all over the world. The friendly spirit manifested toward me at this time in Chicago left a very lasting impression on my mind.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood. The fifth will appear next week.



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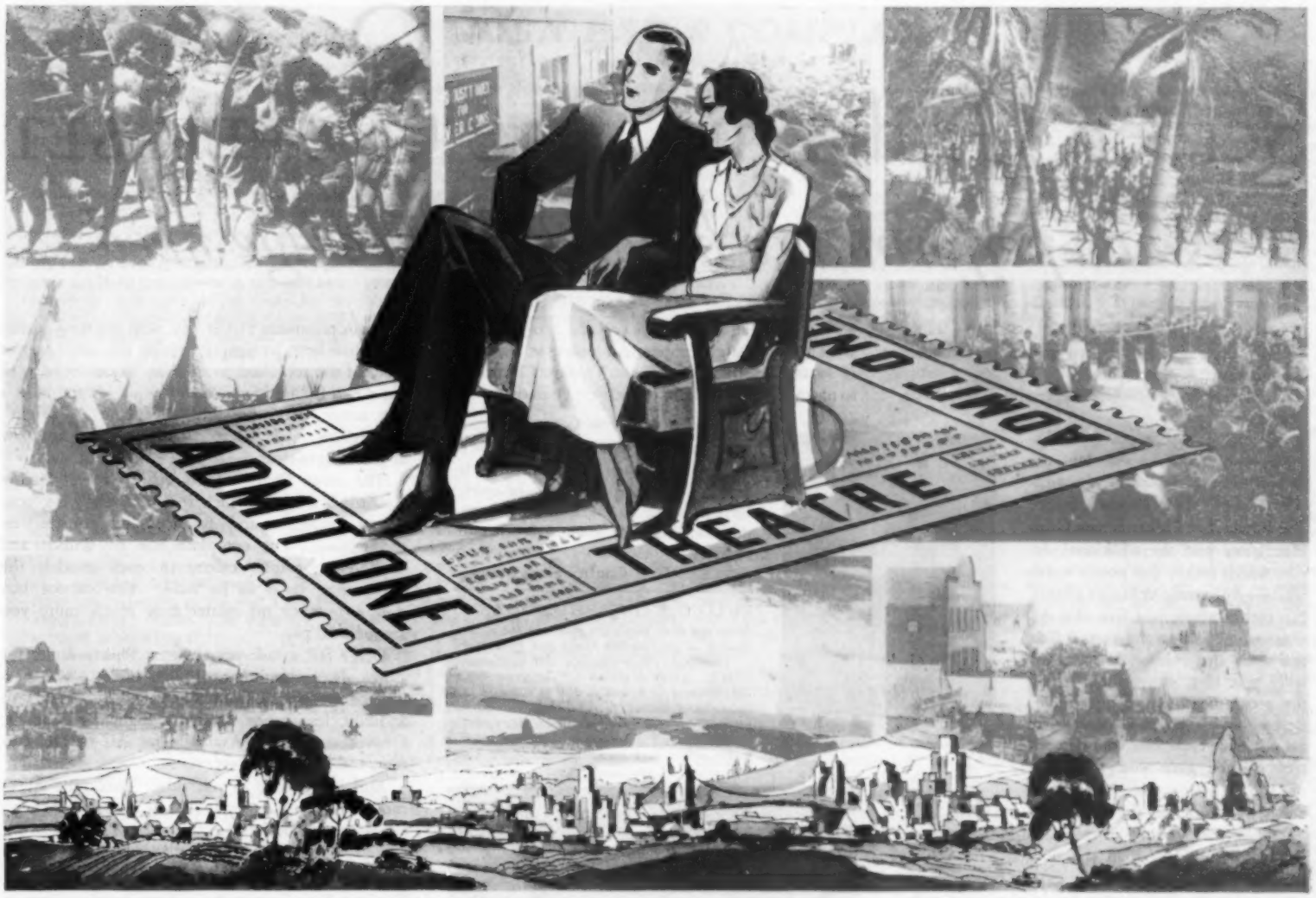
The "Elizabeth Palmer," Martha's Vineyard Sound, Massachusetts



The Magic Carpet that takes you everywhere!

TO the outdoors it takes you, to settings of great natural beauty, to far off lands, to new frontiers, to sea and even under sea! *Everywhere* bringing you the *sound* as well as the scene! Taking you out of the rut of everyday existence to romance, adventure, excitement, escape!

The magic carpet is your ticket of admission to your own motion picture theatre, and it is waiting to take you anywhere, this afternoon or tonight. To Broadway too, as from the talking screen come the voices of famous stars of the stage.

Magic carpet indeed, but the greatest magic of all is that you see, hear and enjoy all *at popular movie admission prices*. But even though the cost is low, get the most for your money. Always select your motion pictures by brand name *Paramount*—today as for eighteen years, the greatest name in entertainment. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

"THE SPOILERS"
An Edwin Carewe Production with GARY COOPER, Kay Johnson, Betty Compson, William Boyd, Harry Green. By Rex Beach.

"THE SEA GOD"
with RICHARD ARLEN, Fay Wray, Eugene Pallette. Directed by George Abbott. From a story by John Russell.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

Screen Grid-Plus . . the SUPER SET

Radio performance beyond the average need

PHILCO SCREEN GRID-PLUS is the radio *deliberately designed* to give greater performance than the average owner needs.

It has a *surplus* of power, distance ability, selectivity and sensitivity.

But of what use is power or distance unless you can maintain the reception at a *constant level*—without fading? Many *promise* distance and power, but Philco Screen Grid-Plus gives you the additional device which makes that power worth while—Automatic Volume Control. No matter where you live, this device automatically counteracts fading and *holds* the volume at whatever level you like, so you can enjoy the programs when you get them. Radios which promise power but do not have automatic volume control cannot give you the kind of super performance we mean when we name this the PHILCO SUPER SET.

While the 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus provides greater performance than you normally need, how wonderful, if you live in a big city, to bring out-of-town programs *through* crowded local stations without cross-talk. Again, if you live in smaller cities, Screen Grid-Plus will bring you the programs you want from the larger centers. And daylight reception is so improved by Automatic Volume Control as to make this set a delight for the women in the home.

Philco Tone-Control

BRILLIANT—BRIGHT—MELLOW—DEEP

The marvelous new Philco Tone-Control also helps daytime reception for, by turning to "Mellow" or "Deep" positions, daylight static and other interference noises can be considerably reduced. Tone-Control allows you to bring in programs YOUR way, with the tone quality YOU like best, by simply turning the knob on the front of the set. And, in a "noisy" location, you can cut down the interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. "Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—or "Deep" shades of tone are now at your finger tips.

The new Philcos have an exclusive Station Recording Dial on which you *permanently* log your favorite stations, and balanced-unit construction throughout. The complete line of Radios and Radio-Phonographs offers, in each model, the outstanding *value* in its field. You cannot buy *more performance* no matter how much more you are *asked* to pay.

Don't fail to ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of Philco today. The new Philcos are priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $350.00, less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current, and in a battery set.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio, built by Philco, is available through all authorized dealers.

PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

More and more people are realizing the advantages of a combination radio and phonograph so, naturally, Philco produces this outstanding VALUE. *Think of getting all the Screen Grid-Plus features for records as well as radio in this beautiful American black walnut cabinet for $198.00, less tubes. And remember, your favorite records as well as programs come under the magic influence of Philco Balanced-Unit Tone and Tone-Control*

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

When John Franzl plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

JOHN HAD A COMPLEX

(Continued from Page 23)

inferiority one with whiskers trailing out of its ears. And she would have known, too, that complexes are very fearsome fauna and rash as rash for little blond girls to go poking about at.

Still, it is doubtful if, even then, Dorothy could have been deterred. Once she'd made up her mind. For Dorothy knew exactly what ailed that ridiculous John Trent. Complexes indeed! The silly thing had simply had his feelings hurt and refused to get over it. He'd had to wear a silly suit and somebody had laughed at him, so he wouldn't come out and play any more. He'd sulked—sulked for ten years. And though she, Dorothy, hadn't a particle of sympathy for him, still, she guessed, in common humanity, it was about time somebody put a stop to it.

It was Betty who gave Dorothy her first idea. A day or so later Betty arrived, breathlessly belated, at a luncheon bridge, and announced, "Girls, I've discovered something about the Sphinx. I followed his car—and don't anybody pretend they wouldn't either—and it turned down toward the Flats, and I trailed him—because you're just as curious as I am. He parked in front of a terrible-looking hall with people in furtive caps leering at me and a big sign Fights Friday Nights. And what do you suppose he does there?"

"Maybe he's a prize fighter himself!"

"Oh, pooh. The Trents are simply bulging with bonds, and always have been."

"And John Trent looks just about as much like a prize fighter as you do."

"Well, you just get the morning paper! Joe was raving at breakfast about some creature he called Speed Kennedy, the centerweight champion or something. And when I told mother I thought it was simply poisonous for a boy of fourteen to be filling his head with low bruisers, he informed me that Speed was a college man: 'A darn sight better educated than any of the dames in this family, and a darn sight smoother than any limp brother-in-law I ever expect to draw.' 'Limp,' he said. But anyway this person's picture was in the paper, and he looks like John Trent, almost. Really he does."

It was purely coincidence that the next day old Mrs. Mooney, John's housekeeper, found herself chatting, at market, with the sweetest little girl she'd met in a long time. Not a bit like the twitchy little flibbertigibbets most of them was nowadays. Helped her carry one of the baskets nearly to home. And agreed, she had, that there was no sense to young Mr. Trent gallivanting off next week like he intended. Leaving her good home cooking for a place called Pineland where they'd likely poison him.

Oh, Dorothy!

For yes, John had decided, by shuffling four illustrated folders and choosing the one that came out on top, to go to Pineland. When John decided to go away, he never cared much where it was. One place would be drably like another, so long as he had to take John Trent along. For John, the recluse, had turned out to be a blinding bore.

To be entirely frank, John hadn't expected things to last this long. Ever since his first days at Brates there had been the thrilling expectation that something spectacular was bound to occur, some crisis come up, in which he, the despised Sissy Trent, would make a debonair and dauntless debut as Trent the Intrepid, and to the long locomotive, with a John, John, John, take his rightful place in the procession. But it just had never happened. And it began to look extremely likely that it never would, for John simply didn't know how, now, to get in step.

If only there were someone to whom he could go—someone his own age to whom he could say, "Look here, old man. I guess I've been an awful chump. But I'm cured now. I want to know some people and have some fun. Tell me what to do and what to say and how to get acquainted. Give me a lift, won't you?"

There wasn't anyone, though.

So John would go to Pineland, as he went, hopelessly, some place every summer. It might be Pineland, and a swell place for everybody else, but it would begin with capital H for John. He knew. On the golf links at six A.M., because he couldn't face the crowd at the starting tee; swimming alone, down at the end of the beach appropriated by the paunchy paddlers; skulking about on the porch to peer in at the dancers; sidling around crowds, slinking into corners, unable to make a single sound except a kind of muttered "moo" if anyone spoke to him. A hot sight he'd be at Pineland. As usual.

Oh, yeah? Oh, yeah, John? We're leffing!

When John's train pulled in at the little Pineland station he probably would have let it carry him away again if the porter hadn't already hopped off with his bags. For there, on the platform, was just the sort of gay and glamorous group that, never to be a part of, made him feel so beastly low. The sort of group he'd seen so many times going places, seeing people, doing things, moving to the melody of casual, careless laughter. They crowded into the bus after him, and here he was, crammed into a corner as usual. Touching shoulders and oceans away.

Then the girl opposite was saying—it must be to him—"If you're the Mr. Trent who has taken a room at the inn, I win a dozen golf balls."

"Why, yes, I am," said John, too startled to be embarrassed.

"It's a game," put in someone else—"Do and Won't Do. We meet the trains and bet on which kind of people they'll be."

"I don't mind giving you a dozen balls, Marg," put in one of the men. "I can have my caddie follow you tomorrow and pick them all up again out of the rough. But remember you never paid up on T. Harvey Cortland. And he's a four-letter Won't Do if there ever was."

"He's cute," said Marg. "I still think he's cute."

"Anyway, Mr. Trent," said a brilliant scarlet mouth, "there's so desperately few possible people here, we're awfully cheered to see you didn't turn up a retired chorus man, or something."

"Don't pay attention to this come-on, Ken—er—Trent," said one of the men. "These open arms are only verbal. Darn it."

"That's because you aren't persistently primitive, Bob. Or pantingly persuasive. Or—er—I could make up things like that all day, if I wanted to."

Luckily for John, he didn't have to do much talking. And when he finally found himself in his room, he realized, really, that he was booked to eat at a table with Bob and Jack and George, and dance with Helen and Marg and Gwen, and go canoeing, and swim at midnight. And afterward—what was it Marg had said?—eat tons of torrid terriers on the beach.

Torrid terriers! John laughed aloud.

The phone rang and a voice said, "Hello! How's for a snifter? George is just shaking one up now. Come on over to 315. Right down the hall and turn in where the noise is."

John laughed again. "You bet," he said, and started for the door. But no, it wouldn't do to hurry, and he wanted a minute to savor this new sensation of being asked somewhere, of being wanted. He felt taller, somehow, and his coat hung better, and he changed his tie for one he had never worn before because it had always seemed a trifle too emphatic. It was all right, now that he was one of the crowd. Now that he was, unbelievably and at last, one of the crowd.

George was in 315, and Bob, and Jack, whom he hadn't met yet, and somebody called Burney, who seemed a bit expansive.

"Don't break my hand," this Burney said when they were introduced, and evidently this was humorous, because he laughed.

A minute or so later he came over to John again, with a glass in his hand.

"Here you are," he said. "Get this under your belt. The middleweight belt!"

John laughed, too, this time, though he hadn't the least idea what was funny, or why Jack and Bob seemed to be protesting to Burney, over in a corner.

Then he heard Burney say, "Oh, shucks, everybody knows who he is. And he's a swell guy and I'm gonna shake with him again. I saw him scrap in Chicago."

Then Burney left the room with George—not quite, it was apparent, of his own volition—while Bob came over to John.

"I'm sorry about this," Bob said.

"I don't know what you mean," answered John.

"It's decent of you to take it like this. We didn't ask him in here. He can hear ice clinking a quarter of a mile. All of us had decided not to spill the beans, but it was just like that big ape. You might as well know now that the whole crowd were tipped off who you were."

"Oh," said John.

"I suppose the only way you can get away from the hangers-on and handshakers is going some place under another name once in a while. Don't blame you. But if you want to bum around with our crowd we'll forget you're Speed Kennedy and have a lot of fun."

Speed Kennedy! John was just as dazed as if he had suddenly ambled into the way of one of that young gentleman's justly lauded lefts. Speed Kennedy! Was Bob serious? Was he, Sissy Trent, whom everybody in the world could lick, being mistaken for the famous middleweight champion? The "boxer who had read a book"?

So that was it. That was why they had met the train. That was why he was "one of the crowd." Well, he'd have to tell them, of course. And then he'd be a Won't Do again. No dances tonight. No midnight swim. No torrid terriers.

"I don't know how such a story got around," John said. "I'm certainly not Speed Kennedy. Thanks very much for the snifter."

"Here, wait a minute," said Bob. "This is a darn shame. Ever since someone told the girls that you were coming here as Mr. Trent, we'd made up our minds not to let you know we knew. It's just our little bunch that know, anyway. Listen here. You say you aren't Speed Kennedy. Well, why not let it go at that? And come down to dinner."

It was obvious, of course, that he could never make Bob believe he wasn't Speed Kennedy. Well? Well? Why not let it go at that, as Bob had said. Why not have one evening like he'd wanted all his life? One of a crowd. And then fade quietly out of the picture tomorrow, as he'd have to do.

"All right," said John. "We'll let it go at that."

A wonderful evening began for John. Everything was absurdly simple, it seemed, once you were one of a crowd. John had wondered what people talked about. Why, whatever came into their heads. And if it was funny, everybody laughed, and if it was serious, they laughed still louder. The thing was to make an impossibly exaggerated story out of everything that happened and to be sure you made yourself the goat of it before anybody else did. For instance:

"I heard you almost drowned this afternoon, Marg, swimming out to the raft."

"I did drown. I was only about halfway there when a wave got in my throat. I was just going down for the fifth time when I reached it."

"Did they ever bring you to?"

"They never even brought me one. When they saw who it was, they threw me back again."

That sort of thing. Surprisingly easy, once you got the hang of it.

So John danced with Helen and Marg and Gwen, and went canoeing, and had his midnight swim. He was slow in dressing afterward, for when he came out on the veranda the beach fire was already glowing and throbbing in the night, red and sentimental as a valentine's heart. He felt his way down the path through a dark that seemed palpable, with the soft caress of velvet. There was the tentative tinkle of a mandolin and a girl's sweet, husky voice and then a man's clear tenor harmony singing a blues song. The waves chunked a rhythmic counterpoint, and John went on through this caressing softness and was very, very happy.

He found Bob and Helen and some of the others, and sprawled with them on the beach, looking up at the stars that seemed to dim and glow and pulse to the rhythm of the blues.

And then the music ceased with a clashing strum of the mandolin, and a girl stepped into the firelight.

The girl, to John Trent. He knew this at once, with a quiet conviction that wasn't, somehow, sudden or remarkable or even unexpected. This girl stepped into the firelight, and he knew. That was all. It was odd, he thought, that he didn't seem to be excited. He didn't even want to meet her now, or talk to her, or even to be any nearer. He just wanted to lie here on the sand and watch her in the firelight, and after the fire was out and she had gone away, to lie here still and think about her; slow and marvelous thoughts.

So John lay there in the sand and forgot that he was not Speed Kennedy and that the day must see him gone. Forgot entirely that he was Sissy Trent and doomed to live a lonesome life. Remembered, only and alone, the girl in firelight.

Dorothy, you brought this on yourself!

The week that followed was just a good week in a good summer for most of the crowd at Pineland. There were tennis courts for those who looked well at that sort of thing and golf links for the people who couldn't help it. There were bridle paths on which you could get practically lost on horses carefully inured to it, and a lake that chose to be unusually considerate about its temperature.

Nearly everything seemed to have been thought of, even to providing views for the folks who care about views, and an archery range for people like that. The Pineland Inn, too, entered into the spirit of the thing and was having the staunchest kind of a go at menus and music.

So it was a good week to most of the crowd. But it was a marvelous week to John, because he was talked to and smiled at and golfed and danced with just like anybody. And it was a magical week to John, because it was with Dorothy he talked and golfed and danced, because it was Dorothy who smiled. There was a night when they had drifted in the silver shimmer of the moon and listened to the music, sounding sweet and low and yearning over the quiet water. There was a morning they had met, at hushed, mysterious dawn, to ride their horses to a hilltop and watch an unseen, giant Painter streak the billboard of the east to advertise the coming of the sun. A marvelous, magical week except when he remembered that he wasn't, after all, one of the crowd; that he was a cheap, ridiculous pretender who must tell and end it soon.

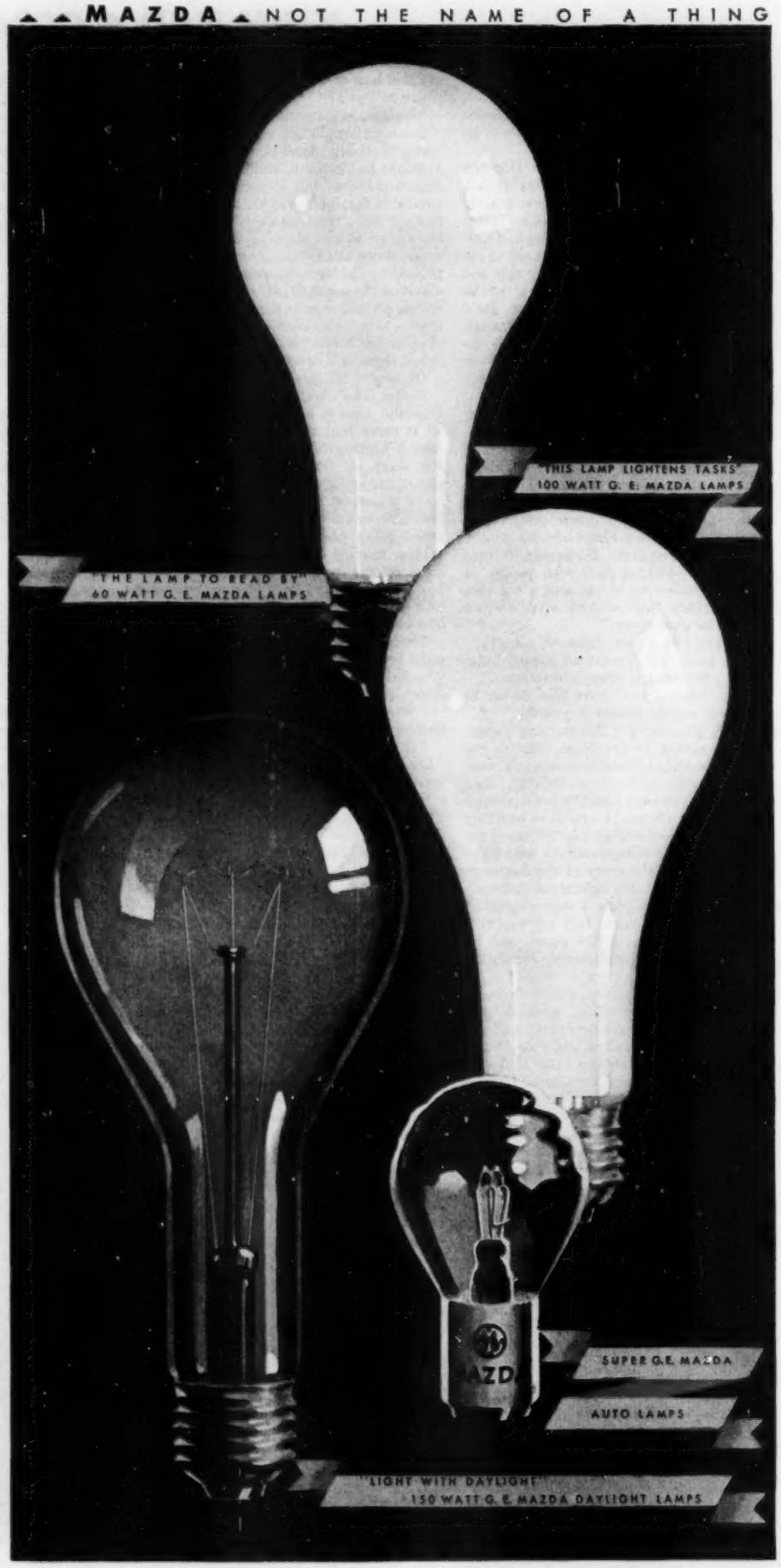
For Dorothy it was an odd and unexpected week, and somehow sad and thrilling, too, because of this boy who was being a boy at last, and so fine and eager about the fun that he was having. And a week of almost frightening responsibility. For she knew her plans had gone astray when Burney spilled the beans, and she knew that this time what might happen might not be fun for little Dorothy Blake at all. Because it had, strangely, become of disturbing importance to her that nothing occur which would hurt John Trent again.

(Continued on Page 60)

▲▲MAZDA▲NOT THE NAME OF A THING

There is great advantage in buying General Electric Mazda Lamps "6 at a time". Ask your dealer about it.

FOR WOMEN WHO HATE TO SEE SUMMER GO


"THIS LAMP LIGHTENS TASKS"
100 WATT G. E. MAZDA LAMPS
"THE LAMP TO READ BY"
60 WATT G. E. MAZDA LAMPS
SUPER G.E. MAZDA
AUTO LAMPS
"LIGHT WITH DAYLIGHT"
150 WATT G. E. MAZDA DAYLIGHT LAMPS

FOR WOMEN who hate to lose the cheery magic of sunlit days and moonlight nights, summer still lies just around the corner . . at their nearest dealer in General Electric MAZDA Lamps.

Beauty. Color. Decoration. Smartness. Charm. Efficiency. Safety. Comfort. These are the things which every woman wants the year around . . not just the few short months of summer and early fall.

. . . And these are the things MAZDA Research has developed so successfully in the wide line of General Electric MAZDA Lamps now awaiting your inspection.

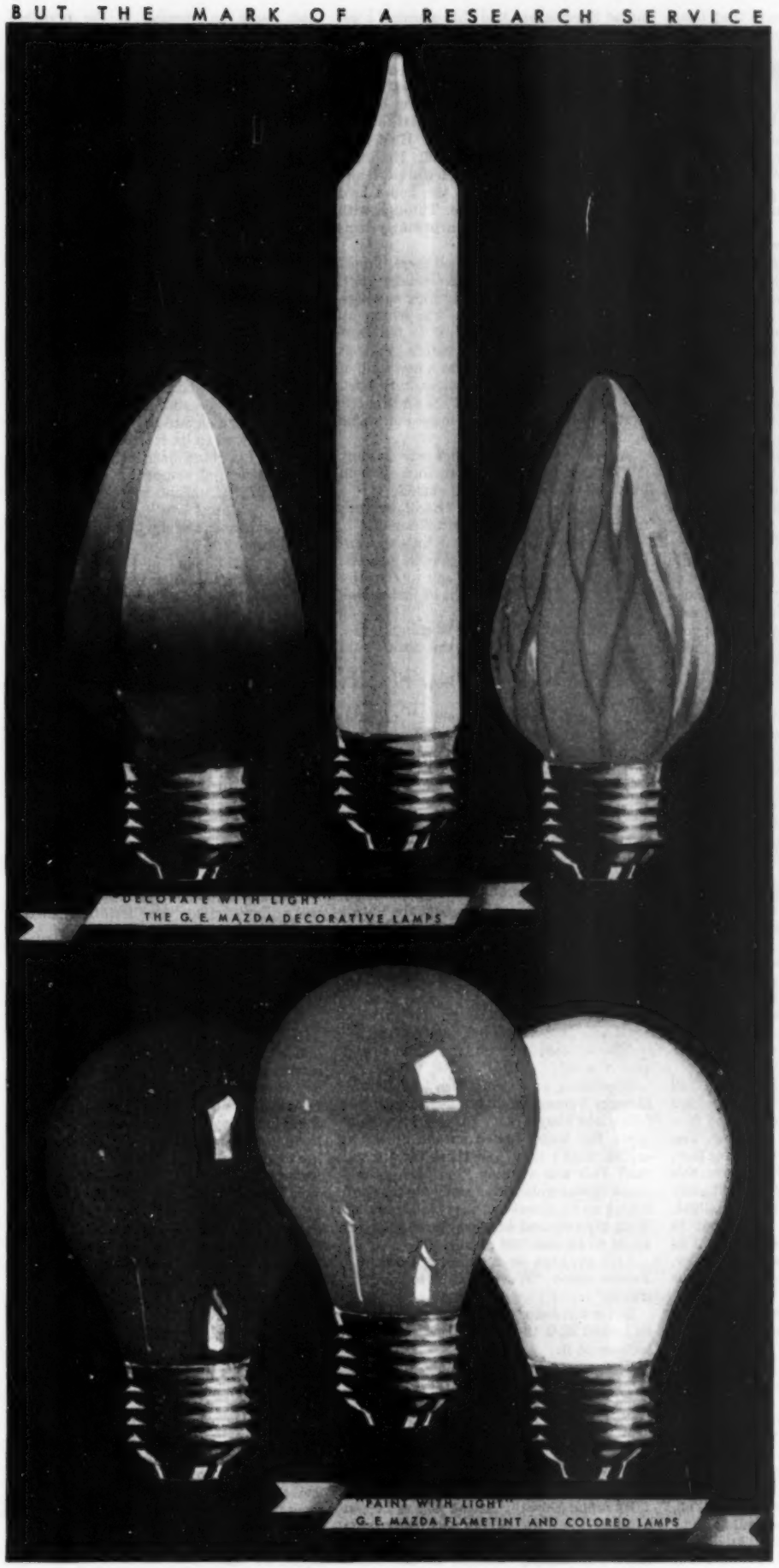
Millions of women already know that G. E. MAZDA Flametint lamps are a synonym for comfort. The chill of winter yields at once to their warm ruddy glow. Men instinctively reach for their pipes and stretch out with a quiet sigh under their restful influence. They suggest a radio program of old tunes and a sleek, well fed tabby dozing on the hearth. Flametint lamps are available in 25 and 40 watts, in either regular or flame-shaped effects.

Decoration and color play an important part in every decorative scheme. General Electric decorative and colored lamps recognize the need of lamps not always lighted, to be so interesting in design and coloring that, unlighted, they add the smart, final touch that "makes" a room. The tall candle lamp of warm ivory, the new Gothic lamp with its overlay of black on ivory, the unusual red and gold Modern lamp and a wide variety of colored lamps offer many opportunities to every woman to give her home—lighted or unlighted—a touch of lamp pattern and color. A final artistic "highlight".

Women are tremendously interested in eye-conservation, whether the eyes are young or old. The 60 watt inside-frosted G. E. MAZDA lamp is recommended for reading light and study light.

Summer cheer any time of the year or any time of the day is the function of the economical 100 watt inside-frosted G. E. MAZDA Lamp. Efficient, because it supplies the light of 136 candles without the suggestion of glare; economical, because it supplies this abundant light at a cost of less than one cent an hour.

BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

MAZDA Research has developed this lamp for use in kitchens, garages, laundries and bathrooms and everywhere else in the home where work is done.

The G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamp is a companion to the 100 watt lamp in the work rooms of the home, except that it supplies a quality of light found in no other MAZDA lamp—daylight. Made of clear blue glass, this lamp in the 150 watt size enhances the whiteness of porcelain, tiling and nickel fixtures. It is an important factor in food preservation, because its light quality—approximating daylight—detects spoiled foods, especially meats, at once. In ironing no other lamp can pick out a scorch so quickly. In the sewing room it is exceptionally valuable in matching colors. No half washed dishes can withstand the scrutiny of this invaluable household aid.

For women—and men—who hate to see the ease and safety of summer driving give way to the hazards of winter, the new line of G. E. MAZDA Super Auto lamps will instantly recommend themselves. Like the balloon tire and four wheel brakes, Super Auto lamps set a new standard of driving comfort and safety. Though, in some cases, they actually triple the amount of light, in no case do they increase GLARE. Made to fit every make and year of car.

Summer has slipped away. Fall is here. Winter is coming. Study your lighting today. Is your living room beautiful and colorful? Can you flip a switch and turn it into a room of relaxation and comfort? Are your children's eyes protected? Is the kitchen lighted so as to lighten tasks? Then see the General Electric MAZDA lamp dealer around the corner. See all these lamps lighted. Take home a carton or two and see what a tremendous difference good lighting can mean in your own home. BUT BE SURE the lamps you buy are plainly marked with the G. E. monogram on the end of the bulb and that the cartons you carry home are the familiar blue of the famous General Electric MAZDA Lamps. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 57)

But this week, which was a good week to the crowd and a wonderful week to John and an exciting week to Dorothy, was just a sour seven days to Burney.

Things weren't clicking very well for Burney, and it dated right back to when the fellow Kennedy had arrived. Right after the little episode in Bob's room, Burney had decided not to care for Kennedy in a very large way. He didn't see any sense in accepting a fellow like that, much less make a fuss over him the way everybody was doing. The way, in short, that Dorothy was doing. Anybody could see that the fellow was head over heels about her, and the crazy girl didn't seem to be a bit indignant. Seemed, actually, to enjoy the chap's society. Hadn't the vaguest idea of what she might be letting herself in for.

Burney felt that the time had come to speak plainly to the girl.

"Look here, Dorothy," he said, "you've been canoeing with that fellow again, haven't you?"

"Why, now I come to think of it," answered Dorothy, "I believe I have. How sweet of you to remind me of it, Burney."

"And last night you danced five dances with him—five."

"Not counting the ones we sat out," said Dorothy.

"Oh, well! If you're going to take that tone. I was simply going to tell you something for your own good. I'm going to tell you anyway. You don't know what you're doing, playing around with a fellow like that. A common prize fighter. A professional tough. There's no telling what might happen."

"That's what makes it exciting."

"I suppose it's amusing in a slumming sort of way, but you're carrying it too darn far. And you haven't given me a minute's time since he's been here. Everybody's noticed."

"I've noticed it myself," said Dorothy.

"And it makes me out an awful sap. Everybody thought before, that I—that we—well ——"

"I know what I bet," Dorothy said. "I bet you thought they thought that we were keeping steady company. Is that what you were trying to say?"

"Well, this is what I get for trying to tell you something for your own good."

"That's life, Burney."

"All right, get flip," said Burney. "But you'll find out that there'll be trouble."

And Dorothy realized that Burney was almost certain to be right. For it couldn't be long now until somebody found out that John wasn't Speed Kennedy, and then something dreadful and public and horribly humiliating was bound to happen. And John would go back into his shell again, so far that he'd never emerge. And what could Dorothy do? For she knew that no matter what occurred, he must never, never, find out that she had been responsible. But she must do something! It was, suddenly and clearly, very necessary to Dorothy that she do something. Now. This very afternoon.

The fourteenth tee, at Pineland, is on a high, steep bluff. To stand upon it and regard the fairway, stretching widely far below, gives you a feeling of almost pitying superiority. You tower over this prostrate fairway as, from right here on, you are going to tower over this absurdly simple game of golf.

You can see the flag itself, which the score card jokingly specifies as four hundred and fifteen yards away.

Shucks! A drive and a pitch from way up here. And as for that creek, no chance of its bothering this time. Thing to do is to ignore the creek. Get the creek out of your mind. Shrug the creek off and forget it. Come back slow and easy; it's only a creek, creek, creek.

Creek?

Creek!

But the fourteenth tee is a pleasant place before that happens. A little breeze lives there which bows a friendly welcome in the leaves and tells you to ignore that tipsy-looking sun-drunk bench and sit down here a minute in the shade.

Dorothy thought that this would be the place to say what she still had no idea of how to put in words.

"Let's rest a minute, John. This is one of the days I jump at the ball. I come back slow as anything, simply determined to let the club head do the work. And then, at the last second, I crouch down and jump at it. And of course the little thing scuttles off into the bushes."

"You'll start hitting them," said John.

"Your being a—an athlete, gives you a marvelous sense of timing, doesn't it?" said Dorothy. That was getting on the subject anyway.

"That's the first time you've ever said anything about my being—what you think I am. I want to say something about that, if you'll let me."

"About your really being Speed Kennedy?"

"About all that," answered John. And then, slowly: "But first I wanted to tell you what a wonderful week this has been to me. Maybe I can't make you understand, because you've had weeks like this before all your life."

"Do you really think so?" asked Dorothy. But perhaps she didn't ask it quite aloud.

"You see," said John, "I never had a week like this. I never thought I would."

"You mean," asked Dorothy, "that your being what you are has kept you from meeting people like our crowd?"

"Yes," answered John, "my being what I am. Or rather, what I was. I hardly know what I am just now, except, I think, this week has made me different. You see, I've never known anyone before, Dorothy. Actually I've simply never known anyone. I had a funny kind of boyhood. Never was a boy, I guess. Never knew what real boys were until I went away to school. I didn't know what was coming. And when it came, it just did something to me. It's as if I got frozen up inside somehow, and I've been just that way ever since. I don't suppose you understand a word I'm saying. I hardly do myself. And I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

"I do," said Dorothy. But perhaps she didn't say this very loudly either.

"I just wanted you to know how wonderful all this has been to me," said John. "How wonderful you've been, Dorothy. Before I tell you something that I've got to tell."

Yes, he had to tell her. Tell her now. Tell her that he was only Sissy Trent, a coward who had cringed away from life and now was just a cheap, impossible impostor. Yes, he'd tell her. He'd be man enough for that, at least. And then it would be all over, this magical week, and he would have left, only and always, the picture of a girl in firelight.

Dorothy knew what he was about to say, of course, and knew when he said it he would leave. And felt, with a queer, choky, desperate and helpless suddenness, that this just mustn't happen.

Neither of them heard the approach of someone climbing the hill until they heard a "Huh," and Burney said, "I've been looking for you."

"For us?" asked Dorothy.

"For your four-flushing boy friend. I supposed you'd be with him. It's going to do you a lot of good to hear what I have to say and see what I'm going to do."

"Just what are you talking about?"

"He knows," said Burney. "Look at him. Middleweight champion of the world! Well, you're going to get a chance to do your stuff, champ, in just about a minute. What a laugh! Look here, you! I found out yesterday that Speed Kennedy is training up at Speculator. And this morning I got the dope on you from a fellow who wouldn't speak to you at Brates, Sissy Trent. Sissy Trent! Dorothy's battling boy friend turns out to be a lah-de-dah called Sissy Trent. What a laugh for the crowd. So beat it away from here, Sissy. You're all through."

Yes, John was all through. He'd been through before Burney came. He knew that. Through with his wonderful week and with the crowd and with the hopes he'd really never dared to hope. Through with everything now, except, surprisingly, this fellow Burney.

For while Burney had stood there, almost over him, bulging his big shoulders out, sneering his contempt, something had happened to John again. He was frozen up inside again, as he had tried to tell Dorothy he had always been before. Yet not like that at all. For this was a new kind of cold that burned with a bitter, zero chill. His heart pumped against ice and he felt that only his fists could ever get him warm again.

A cold and curious voice was saying, "Why, you're all puffed up, Burney. You look like you were going to explode."

"I am," said Burney. "Right in your face, if you don't beat it out of here."

This voice that must be John's was answering, "Yes, I'll beat it. As you suggest. But I've got something to say to Dorothy first, before I go. So it might be just as well for you not to wait."

"In another minute you're going to talk yourself into a punch in the nose," said Burney.

John got slowly to his feet. He didn't look at Dorothy.

"A minute is quite a while," he said. "Burney, it must be swell to bully a fellow someone has told you is a sissy. Safe and satisfying. I'm just wondering what you'd do right now, if you found you were mistaken."

"Oh, you're Sissy Trent all right. You can't pull that."

"Listen, Burney," said John, "I may not be Speed Kennedy, as you've made it your business to find out, but I'm not Sissy Trent either. So far as I know, there isn't any Sissy Trent. Now go away and think that over and get it firmly in your skull, Burney."

"What kind of a bluff is this?" said Burney. "Look here, you! I'm going to smack you down. And if you don't want to get it here—right here—just come with me."

"Swell," said John. "I was about to suggest it myself."

Something was wrong with this picture, thought Burney, as they walked away. The fellow was Sissy Trent. Burney was sure of that. But sissies folded up and burst out crying, didn't they? Or turned white and ran? This was a funny kind of sissy, because he was whistling a cool little tune and rolling up his sleeves as they walked along. Well, whoever and whatever he was, he was about to be smacked plenty.

"I'll be back in a minute, Dorothy," Burney called. "Wave good-by to your boy friend."

But it was John who came back, although he looked as if there might have been objections to it.

Well, that was that. And John was warm again. And nobody else in the world ever could call him Sissy. But it didn't seem to make him very happy. For he was coming back to Dorothy now, to tell her that Burney had been mostly right after all. And then he was all through, as Burney had said.

He found Dorothy sitting just as he had left her. The little breeze was being most solicitous, for he knew why her handkerchief was damply wadded in her hand; and the sun seemed concerned, too, for he had found an opening in the branches through which he could caress her hair.

She looked up when John stood before her, and her eyes were misty, and he thought that no one ever had been so lovely, so beautiful that he wanted to cry out to tell her so. To tell her all that had been in his heart all that wonderful week.

"Burney was right," said John. "I'm not Speed Kennedy. I'm Trent. And he's right about what they called me at school. That's what I was trying to tell you, Dorothy."

"Yes," Dorothy said.

Oh, why couldn't she tell him that she'd known it all along, ever since she was fifteen? And that it didn't make any difference. Or, rather, that it did make all the difference now.

"I'd like you to know," John was saying, "that I wasn't pretending to be Speed because I wanted to be taken for a hero. I guess it was because it was the first time I'd ever had a chance to be one of a crowd. I didn't mean to let it go on. But after I met you I couldn't bear to bust things up. 'I'll tell them all tomorrow,' I'd say. But I wouldn't. I meant to tell you today, though. Before I left."

"That sounds awfully farewellish, John," said Dorothy.

"Yes," said John.

"But I don't see what for," said Dorothy. She was trying to be bright and gay and casual, but the lilt in her voice was a very trembly one. "I don't see what for. Why, I think you've played a simply marvelous joke on the crowd. Somebody thought you were Speed Kennedy and you were clever enough to see what fun it would be to give everybody a thrill by letting them believe it was true. The crowd will love it. Particularly when they find out what happened to Burney."

"It's what I might have expected you to say," said John. "Thanks. But, you see, it wasn't a joke. And you know that. And it isn't the crowd that matters. It's what you think, Dorothy. And you'll always think of me as a four-flusher who sneaked into a crowd on somebody else's reputation. Who had to let the most wonderful girl in the world—well, anyway, good-by."

Dorothy had hardly listened. What John was saying—all these words and protestations—weren't of a particle of real importance. Really, all that counted was that John was going away and that it was all over. Something that mattered tremendously was over. For that queer look had settled on John's face again and his shoulders slumped a little as he turned to go, and he seemed, to Dorothy, to become the lonesome little boy of Brates again, going off by himself to sulk. Starting right this minute to go away and sulk. And it wasn't fair. And it simply wasn't fair. And he could just stop this and think about her for a second!

"John Trent," said Dorothy, and she tried to keep her voice from being choky, "you come back here this very minute! I h-haven't the r-r-rem-motest intention of saying good-by, and you know it. Ever. D-do you hear me? Ever!"

"What?" said John.

"And if you think for one second I'm going to s-spend my life sitting around while you're b-b-beating people up and getting big blue b-b-bumps on your face and leaving me *f-f-flat* ——"

"Why, Dorothy!" said John. "You're crying!"

And it seemed to John, for just one wild and crashing second, that he was twelve feet tall, and should he pick a bunch of trees for her? And it seemed to John, for just one hushed and humble stained-glass moment, that all the world had been designed for this.

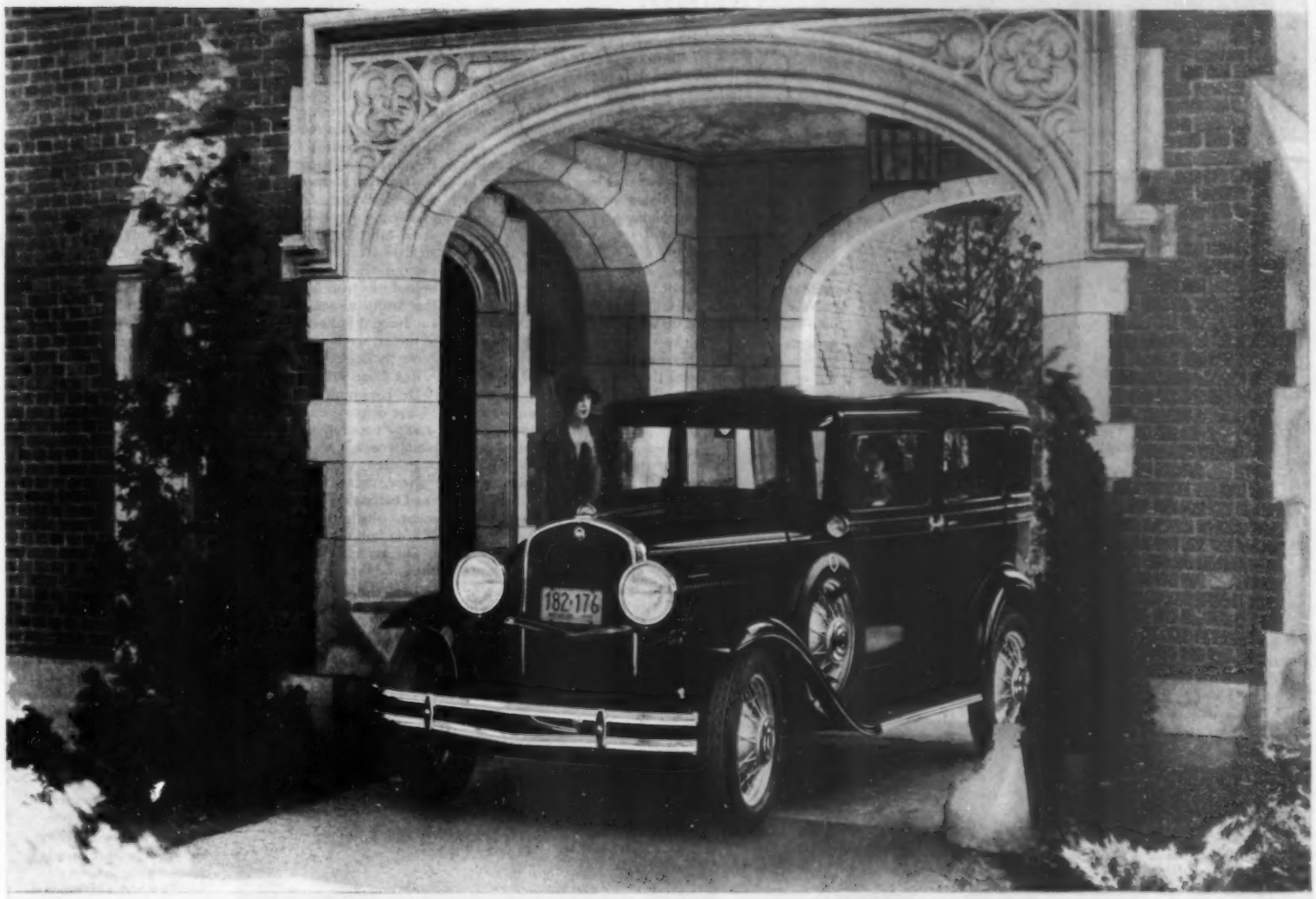
"Why, Dorothy," he said. "You're crying!"

"Of c-c-course I'm crying!" wailed Dorothy. "Of course I'm crying! And you won't even t-t-try to make me s-s-stop!"

But John would try, it seemed. Once he got around to it. And very successfully too. To the complete and breathless satisfaction of everyone concerned.

ee How Little More it Costs

. . then no lesser car can satisfy



Do you realize that the brilliant Essex Challenger actually costs little more than cars which are known chiefly for low price?

Get the actual costs—trade-in, financing and extras considered. You will be astonished at how little, if anything, more it costs for the outstanding advantages of the Essex Challenger.

Yet Essex is a big car, with big car comforts and advantages. You ride with ease and plenty of lounging room. You have the security of the biggest, finest car.

Its patented Super-Six principle gives the New Essex Challenger easy dominance over conventional Sixes. Look at the records. More than 5,000 New Essex Challengers set them. They represent local, national and world records in a great many cases. They show what any New Essex Challenger can do. No "Six" ever proved such all-around Performance, Reliability and Economy.

More important still, Essex keeps its newness for years. In this you will appreciate the Super-Six principle. Years of driving do not make this Essex old. The pep, economy and smartness are still there. And they are there to stay.

Everyone knows Sixes beat Fours. Every owner knows that a Super-Six as decisively beats the conventional Six.

The New ESSEX *Challenger*

Out of the House of Magic

By FLOYD GIBBONS

DR. E. F. W. ALEXANDERSON AND RADIO-ECHO ALTIMETER IN AIRPLANE.

FLOYD GIBBONS

HELLO everybody: Picking up this yarn just where we left it last week, I recall now that the first thing I had to get through my head was the character of this medium through which sound comes to us by radio.

Ordinarily, we call it air. But it isn't air and it isn't ether.

The best these wizards in Schenectady can do for a term to describe what I called the air, or the ether, is to call it "space."

Everything is full of "space." Now, this ocean of space is seldom, if ever, calm. It's as restless as life itself. These explorers in the House of Magic tell me that the heat and light we get from the sun, the X-rays our doctors use to "see" inside things, even radio—all these things are alike in one respect—they are all bumps, slashes, motions in space. They all travel thru space in the same way, and at the same incredible speed. Scientists call these motions "waves"—because, as near as I can make out, any disturbance that is repeated regularly and periodically is a wave to them.

Think of space as so much jelly. As a boy I spent a lot of time watching jelly vibrate.

Take a big mould of red jelly turned upside down on a large platter. Suppose I tap this end of the mould of jelly with a large spoon. The jelly jumps—jumps away from the spoon. It receives the slight force of the blow on one side and the top bounces over. The opposite end moves also, but you see, the whole mass moves right back again where it was when the spoon hit it. It was just a little wave of force traveling through that jelly from one end of it to the other—moving it—jiggling it—making it quiver like—well, you know, like a bowl full of jelly.

That's radio. That mould of red jelly is the ocean of space. The spoon that started that wave movement thru the jelly is the broadcasting station, and the movement that we saw transferred to the other end of the jelly was the arrival of that wave movement or impulse on the other side of space, right where our receiving set is located to pick it up. In that quivering movement, the jelly first moved forward and then it reversed itself and moved backward and it continued to alternate this movement, backward and forward, until the energy in the blow was used up.

© 1930—Floyd Gibbons

The tap of that spoon, and the resulting jelly disturbance, corresponds to what happened in "space" when a spark was produced in the old style transmitter. But back in 1906 Doc Alexanderson in the General Electric Laboratories brought out his high frequency alternator. What he did was to keep the spoon tapping—evenly, rapidly, and powerfully, so that the jelly was kept in continuous motion.

Well, sir, I understand it all right up to that point, but what I wanted to get at was how, on earth or in space, they could catch those waves—pick 'em right out of space at some receiving point, and here's what I found out.

Any aerial—preferably a wire but not necessarily so—will pick up those same waves, vibrations or oscillations—right out of the air.

Now this wire—aerial, antennae, or what have you—is all connected up with a lot of coils and other gadgets. When it picks some waves out of space, these waves cause a corresponding vibration or swaying or jiggling all along this aerial circuit. The only thing necessary to put that aerial in tune with the sending antennae is to properly adjust its period of vibrations.

There you have the whole shooting match about the great device which Dr. Alexanderson gave to the world through the General Electric Company way back in 1906, and which was applied immediately at that time to the operation of wireless.

The wireless was still in the dot and dash stage—still the code message, but next was to come the even greater gift by which the human voice was to replace the dots and dashes on the quivering jelly of universal space.

This gift—the vacuum or "talking bottle" opened up enormous possibilities for voice broadcasting—possibilities which were fully realized only when another wizard in General Electric's House of Magic—a lad named Irving Langmuir—got so intimate with the personal behavior of electrons that he discovered how to make the high powered broadcasting tubes that started long distance communication and brought the radio broadcasting business into existence.

Now I had a hard time learning how that was done. It's a long story, full of twenty-nine dollar words, and I've got to use one of them: electrons.

In 1888 Thomas Edison discovered a blue glow in a model incandescent lamp where no respectable glow should have been. Nobody knew why he found it until years later when a man by the name of Fleming, over in England, studied this glow, or the "Edison effect" as it was known, and found out that it was caused by electrons hopping off the filament. Fleming found a way to control these electrons, make them hop from the filament to an electrified plate, or go right back where they came from. He made the "bottle" or tube, the Fleming valve, which is the grandfather of the modern radio tube, and the first cousin to our Tungar rectifiers.

Then along came Dr. De Forest, and he put a third piece of metal in Fleming's valve. Fleming's bottle directed electron traffic, but De Forest's tube controlled that traffic as well as directing it. And shortly after incandescent lamps containing three "electrodes" (pieces of metal) were used to send out ether waves, and to receive the space vibrations at the other ends.

But these valves could only operate at low voltages.

Dr. Langmuir and his friends up there in the House of Magic discovered the reasons why the first radio tubes wouldn't operate under a high voltage and effected a cure which made it possible to make tubes thousands of times as efficient as the old ones.

Now, today, the minute you turn on your radio, you start boiling off electrons, boiling them off that little filament, which is heated just like the filament in your Mazda lamp is heated.

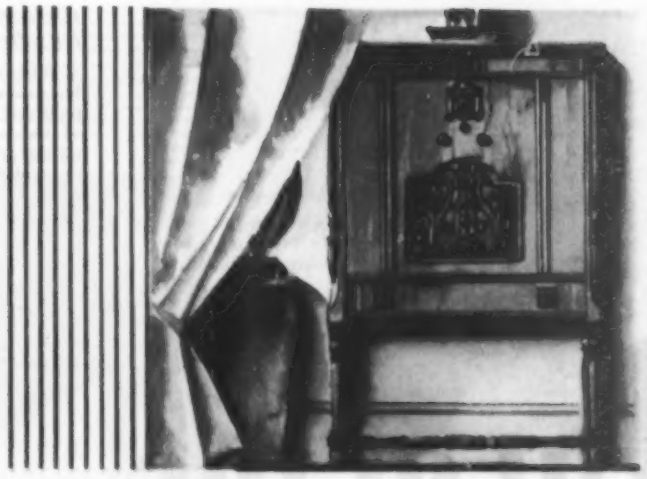
The object is to get as many electrons boiled off as possible and then to make these millions of little bullets obey the traffic laws—and such wizards as Langmuir, Coolidge, White, Dushman, Hull and a flock of other people in the House of Magic, ever since 1910, have been prying secrets from "emptiness," studying atoms and electrons, devising new and better ways of training these electron bullets so that when the microphone makes them dance in the broadcasting set, they will do that same dance in your receiving set.

CHESTER W. RICE AND E. W. KELLOGG WITH MODEL OF THE FIRST SO-CALLED HORNLESS LOUD SPEAKER.

But a broadcasting set isn't all tubes, not by a boxful. A radio tube makes a good starting point, but before this high speed electron traffic can be properly handled, for it to be reliable, we've got to have proper connections, proper circuits, a system of ramps, overhead crossings, stop-and-go lights, so there won't be any traffic jam, because that traffic moves fast.

And these wizards up there in the House of Magic not only have worked to perfect the best radio tubes, but have perfected the boulevards, crossroads, viaducts and all the other things necessary to control that electron traffic. After twenty years—that's a long while—comes a new radio set—a radio set which does what it is asked to do, one that will be as good tomorrow as today, a radio set which represents not a stage in radio development, but is in itself, a monument to twenty years of the most brilliant, painstaking, careful, scientific research that brains and money can produce.

If you are interested in this series by Floyd Gibbons they may be obtained in booklet form by sending your name and address to Section R-629, General Electric Company, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.



OUT OF THE HOUSE OF MAGIC

has come a new product on which GENERAL ELECTRIC proudly places

"the Initials of a Friend"

GENERAL ELECTRIC
FULL-RANGE RADIO

H-71—THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION

A cabinet of rare beauty. Its graceful lines are emphasized by the rich grain of the specially selected walnut. (Equipped with Tone Control.)

Out of the House of Magic has come GENERAL ELECTRIC FULL RANGE RADIO

The placing of the General Electric Monogram on this modern Radio, with its new standards of performance, marks the emergence of the radio industry from the old conditions into a new era—an era of stability and permanent service . . .

General Electric Full Range Radio is the answer from the House of Magic to the problem of modern broadcasting conditions.

Existing stations using greater power, and additional stations coming on the air have resulted in a radio traffic jam. The average set has neither the sensitivity nor the selectivity necessary to take full advantage of the available radio entertainment.

With General Electric Full Range Radio comes radio reception as General Electric Engineers know it should be.

These new standards of radio quality, the new pleasure that you will get from this Full Range Radio are the results of combining, for the first time, the ultra-selectivity of the super-heterodyne circuit with the extreme sensitivity of screen-grid tubes.

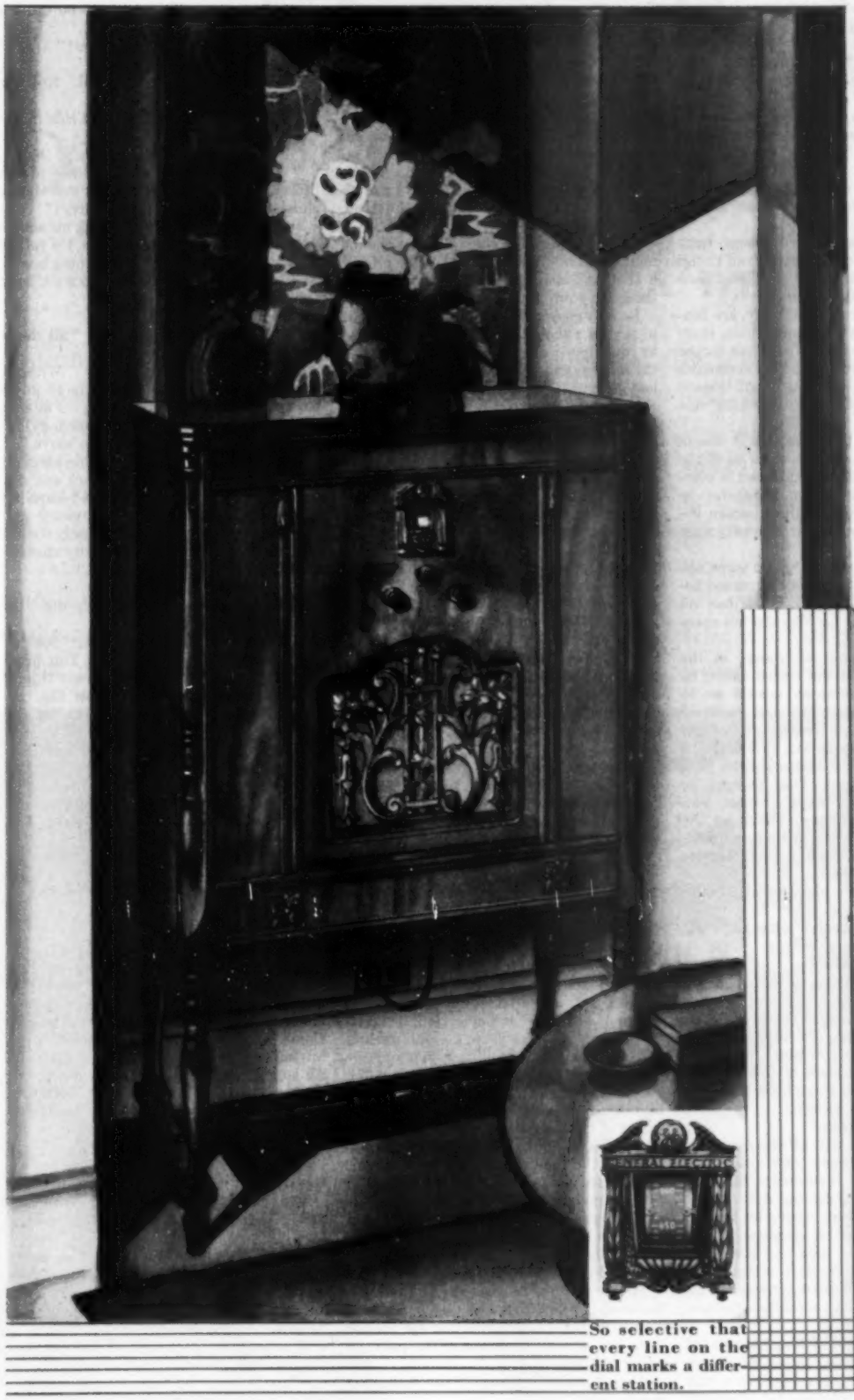
The Full Range Sensitivity of General Electric Radio brings in stations too distant or too low powered for the ordinary set.

The Full Range Selectivity of General Electric Radio abolishes overlapping. Every line on the dial coincides with a definite wave length—each one a separate station clear and distinct.

The Full Range Tone of General Electric Radio brings in lower and higher notes better than the average radio. Every note on the scale is tone-true. The rich beauty of General Electric Radio tone is free from distortion.

As in other products—now in Radio—the General Electric monogram assures the highest possible standards of performance. And—it is a definite guarantee of quality in the product.

Your General Electric Radio dealer has been selected because of his ability to serve you. Go to him and prove to your own satisfaction the superiority of General Electric Full Range Radio.



H-31—THE LOWBOY

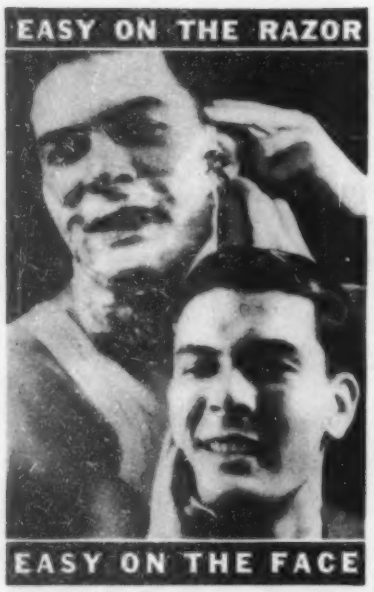
A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

H-51—THE HIGHBOY CABINET

A truly handsome piece. Dignified and distinctive. (Equipped with Tone Control.)

GENERAL ELECTRIC
FULL RANGE RADIO



The smooth and easy

double action

YOUR razor seems to run on ball bearings when it glides through the lather of Squibb's Shaving Cream. That's the first action of this modern double-action shaving cream. It shields your skin from the bite of the blade.

And the second action gives you an after-shaving comfort — more velvety — more lasting — than you've ever had before. For Squibb's restores the oils essential to the skin . . . leaves your face glowing with natural comfort.

Without its vital oils your skin becomes parched and smarting. With them it's smooth, soothed, and cool. Most shaving creams remove them. That's why you feel such a comfortable difference in Squibb's Shaving Cream.

• • •

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double-action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.

RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 5)

"What do you feel like?"

Le May smiled slowly, and when he smiled his whole face lit up as if at the sudden rising of a curtain. "I'll tell you," he said finally. "What I enjoy most is feeling like a human being."

The washed-out look in the old man's eyes vanished for an instant as he gazed intently into the illumined face of his young visitor.

"You're only a boy," he murmured, "but you've said something. How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"You don't look even that. What's your trouble? Can't you feel human all the time?"

"Not all the time. I live by taste—taste in books, pictures, old furniture and things like that. It's when I have to sell my taste that I slip out of the human."

"But trade, barter, even usury, are fundamental. You can't get away from them any more than the loveliest body can escape its necessities. Get the basic necessities over with, and stop thinking about them—that's the only satisfactory working rule of life."

A silence fell on the room, but it was in no way awkward. It was more as if the two men, old and young, possessed in common an inner courtesy to thoughts; as though thoughts, no less than human beings, have a right to walk around, take their ease, live and die.

There is a stage when the old grow abnormally curious, but Beale had passed beyond it into that period which has no question left to ask. Le May did not share his apathy.

On this midsummer afternoon, in the crepitating silence of the buried cabin, he was avid for answers—an answer as to why he could not buy this last patch of Yellow Mountain; an answer to the girl with the tumultuous voice; an answer to Beale himself, and the things around him; an answer to the piano. That, at least, he could get. He rose, went over to lean against it, and, as if by accident, set the fingers of one hand on a chord. Startlingly, the notes rang true, and he could not repress a gesture of surprise.

"How do you get a piano tuner to walk up here?" he asked.

"I'm the piano tuner," replied the old man. "I'm everything."

"Don't the girls help?"

Again Beale's eyes grew momentarily alight.

"What girls?" he asked sharply.

Le May recognized, too late, his error. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be impertinent, but I caught sight of them on the way up—one big and three little ones."

"What were they doing?"

"Picking blackberries."

"But the patch is well off the road."

"I know, but I heard their voices and went to investigate. It seemed so far away from everything to be hearing children."

The old man frowned, raising his head in an abrupt movement of dismissal. "Oh, yes, they help—they help the way your hand helps when you make it, never thinking for itself." He turned his eyes on Le May. "Since you didn't come for a picture, what do you want?"

Not for worlds would Le May have stated his true errand at that unpropitious moment. He smiled at the old man in a vain effort to regain lost ground, but promptly let his face sober.

"Do you mind letting me see some of your work?"

"Some of my recent work? I haven't a thing left of the first period."

"Recent of course," said Le May. "The more recent the better."

"It's a long time since I've done anything like this," said the artist, moving around fumblingly.

Le May took a step forward. "Let me help you."

"No, no," said Beale with an impatient gesture, "you stay where you are."

He first took down the sketch on which he had been working and set it on the floor, face to the wall; then he turned the easel to a good light and began selecting one picture after another from the scattered unframed canvases which encumbered the room. They were landscapes, for the most part, blurred in their outlines and uncertain in their composition. Le May studied each exhibit gravely, but did not stoop to comment. Three times he asked to have a picture set aside, and at the end studied them again.

"I'll take the next to the last if I can afford it," he said without great enthusiasm. "What's the price?"

"You don't really want it," said the old man, nodding his head sadly. "The price is a thousand dollars, but you can take the thing for your trouble in coming up here."

Le May gasped twice; once at the thought of paying a thousand dollars for something he could never dispose of in honesty for half the money, and once at the old man's careless generosity.

He said: "It's no use beating about the bush, Mr. Beale. I can't pay a thousand and I couldn't accept such a gift."

"You mean you'd lose if you paid a thousand, and if I gave it to you, you'd feel you couldn't sell it at all. But you do sell things; you told me so. If you took it away to sell, what do you think you could get for it?"

"On your name, if I waited until a special sort of person came along, I could get a thousand, but I wouldn't do it."

Again Beale nodded his head. "You're right; you're not a dealer. Suppose you do this: Suppose you take the picture and say to your customer, 'This is a genuine Clayton Beale, but it was done at the beginning of his senile period. What will you give me for it?' Would your honesty in taste permit you to do that?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't put it so brutally. I would content myself with the explanation that there are two periods."

"Do it for me," said the old man, "and take whatever's offered. I'm curious."

II

TOGETHER they wrapped the picture in a newspaper half a year old, and putting the package under his arm, Le May left the house. At the edge of the clearing he stopped to look back with the curiosity of one who knows the difficulties of living in so buried a locality. He discovered the corner of a lean-to barn, or wagon shed, and two sides of a chicken run. He turned and started down the mountainside. As he passed the locality of the blackberry patch he paused in his stride, listening for any telltale sound, but only became the more aware of the pulsating silence.

He walked on, and rounding the obtuse angle in the road, caught sight of his car, surrounded by four figures, statuesque in their immobility. Treading softly, he descended as rapidly as possible, but he need not have been so careful. The three children did not fly at his approach, nor did the grown girl.

Merely raising her head, she awaited him fearlessly. She started to say something about the car, but her eyes and her tongue were arrested by the sight of the package under his arm.

"You bought a picture!" she exclaimed wonderingly.

"No, I didn't buy it," said Le May with regret. "I'm only taking it away to sell."

"Oh."

"I'll sell it, though; I'm sure I will."

"Oh," she said again, and shrugged her shoulders. "This is your car, of course?"

"Yes, it's mine."

"How are you going to turn it around?"

"I can't; I'm going to drive it down the way it is."

"Backwards?"

"Yes."

Her eyes and her face brightened with a sudden illumination. "Let me go too."

"I wouldn't think of it," said Le May, opening the rumble to stow the picture carefully away. "It's going to be quite a tricky ride."

"But that's why I want to go!"

"And that's why you can't."

Her brows gathered. "I shall. Nothing can stop me."

"Don't be foolish. You can't ride in my car if I won't let you."

"I can. I'll jump on the step."

"Do it, Lorry!" cried the eldest of the little girls belligerently, and her two sisters chimed in, "Yes, you do it, Lorry!"

It was Le May's turn to shrug his shoulders. "All right," he said, "but I'd rather have you inside than on the running board. As I remember it, you'll have to walk back about three miles."

"Pooh, that's nothing!"

"Get in, then," he ordered. "Sit down and promise not to move."

"Sit down?" said Lorry. "Why, I wouldn't see a thing. I'm going to kneel like this." She knelt on the seat, her elbows on its back and her chin cupped in her hands. "Now, I promise not to move."

Le May tried standing with his hand on the steering wheel behind his back and one foot on the brake; then he tried kneeling with his left hand on the emergency and his right on the steering wheel, only to find that both positions were decidedly unsatisfactory. "Turn around, please."

"What for?" asked Lorry.

"I'm going to ask you to help me. Do you know what this is?"

She turned and sat in the seat. "No."

"It's the emergency brake. You press down on this top button with your thumb and pull it toward you to slow the car. When you want to go faster, you let the brake go forward. All I want you to do is to brake easy when I say 'Easy,' and hard when I say 'Hard.' Do you think you could remember that? It would help me a lot. Look." He released the brake, let the car run a few feet and brought it slowly to a halt.

"Yes," she said, "I could do that, but I'd rather face the other way."

"Do you know how to drive?"

"No."

"Not even how to steer?"

"I've never been in a car before."

"Never been ——" he began wonderingly, and checked himself. "Since you can't do the driving, you'll have to look after the brake whether you like it or not. Come on now; let's see you try it. The button on the top merely releases a ratchet. As long as you keep it pressed down, the brake will work forward and backward, but it locks whenever you let up your thumb. Can you remember that too?"

"I guess so."

"The first thing is to press down the button and let the brake go forward very slowly. When I say 'Easy,' pull it toward you a little; when I say 'Hard,' pull it hard."

They started amid the excited shouts of the children, Le May standing beside the driving wheel, his knee against Lorry's leg. "Easy," he ordered. She slowed the car. "Hard," he commanded. She stopped it with a jolt, throwing him off his balance. The children shrieked their delight.

"That's fine," he said, recovering himself. "I just wanted to make sure you understood."

They were off again, and presently he found he could give all his attention to keeping in the shallow ruts, dodging the worst of the rocks and taking advantage of the long glides which preceded the widely spaced thank-you-ma'ams. He could even glance down at the tense figure beside him and occasionally take a fleeting joy in the canopy of foliage which all but brushed his head. So rapid was their progress that he

(Continued on Page 68)

A good old friend DONS A GAY NEW DRESS

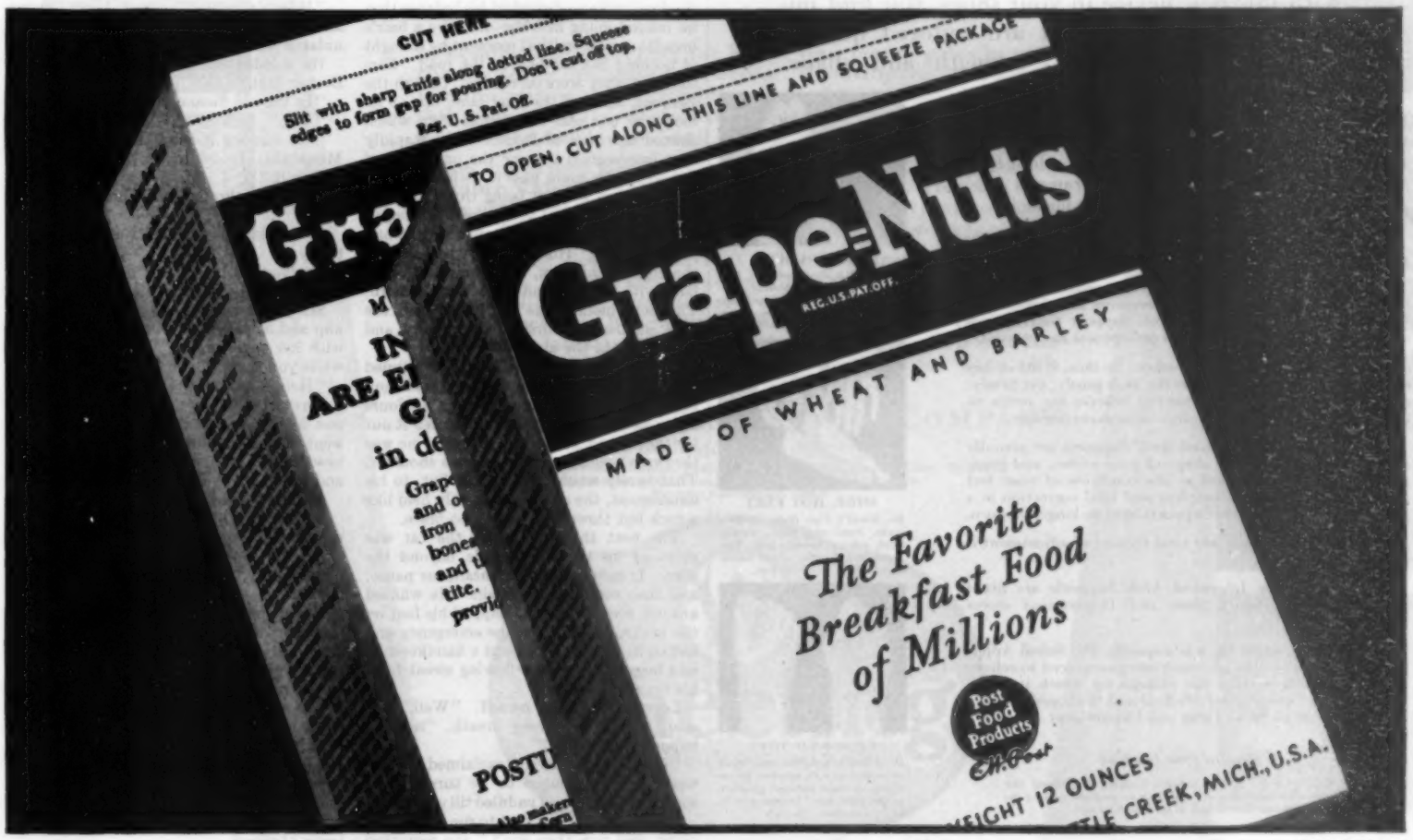
"THERE'S A REASON"

PROBABLY the millions of people who enjoy Grape-Nuts would like to know why the package has been changed . . .

Well, the chief reason is that we wanted to make the package brighter, gayer, more suggestive of the fresh deliciousness of Grape-Nuts.

So now Grape-Nuts comes to you in a colorful, sunny *new* package, a package which is as appealing to the eye as Grape-Nuts is to the appetite . . . A package that brings a suggestion of the crunchy crispness of Grape-Nuts—the nut-like goodness of the plump, meaty, golden-brown kernels—the teasing delicousness of an ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar.

Maybe your grocer hasn't received the new packages as yet. It takes time to distribute over the whole country, you know, and naturally the new package will reach some localities sooner than others. But whether you buy Grape-Nuts to-day in the old package or the new package—the food itself is the same delicious food, the same wholesome, energy-giving food that has been a national favorite for many years. And the new package has the same generous quantity as the old. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.


CUT HERE
Slit with sharp knife along dotted line. Squeeze edges to form gap for pouring. Don't cut off top.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
TO OPEN, CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND SQUEEZE PACKAGE
Grape-Nuts
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions
Post Food Products
NET WEIGHT 12 OUNCES
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POSTU

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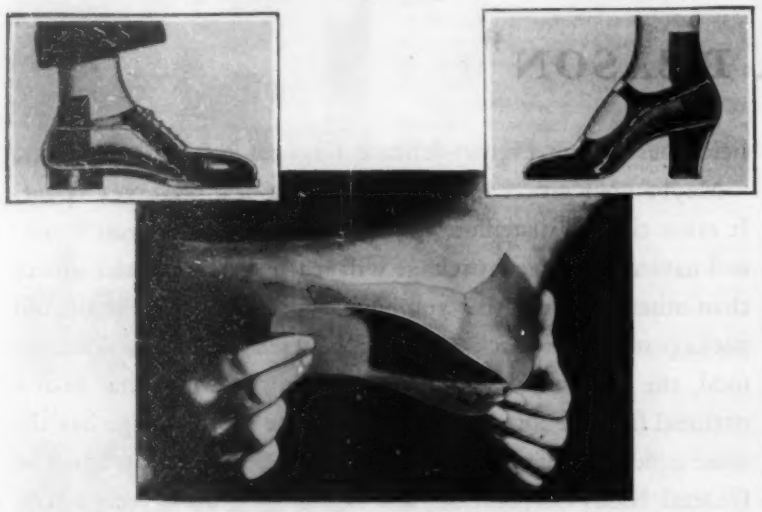
Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

Foot and Leg Pains?

Leading Medical Authorities agree—

that ninety per cent of all foot and leg pains are caused by weak or fallen arches and foot strain, impairing the health and efficiency of millions of people.



With this new device in your shoes, you find immediate relief. Your feet are restored quickly to their normal health, strength and shape.

SEVEN in ten persons suffer from weak or fallen arches and foot strain. Many children have these troubles. The symptoms are tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, cramped toes, painful callouses, swollen ankles, sore heels, etc.

It is caused by muscular and ligamentous strain and nerve pressure in the feet.

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, famous on two continents for his many scientific innovations in corrective foot appliances, has perfected a new type of Arch Support that relieves and corrects these conditions with promptness and certainty.

It differs radically from any other. So *thin*, it fits in any shoe like an *insole!* It supports the arch gently, yet firmly; removes all pressure on the nerves; relieves the strain on the muscles and ligaments; gives immediate comfort.

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports are actually *molded* to conform to the shape of your arches, and being adjustable, they are raised as the condition of your feet *improves*. This insures complete and final correction in a short time, after which the Supports need no longer be worn.

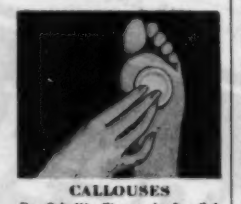
In arch support shoes this vital feature of adjustment is *absent*.

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports are fitted scientifically at leading Shoe and Department stores everywhere.

For all foot troubles there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy—40 in all—each one guaranteed to relieve and permanently correct the ailment for which it is designed. All are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision. Sold at all Shoe, Drug and Department stores.

Write for free booklet

Write for free copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, describing the symptoms of all foot ailments and their correction, care of the feet, etc. Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.



CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses stop pain instantly; remove shoe pressure. Thin, protective, soothing, healing, guaranteed safe and sure. 35c box.

SORE, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm soothes, cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Gives immediate relief. 35c—75c jars.

CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex straightens crooked toes with comfort by exerting an even outward pressure to the great toe. Insures gentle, safe correction. 75c each.

Dr Scholl's

Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

(Continued from Page 66)

was beginning to feel regret that the ride would soon be over, but suddenly the sixth sense of a motorist warned him something was wrong—as radically wrong, for instance, as a snapped brake. At the same instant he missed the touch of Lorry's leg against his knee.

"Hard!" he shouted. "Are you pulling back hard?"

"No," she said coolly, her voice close to his ear. "I'm not pulling at all. I decided to let her go."

"Are you crazy? Get hold of that brake!"

"Don't waste your breath," said Lorry, turning to face down the hill. "You'd better tend to the driving."

He was aware of her kneeling on the seat beside him, her arms extended and hands placed lightly on its back, her body swaying from side to side with the sway of the car. Her hair had come undone and was streaming back on the wind. She threw up her head and crashed into a song, absurdly familiar as to words, but set to a cascading tune never before heard:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men ——"

Though filled with rage at the girl, Le May could not stifle admiration for her nerve or fail to wonder at the untroubled vigor of her voice. But it was scarcely the time to give rein to his appreciation, for the car was gaining speed literally by leaps and bounds. What a fool he had been to trust her! Why couldn't he at least have put his gears in reverse? It was too late now, but he had his choice of three chances, all of them rotten. He could risk everything and grab for the emergency, or feel around behind him for the foot brake, or devote his entire attention to the difficult feat of steering.

A tentative, searching movement toward the foot brake so disturbed his balance that he missed going into the ditch by a hair's breadth, and from that moment he thought of nothing but holding to the road. Fortunately, they were on the last, though the steepest, slant of the long lane, but at its foot was the old Torrington Pike which skirted the base of Becker Hill. Rapidly that intersection became the one point of danger; if he could pass it without a collision and also without being thrown out by the bumps, all might yet be well. He began to pray, and wondered afterward if he had prayed aloud. Holding the wheel fast in the crook of his arm, he managed to reach back with his left hand and sound the horn. The next instant the car burst from the lane, struck the first shallow gully and bounded into the air.

He was ready for the leap and gripped the wheel desperately with both hands and his hip. When it came down on all fours again he just managed to straighten it out for the second gully, but this time he was thrown violently against Lorry's shoulder. That surely would be the end, but, to his amazement, the shoulder not only held like a rock but threw him back into place.

The next thing he knew, the car was shooting up the steep grade beyond the pike. It came to an instantaneous pause, and then started back again. He whirled around, seated himself, clapped his foot on the brake, hauled back the emergency and locked it. Then he took out a handkerchief and began to mop the flowing sweat from his brow.

Lorry also seated herself. "Well," she said, letting go a long breath, "nothing happened, after all!"

"Nothing happened!" exclaimed Le May weakly. "You ought to be turned over somebody's knee and paddled till you howl."

"Nobody ever did that to me while they could, and now they can't," she remarked confidently. She half closed her eyes in reminiscence. "There was a minute right at the start when we just missed the ditch."

He looked at her curiously and felt repaid—at least in part—for his recent ordeal. There was no air of bravado about her, no faintest taint of the show-off; on the contrary, she had the appearance of one who has fulfilled an actual need, like satisfying agonizing thirst or hunger after a long fast. If he had admired her nerve, he now made his bow to her simplicity, only to find himself in awe before an element easily sensed, though hard to define. She was lovely in a wild and tangled way—the kind of girl no man need fear to face but few would dare to touch.

"If you don't mind," he said finally, "I'd rather not talk about it. What's your name?"

"Lora Steele. What's yours?"

"Kenneth Le May. Lora's a funny name; I never heard it before. Don't you mean Laura?"

"No, I don't; I mean Lora. It stands for 'tawny' in Spanish, and I guess that's what they thought I was going to be, only I fooled them. Lora isn't any funnier than Kenneth; Kenneth sounds sort of sick to me."

"Does it? Well, people generally shorten it to Ken. Do you like that any better?"

"It's better, but not so good as Lorry. That's what people call me."

"Why isn't your last name Beale?"

She looked at him, open-eyed. "Because my mother was really and truly married and my father's name was Steele."

"Is old Mr. Beale your grandfather?"

"Yes."

"And the little girls—are they your sisters?"

"Half sisters. Their father was a man named Brown; he didn't amount to much."

"Where's your mother now?"

Unexpectedly her eyes filled with tears. "None of your business."

"I'm sorry," said Le May. "I hadn't any right to shoot such a lot of questions at you, but I was only trying to be friendly. You've got a long walk back; if you'll get out, I'll turn around and go home."

"Where's home?" asked Lorry, rising and stepping over the door before he could unlatch it.

He nodded his head backward. "On Becker Hill."

"In the old Sloane place?"

"Yes."

"We can see it from the top of Yellow Mountain. It shines white when the sun strikes it."

"Are you through with being angry at me?"

She nodded shortly. "I'm through for today."

He laughed in spite of himself. "Well, step off and let me make a turn."

She twisted her supple body away from him and back again. "Please," she begged with her eager smile, "let me stand here while you turn around."

"Hold fast then."

He started the motor, threw in his clutch and slowly released the brake. The car went down the bit of hill in low gear, headed into the road, backed into the lane and was faced toward Becker Hill.

"There you are."

She stepped off the running board reluctantly and stood perched on a rock to watch him go.

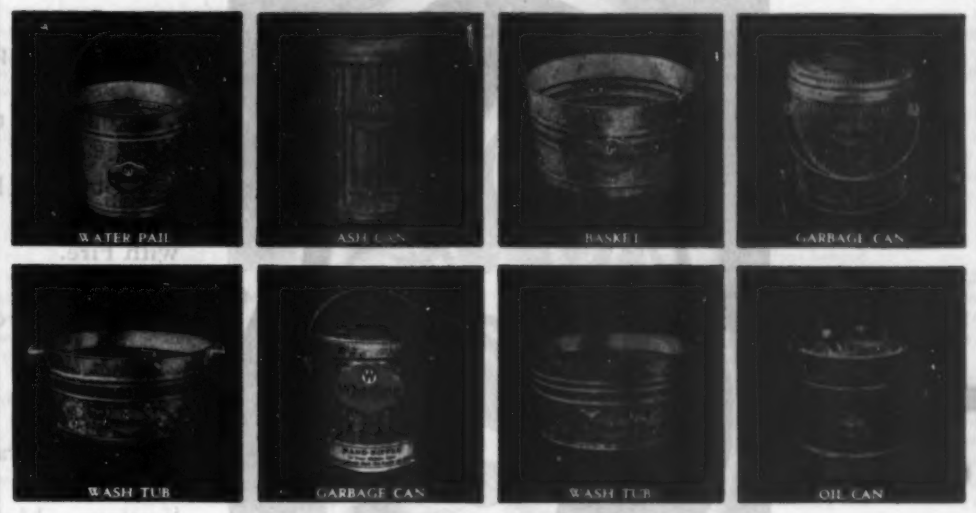
"Good-by," he called, but she did not answer.

He opened the throttle wide and the motor breasted Becker Hill with a roar. As it topped the first rise he looked back, to catch a glimpse of her figure, still standing on the rock, but with one hand upthrown. It was a gesture of salute, not to him, perhaps, but to the event of his coming. She remained impersonal—as impersonal as she had been under the bombardment of his personal questioning. He could no more imagine she was interested in him as an individual than he could conceive of her as being abashed.

In recompense, during the climb home, throughout his evening meal and late into the night, she persisted within his memory as a spectacle rather than as a girl run wild. He speculated as to her age. Why had

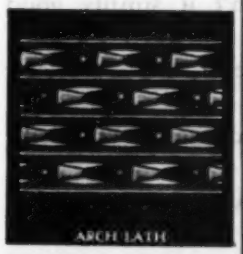
(Continued on Page 71)

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION



COP-R-LOY

COP-R-LOY is a refined steel to which, while molten, pure copper has been added. In its making, the essentials of strength and malleability are *combined* with greater durability—a quality of vital importance wherever there is a tendency of metals to deteriorate. It is a modern development of mild steel, with ability to withstand atmospheric conditions several times longer than steel without copper content.



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***Your* home deserves the best protection from fire and depreciation. So take special precautions that your builder uses roofing lath, gutter, spouting and other building products bearing this label. And be equally sure that metalware for the household—pails, buckets, tubs—is similarly identified. You will find this not only the wise, but the economical way to "Save with Steel."**

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY

Wheeling, West Virginia

***Branches:* New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis Richmond, Chattanooga, Minneapolis, Des Moines Detroit, Columbus, Ohio**

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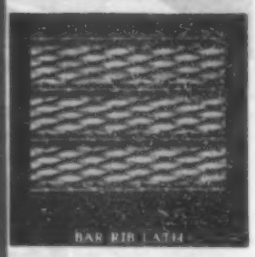
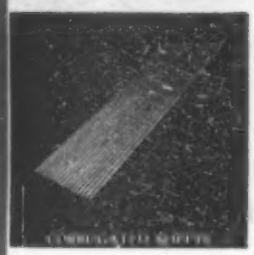
GUARANTEED

Hand Dipped

IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.





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(Continued from Page 68)

he not asked her, for she surely would have told him. Twenty, perhaps; certainly not much more. Twenty years old, handsome in her own way, with a voice whose tones still rang in his ears—and locked away on Yellow Mountain!

Weeks went by and he thought of her less and less, but when he did, he remembered her as one remembers the broad sweep of a sunset—in colors rather than in action.

In the end she would have faded completely from his recollection, had it not been for the chance visit of an antique dealer from Kingston. It was Bostick's custom to drop in periodically, but this was an extra call, occasioned by a special errand which had brought him to the vicinity.

"Got anything new?"

"Only what I showed you last time, Mr. Bostick."

"Dropped your prices any?"

"Not a cent."

"I'll look around again, anyway. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not; look around as much as you like."

They went into the house together. The two front rooms had been thrown into one, providing a large oblong space lighted by windows on three sides. So carefully was every object arranged with a view to its past or present utility that the whole place assumed a livable quality foreign to most storerooms of the antique. Bostick gazed around him with wide-open eyes and picked at his teeth ruminatingly with a broken match.

"I'd like to offer you a lump sum for every last thing you've got. Come on, now, name it."

Le May laughed at him. "What's the use? You might as well ask me how much I'd want to let you take a swipe at my neck with an ax."

"No, no; there's a price—there's always a price. I'll tell you your trouble—you haven't got the nerve to name it."

"Perhaps you're right. If I should say forty thousand, and you should take me up, it wouldn't do me a bit of good, because I'd fall over dead."

"Is that your figure?" persisted Bostick unsmilingly. "Forty thousand?"

"No!" shouted Le May. "Get behind me. You've got me so nervous I wouldn't sell you a single thing at any price."

Bostick laughed mirthlessly. "Don't worry," he said. "I wouldn't give you forty thousand if you threw in the house and farm." He started to walk around and came to a stop before Beale's picture. "Hello, I thought you said you hadn't picked up anything new?"

"Oh, well, that!"

The dealer took a loupe from his waistcoat pocket and leaned over to read the name. "Clayton Beale, eh? Is it real?"

"It's real, all right."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, except that it doesn't belong to his first period."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"A lot. You know it has."

"About three months ago," said Bostick thoughtfully, "I saw a Clayton Beale sell for twelve thousand."

"Easily," said Le May.

"Where did you pick this up?"

"I know," answered Le May cryptically.

"That means there are more like it?"

"Perhaps."

"You're a queer guy, Le May. If you had a chance to palm the thing off for ten thousand you wouldn't do it. That comes from having no wife and children. You're no dealer, and you'll never be one until you fall flat on an empty stomach. According to you, this thing's a blot on the purity of your home. How much do you want for it?"

"I don't know."

"It's for sale, isn't it?"

"Yes; it's for sale," said Le May, frowning.

"All right; let's get down to the ground floor. I'll give you five hundred in cash and take it away with me today."

Le May's frown deepened. "Bostick, you're honest in your own way, so I'll tell you what I'll do. It isn't worth a cent more than five hundred, and here's my proposition: If you'll give me your word of honor you won't make over 100 per cent on the resale, I'll let you have it."

Bostick pinched his lower lip nervously. "Have you figured what that would do to Clayton Beales in general?"

"It wouldn't affect his real stuff at all; on the other hand, it would establish a thousand as his new price."

"Could you get me any more at the same figure?"

"I'm not sure, but I'll try."

"In that case, I'll go you. The understanding is, if you can get them, you'll have three more as good as this the next time I come around."

The cash payment by Bostick burned in Le May's pocket, and he planned a trip to Yellow Mountain on the following morning to get rid of it. But he awoke, shivering, to leaden skies and a cold damp wind. Down had gone the thermometer and down went his spirits with it. The signs were unmistakable; a genuine New England northeaster was announcing itself, and it would infallibly blow and weep for three days and two nights.

One would have said offhand that he could make no better use of such weather than to spend a little time doing an errand, but he was as sensitive to impressions as a mimosa to shock. Having seen Lorry, with her sisters as attending nymphs, performing under a blazing sun, he shrank from revisiting the scene of their gambols under drenching rain; better hide the money and wait for a fine day. But no sooner had he come to that decision than a new thought occurred to him.

With sunlight there would be no telling where the children might be wandering, but on such a day as this they would certainly be caged in the house. He wondered why that should make any difference, but it did. Perhaps because in reality he was lonely; perhaps because they and Lorry were a show in themselves.

He put on a sweater and over it a slicker, buttoned tight around the throat; then he marched bareheaded to the barn and labored single-handed at putting up the top on the roadster. All the way down Becker Hill he tried to visualize the space in front of the Beale house. Could he turn the car there or couldn't he? The clearing was big enough, all right, and reasonably free of trees, but on these hills that was not enough; one had to think principally of those protuberances which were mere stones on the surface, but rocks beneath the level of the soil.

Wisdom advised him to park at the foot of the long lane and reconcile himself to walking three miles up and three miles down, but six miles in running water was a strong argument on the other side. Nevertheless, he did not yield to it. He left the car at the bottom of the hill, and an hour later, having studied the road carefully as he went, with a view to some future visit, he arrived before the slab house. Remembering his former experience, he knocked on the studio door and opened without waiting for an answer.

III

BEALE was at his easel, as before, but this time a figure was posed before him on an improvised model throne. It was Lorry, with shoulders and arms bare, a drapery tied tightly above her breasts. She turned no more than her eyes on the intruder, but it was different with Beale. He dropped brush and palette with a clatter and advanced:

"I don't like your manners, sir."

Le May stood with his back against the door, water dripping from his hair and running down the yellow slicker.

"My manners are all right," he replied testily. "How do you expect me to know that one day I'm to walk in and the next I'm not?" He drew a roll of bills from his trousers pocket and tossed it on a near-by chair. "There's five hundred for your picture, and if you'll kindly give me a receipt I'll get out."

"Sold it, eh?" said the old man without much interest. "I was wrong to criticize your manners," he continued mildly. "What are manners anyway?" He turned to his granddaughter, who still held her immobile pose. "Get Mr. Le May a towel to dry his hair, Lorry; and while you're out you might put on some clothes."

She stepped down from the throne and ran toward the open door leading into the other part of the house, but as she went she loosened the drapery and let it float behind her.

"Devil!" muttered Beale, shrugged his shoulders and motioned Le May toward the huge fireplace, where three or four logs were smoldering. "Drop your coat on the floor and come over where it's warm. Do these northeasters get into your bones the way they do into mine?"

"Not into my bones," said Le May, unbuttoning the slicker and letting it fall, "but they do into my blood. They press it down and down until finally something has to burst."

"What do you do then?"

"There's only one cure as far as I'm concerned: Get on a horse and give him his head through mud and water, up hill and down dale."

"Yes," said Beale, with a nod, "I can remember when that was a cure." He nodded toward the money. "Did you say five hundred?"

"Yes," replied Le May, and went on to give a detailed account of the deal. "Did I do right?" he concluded. "If I didn't, you needn't trust me with any more pictures."

"You're something unusual," said Beale. "You're a young man with a well-balanced head—better balanced than mine."

"So you're satisfied?"

"I'm exactly satisfied—so exactly that it makes me laugh. You've settled a problem for me and you can have some more pictures on the same basis whenever you like."

"I won't take them today, because it's so wet and I didn't dare bring my car all the way up. I wasn't sure I could turn here." He went to the front window and began to study the terrain in detail, estimating distances and the height as well as the slant of various scattered rocks. "I think I could just about do it."

Lorry came in. She had put on a linen frock and slipped her bare feet into a pair of shabby mules. She brought Le May a bath towel.

"It isn't absolutely fresh," she said, "but it's the cleanest we've got."

He took it, rubbed his head till his hair stood out in a curly mass, and then handed back the towel. "Thank you," he said smiling into her dark eyes. "It wasn't necessary, but I admit I feel a lot better."

"She's my granddaughter—Lora Steele," explained Beale.

"I know," said Le May promptly. "I've met her."

The old man cast him a questioning glance. "You didn't tell me you'd met her; you said you saw the children picking blackberries."

"You haven't known me long," replied Le May, "so I don't mind explaining I'm not a liar. I found her with her three sisters, standing around my car halfway down the mountain, and she rode with me to the bottom of the hill."

Beale turned to Lorry: "So you're the one I ought to pick on. When you do a thing like that, why don't you tell me?"

"I'm tired of telling you things I do," said Lorry evenly. "If you could only get your mind used to my doing anything that comes into my head, it would save you a lot of worry." She walked to the piano, sat down on the bench and raised her hands.

"Never mind practicing this morning," said her grandfather sharply. "You can go."

"I'm not going to practice," said Lorry; "I'm going to sing."

Her hands came down on a crashing opening chord, drowning out anything further the old man might have to say, and the next instant her voice was echoing around the room, seeming to beat at the walls in an effort to escape:

"In the harbor, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange trees,
And day long, night long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

"There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the soughing in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

"And o' nights there's fireflies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long, low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing."

She rose so abruptly that the bench tipped and fell to the floor with a crash. She faced the two men for an instant, tears streaming down her cheeks, and then rushed from the room, slamming the door behind her. Beale stared helplessly at Le May, his big hands hanging lax at his sides.

"What can you do?" he asked without hope of an answer.

"Do?" cried Le May. "With a voice like that, you ask me what you can do?"

"It wasn't you I asked, Mr. Le May; the question was addressed to God."

"But I'm going to answer it: You can give her a chance. You haven't any more right to keep that girl locked up on this mountain than you have to cage a wood duck."

Beale stared at him without anger. "You're a very young man, apparently honest and possibly in possession of other excellent traits, but I'm afraid you're cursed with a romantic eye. Chemically, the young lady under discussion is no different from several billion other female packages loosed upon bygone generations. Before we drop the subject I would like to state I'm not such a fool as to think she can be imprisoned on this mountain or anywhere else. In my opinion, she's as sure to flow to the wide world as a river to the sea."

"River to the sea," repeated Le May, his eyes alight. "Of course, it's none of my business ——" he began, and then broke off, turned away and started pacing up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. He was profoundly moved, but he realized that, should he continue, he would probably find himself banned from the establishment altogether. Without asking permission, he walked frankly over to the easel and stood before it. Immediately his thoughts were arrested and turned into another channel as he gazed upon the portrait in process of formation. Again his emotions were violently stirred, but he controlled them.

"Suppose we pick out three more pictures and wrap them up," he said quietly. "Then I can come for them whenever I have a chance."

"Go through all that mess again?" asked Beale wearily.

"You needn't bother at all. I'll take the two I was doubtful about the other day, and if you'll sit down and let me rummage around, I'll choose another."

"Help yourself; I'll have a smoke."

First Le May lifted down the unfinished sketch and set it carefully face to the wall; then he moved the fallen palette and brush out of the way and began his search for an additional picture. In the meantime Beale took a pipe from the mantel, packed it methodically with tobacco, and sat down to smoke, his eyes following the younger man curiously.

"Where are you from?" he asked when he had the pipe going.

(Continued on Page 74)

RADIOLA *Super-Heterodyne Model 80.*—Screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull power amplifier—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut cabinet—$142.50 less Radiotrons. Also ask to see and hear de luxe model and Radiola with electric phonograph.

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Hearing the new Radiola Super-Heterodyne for the first time, an eminent scientist excitedly exclaimed: "Audio-Poise! It has Audio-Poise! No question about it. Realized years sooner than we thought it could be accomplished."

Audio-Poise has been the goal of radio engineers since 1923, when RCA first found possibilities of it in the Super-Heterodyne circuit. The trained ear recognizes Audio-Poise just as it would recognize the difference between a great symphony orchestra and a village jazz band!

It's the "It" of radio . . . the element that makes music thrilling, that makes one instinctively like music. It removes from the reproduction of the speaker's voice that disembodied quality associated with mechanical reproduction and gives it convincing, vital reality.

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Over 700 inspections and tests are made on each RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne in the course of manufacture. These assure that materials, workmanship and performance meet the high standards of the new RCA Radiola.

RCA

SUPER-HETERODYNE

(Continued from Page 71)

"I've told you," replied Le May without looking around. "Becker Hill."

"No, no; I don't mean that. Where were you born?"

"In New York, but my Grandfather Sloane and his father were born on Becker Hill in the house I've got now. I bought it back two years ago."

"That's a big farm," commented Beale, "and mostly barren. What puzzles me is why you should want to buy this dump as well."

Le May turned quickly, startled into self-betrayal. "What made you think that?"

Beale laughed, and when he laughed one was agreeably surprised; expecting the bodiless cackle of the very old, it was pleasant to hear a resonant rumble. "I like you, boy. You're so refreshingly ingenuous, I predict you'll never grow old. You send an agent to buy me out, then you come to look over the place yourself, and finally you remove any pressure to your own advantage by starting a resale for my pictures to put me in funds. How much money have you got yourself?"

"Not very much. Only a couple of thousand, but I could raise more if I had to."

"There you go again, telling the whole truth. That's no way to drive a bargain."

"I'm afraid you're right, but I wasn't trying to drive a bargain."

"Why should you want this lost bit of nothing? That's a point that still puzzles me."

"Have you ever been on Becker Hill?"

"Ages ago; so long back I've forgotten all about it."

"It faces this way and its lands come to the bottom of the hill. I want the whole of Yellow Mountain."

"What on earth for?"

Le May faced him squarely. "To look at," he said, after a pause.

"Do you know how much I paid for my ten acres?"

"One hundred dollars."

"And you'd give me two thousand?"

Again Le May paused. "Is that an offer?"

"No."

"Then it's foolish for me to answer, but I will. I would give you two thousand, Mr. Beale. I'll go further than that; I'd be willing to pay a thousand just for your promise never to sell to anybody else."

"It's great to be able to want anything as much as that," said Beale, veiling his face with great puffs of smoke. "I'll give you the option for nothing. I'll put it in writing tonight and hand it to you the next time you come."

"Why, that's everything I want," exclaimed Le May; "it's more than I asked. It's giving me everything I want for nothing!"

"Not at all," said Beale gruffly. "Two thousand is a whopping price, and once I'm gone, the girls couldn't stay here anyway. The arrangement suits me even better than it does you." He threw up his head as shrill cries and a scream of pain broke in upon his words. "Lora!" he bellowed.

Lorry appeared in the doorway. "It's the children," she explained. "They say the practice hour is over."

"Let them out," commanded Beale.

A moment later the three little girls came streaming into the room, the youngest in the lead, her mouth wide open to a wail and tears splashing from her chubby cheeks.

"What's the matter, Molly?" asked Beale petulantly. "What are you crying about?"

She hurled herself into his arms and tried her best to tell him, but all that came forth was an unintelligible series of gulps and gurgles. He turned to the next eldest child.

"Now, Maddie, remember, you always tell the truth. What happened?"

"We told her to scream," replied Maddie, her words tumbling over one another, "but she didn't scream real enough, so we twisted her arm."

"You wanted to be let out, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"An excellent plan, since it worked. I congratulate you and Dora, but if you ever try the same thing a second time, I'll lock the two of you up all day and all night."

"We won't ever do it again," promised Dora in a soft, earnest voice. "We'll think of something else."

"Do you want to eat now?" asked Lorry of her grandfather.

"Eat?" exclaimed Beale, a puzzled look in his eyes. "What time is it?"

"Almost one o'clock."

"Oh," said the old man, "then it's lunch. Yes, we might as well eat."

Le May stooped to pick up his slicker. "I'll come back for the pictures the first fine day," he murmured, laying his hand on the latch of the front door.

"But you can't go now," said Beale, setting Molly gently on her feet. "You'll have to lunch with us."

"Oh, no; I couldn't do that."

"You can't do anything else without being absurd," declared the old man with finality. "Drop your raincoat and come along."

The ground floor of the house was divided in three; the studio took up half of it, and the other half was made up of the dormitory into which Le May had blundered on his first visit, and a large kitchen and dining room combined. It was into the latter room that they now paraded, Le May the reluctant head of the file, Beale next, then the three little girls, and finally Lorry. The table, piled with steaming food, was set for six. The three little girls sat in a row on one side, Lorry opposite them, her grandfather at the head of the table and Le May at its foot. Taken unawares, he was the only one who failed to bow his head while Molly said with astonishing rapidity: "For this food of which we are about to partake, O God, we give Thee thanks."

It was a strange room, and his curiosity was piqued to the highest degree, but so natural was the attitude of the family toward his presence that he felt under a subtle obligation to restrain his inquisitiveness. Everybody ate in a matter-of-fact way of the food, which was of good quality without making pretensions to excellence, and there was no talk save for the casual remarks which aid in the prompt dispatch of a meal. In due course, however, Le May managed to note one thing after another.

For instance, the room itself was an anomaly—neither kitchen, dining nor sitting room, and yet a little of each. There was a rug under the table, a rocking-chair beside one of the two windows and an inclosed staircase in the farther corner. Besides the door through which they had entered, there was another, now closed, which must lead into what he remembered as the dormitory. Again, though the crockery was of the coarsest, practically unbreakable, scattered among it were various pieces of old silver plate which would make any collector's mouth water. The cutlery also was of an exquisite design, marked with a worn monogram he could scarcely make out.

There was no service, for everything had been placed on the table, including three glasses of milk for the children and a huge pot of coffee for their elders. He was beginning to feel genuinely at ease and was on the point of addressing a remark to Lorry when a faint sound above his head arrested his fork for an instant in midair. Apparently nobody had noticed except himself, and changing his mind about speaking, he resumed eating. Fully five minutes elapsed before he caught the sound again, this time repeated. There was no doubt about it; somebody was moving around in the room above.

So ordinary an occurrence should not have troubled him. Considering the meagerness of his acquaintance with the household, there was no reason why he should feel surprise at the discovery that he had not met all its inmates, and yet he was troubled. The mere fact that nobody made any remark in reference to the sound or any attempt to cover it by conversation or otherwise seemed to add to its weight as an unexplained incident. He chided himself inwardly, remembering Beale's accusation that he was cursed with a romantic eye, but it was not in his nature to counter first impressions with cold reasoning.

He turned to Lorry, determined at least to break the silence. "You've got a magnificent voice, Miss Steele."

It was as though he had exploded a bomb. Lorry's dark eyes opened wide, and her mouth also, while the three children burst into high peals of laughter. Beale shrugged his shoulders but said nothing, his gaze fastened speculatively on the three youngsters as if he were balancing the value of reproof against the expenditure of effort. Le May, thoroughly embarrassed, flushed to his temples and dropped his eyes to his plate.

Lorry came to his aid. "It's because you called me Miss Steele," she explained.

"Miss Steele!" shrieked the children in unison.

"Oh, is that all?" said Le May, his face breaking into a sudden smile. "Well, I won't do it again; I'll call you Lorry if you don't mind."

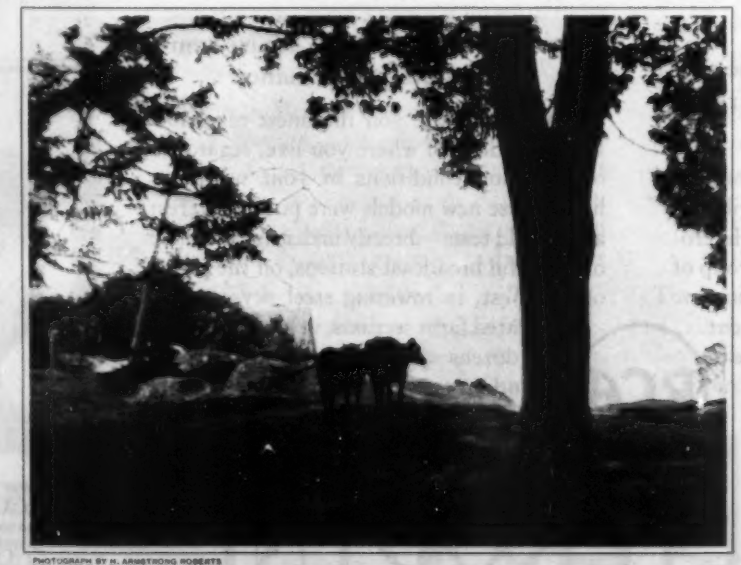
"Why should I? Everybody does."

"Then I'll begin again. You have a magnificent voice, Lorry."

"Is it so good?" she asked, turning her anxious eyes upon him. "I've never heard any others, so I don't know."

"It's so good ——" he began, only to be interrupted by Beale.

"Let's get into the other room," said the old man, rising and moving his chair back noisily.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A Scene Near Damariscotta, Maine

He motioned Le May through the door and, as soon as they had passed, closed it behind him. Le May expected some sort of reprimand, but to all appearances nothing was farther from Beale's mind—or was it?

"Did you find what you wanted in the way of another picture?" he asked casually.

"Yes," said Le May, going to a small canvas he had set aside. "I thought this would do."

Beale drew near to look at the picture and a sardonic gleam shone faintly in his faded eyes. "You've got a shrewd eye," he commented. "Either you have a flair for distinguishing brushwork or you can spot the age of paint. You didn't choose that for the subject; you were merely pushing back toward the boundary line."

"Perhaps," said Le May, "but I assure you it wasn't conscious."

"That makes it a little worse, doesn't it? But I'll be frank with you. I haven't any commercial illusions—I mean, I don't paint any more with a view to selling. I wish I could stop daubing, but I can't; the days would be too long."

Le May went quickly to the wall, faced around the unfinished portrait of Lorry, and stood away from it, his eyes fastened not on the sketch but on the old man. "Finish that," he said, "and I'll give you real money for it."

"Sell my own flesh and blood?"

"No, no," said Le May; "it has nothing at all to do with who she is. If I cared anything about that side of it I'd burn it up."

"Burn it up!" exclaimed Beale, his eyes narrowing. "What an extraordinary remark! Why?"

"You know why. It's a wicked picture because it's selective. Do you think I can't see what you're doing? You're dividing her, leaving out all the qualities you love her for and pressing hard on what's left. It's none of my business, but I would call it a refined form of cruelty."

Beale turned from him, went over to the fireplace and started to refill his pipe. "I can't be angry any more," he said quietly. "I've burned up the part of me that would have knocked you down."

"If I'm wrong," said Le May, "there are no words strong enough in which to make my apologies. I guess I'd better go."

"Wait a minute," said Beale. "You're right as to method and wrong on motive. Now you can go, but don't feel you won't be welcome some other day."

"Thank you, sir."

"Did you hold out your commission?"

"No, I didn't undertake the sale on a commission basis. I did it as a favor."

"No favors, thank you," said Beale decisively. "Take your 20 per cent; that's what they always rooked me for."

"Twenty per cent is too much," said Le May promptly. "I'll accept 10 if it will make you feel any better."

"I said 20," rumbled the old man in a tone which belied his denial of a capacity for anger.

Le May sorted out a hundred dollars reluctantly, said good-by and went out into the rain. To his surprise, he found faint wheel tracks in the sodden grass. Evidently they had come from the lean-to barn behind the house and meandered through the stones toward the head of the lane. He started off at a rapid walk and, as soon as he was screened by the trees, broke into a run.

Presently he was rewarded by catching sight of the nodding top of a dilapidated buggy which was proceeding down the terrible road at a fair pace. He wondered who was in it. If it was Lorry, why had she not offered to give him a lift? But perhaps it was not Lorry, and if that were so, it must be the person whose step he had heard above the kitchen. At that thought he slacked his speed, recoiling from the rôle of an intruder. The buggy gained on him slowly, and by the time he arrived at his car it had passed out of sight. He studied the crossroads and saw that it had turned toward the village.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Can you score 90 on this chart? If not...

it's time to make the thirty-day test!

Floyd W. Parsons scores 96 on the chart!

Floyd W. Parsons, nationally known writer of articles on popular science and business economics, graded himself on the chart – and scored 96! Mr. Parsons, despite long hours of literary work, keeps himself in the best of physical condition – and keeps his golf score in the 80's. Can you equal his high mark on the chart?

Follow the directions below and find your total score!

1. DISPOSITION *What would your family and friends mark you on this?*	
2. APPETITE *Do you enjoy your meals, or are they only a habit with you?*	
3. NERVES *Do trifling annoyances upset and worry you?*	
4. SLEEP *Do you fall asleep easily—and sleep soundly?*	
5. PEP *Does 4 P.M. find you buoyant—or tired and "let down"?*	
6. COMPLEXION *Is your skin clear and flawless?*	
7. DIGESTION *Is your digestive system in good working order?*	
8. ENDURANCE *Can you stand hard work and strain without resorting to stimulants?*	
9. MENTAL OUTLOOK *Do you think that life gives you a square deal?*	
10. RECREATION *Do you have a zest for play? Do you enjoy outdoor sports?*	
TOTAL SCORE	

Directions for filling out the chart: If your disposition is good, put down 10 in the column provided. If it is only fair, mark yourself 7 or 8, or whatever you consider your correct number. If your disposition is between *fair* and *poor*, grade yourself somewhere between 5 and 0. Using this method of scoring, fill out the remainder of the chart. The questions will help you to judge your disposition, appetite, nerves, etc. Set the figures down in the column, then total your score. If it is under 90, it's time to make the thirty-day test.

HERE'S a chart that will tell you plainly, the truth about yourself! Fill it out according to directions and add up your total score. If it's 90 or more, you can congratulate yourself. *But if your score is under 90, you should know these important facts...*

Lack of energy—unsteady nerves—sleeplessness—indigestion—poor appetite—any one of these things may indicate that you are in some way failing to observe the laws of health. The simple, natural laws that mean so much to health: *plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise—the right kind of food—and no artificial stimulants.*

It's easy for busy people to neglect these laws of health. Particularly the last one. Artificial stimulants, such as beverages containing caffein, may seem to help you, and give you extra energy. But in reality, caffein-containing drinks are, time and time again, the direct cause of lack of energy, nervousness, sleeplessness, and indigestion. Are they to blame in *your* case? Find out!

Make the thirty-day test!

Make this simple experiment! Give up beverages containing caffein, and drink Postum with your meals—for thirty days. Then at the end of that time, note the effects . . . and decide.

Postum, you see, contains no caffein. It is absolutely safe—and a mighty good drink in the bargain! Made from roasted whole wheat and bran, Postum has a rich, mellow, *distinctive* flavor. Try a cup plain—or add cream and watch the deep brown color change to gold. Either way, you're sure to like that delicious flavor. As thousands of other people have done before you, you'll lengthen your thirty-day test to *years!*

A free supply of Postum to start the test

In order that you may start the thirty-day test without expense, we will send you a week's supply of Postum, *free.* Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. Your grocer sells Postum, so you can order from him when you've used your free supply. You'll find that Postum costs less than most other meal-time drinks—*only one-half cent a cup.* © 1930 G. F. CORP.

Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation

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INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ Check which you prefer
(prepared instantly in the cup)

POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
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Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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THERE is one tire that is offered to you today on the basis of demonstrated superiority.

One tire has taken its case to the public . . . shown what it can do in open demonstration . . . proved itself under conditions that duplicate your own experience . . . prepared for you a yardstick of tire value that is 30,000 miles long and as wide as the continent itself.

That tire is the Goodrich Silvertown . . . that yardstick the findings of the Goodrich Silver Fleet.

The Silver Fleet traveled through 46 states. It sampled, in this nation-wide tour, every known road, weather and climatic condition. It moved at every speed, from the slow pace of city parades to speed-limit dashes on the open road. It tested Silvertowns exactly as you would test them on your own car . . . and wrote its record on the public highways where anyone who wishes may read.

The facts of the Goodrich Silver Fleet are given in condensed form in the panel on the opposite page.

Study these facts. Analyze them. Judge them for yourself. Compare them with your own experience.

Silvertowns have made their superiority a matter of public record. You can now judge the sort of performance Silvertowns can give to *any* car owner, including yourself.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich

32,000 DIFFERENT RUBBER ARTICLES, representing more than
Rubber Footwear • Drug Sundries • Soles • Heels • Hose

SUMMARY OF FACTS

The record of the Goodrich Silver Fleet in brief

•

Number of cars 15

Number of tires 62

Average car mileage . . . 30,112

Total tire miles . . . 1,866,944

Original tires in service at end of tour 32

Number of tires never off the rim 15

No. of blow-outs . . . . NONE

No. of tire failures . . . NONE

Have you listened to *"The Story of Uncle Abe and David,"* the daily radio feature sponsored by The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company? Broadcast every week-day evening over the Red network of the N. B. C.; your local paper will give you stations and time.

Silvertowns

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a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers
Belting • Packing • Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

THRIFT

(Continued from Page 17)

must have been about this time that he had the letter from his neighbor, telling that the cow had calved. I can see him now, reading the letter through to the last word, keeping all judgment and speculation and concern in abeyance until he had done, then sitting there—his pencil and paper useless in this case—weighing that delicate and unanticipated situation and its unpredictable ramifications of ownership, then deciding that circumstance would take care of it in good time.

"One day he waked up; the impulse, the need to, may have come like a germ in that letter. Not that he had ever soldiered, but now he began to show interest in the machines and in the operation of the controls, talking with the pilots, asking questions about flight, sifting and cataloguing the answers in his bunk at night. He became so—well, ubiquitous, tireless, made such an up-and-doing appearance when brass hats were about, that they made him a corporal. I suppose if I'd been there then I'd have believed that was his aim all along.

"But this time he had hitched to a star, in more than allegorical sense, it proved. It was in the middle of lunch one day when the alarm goes off. They rush out, officer and man, clutching napkins, in time to see a pup go down the aerodrome, the wings at a forty-five-degree angle, the tip practically dragging. It righted itself by putting the other wing down, and with the crash car wailing behind, it nosed up and shot perpendicularly for perhaps two hundred feet, hung for ten thousand years on the prop, flipped its tail up and vanished from view, still at that forty-five-degree angle.

"'What ——' the major says.

"'It's mine!' a subaltern shouts. 'It's my machine!'

"'Who ——' the major says. The crash car comes wailing back, and at about a hundred m.p.h. the pup comes into view again, upside down now. The pilot wears neither goggles nor helmet; in the fleeting glimpse they have of him, his face wears an expression of wary and stubborn concern. He goes on, half rolls into a skid that swaps him end for end. He is now headed straight for the crash car; driver jumps out and flees for nearest hangar, the pup in vicious pursuit. Just as the driver, clutching head in both arms, hurls himself into the hangar, the pup shoots skyward again, hangs again on the prop, then ducks from sight, disappearance followed immediately by dull crash.

"They removed Mac from its intricate remains, intact but unconscious. When he waked he was again under arrest."

II

"AND so," Ffollansbye said, "for the second time Mac had caused near apoplexy in high places. But this time he was not present. He was in detention camp, where he was calculating the amount of deficit which bade fair to be the first entry on the flying-pay page of his ledger. Meanwhile, at B. H. Q. and in London they considered his case, with its accumulated documents. At last they decided, as a matter of self-protection and to forestall him before he invented any more crimes for which K. R. & O. had no precedent, to let him have his way.

"They came and told him that he was for England and the school of aeronautics.

"'If A gang, wull they be char-rgin' thae leetle unfor-rtunate machine against me?'

"'No,' they said.

"'Verra weel,' he said. 'A'm ready noo.'

"He returned to England, setting foot on his native side of the Channel for the first time in more than two years, refusing leave to go home, as usual. Perhaps it was that matter of the calf's economic legitimacy; perhaps he had figured the most minimated minimum of unavoidable outlay for the trip—knowing, too, that, whatever he discovered, he could not remain long enough to solidify against what he might find when he got there. But perhaps not. Perhaps it was just MacWyrglinchbeath."

Seven months later, a sergeant pilot, he was trundling an obsolete and unwieldy Reconnaissance Experimental back and forth above the Somme while his officer observer spotted artillery fire from the blunt, bathtubish nose of it. Big, broad-winged, the heavy four-cylinder Beardmore engine thundering sedately behind and above MacWyrglinchbeath's head, a temptation and potential victim to anything with a gun on it that could move seventy miles an hour. But all the same, flying hours accumulated slowly in MacWyrglinchbeath's log book.

He and his officer carried on a long, intermittent conversation as they pottered about the ancient thing between flights. The officer was an artilleryman by instinct and a wireless enthusiast by inclination; between him and aviation was an antipathy which never flagged. MacWyrglinchbeath's passion for accumulating flying time was an enigma to him until, by patient probing, he learned of the neighbor and the mounting hoard of shillings.

"So you came to the war to make money?" he said.

"Aweel," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "A wou'na be wastin' ma time."

The officer repeated MacWyrglinchbeath's history to the mess. A day or two later another pilot—an officer—entered the hangar and found MacWyrglinchbeath head down in the nacelle of his machine.

"I say, sergeant," the officer said to the seat of MacWyrglinchbeath's breeks. MacWyrglinchbeath backed slowly into complete sight and turned over his shoulder a streaked face.

"Ay, sir-r."

"Come down a moment, will you?" MacWyrglinchbeath climbed down, carrying a wrench and a bit of foul waste. "Robinson tells me you're a sort of financier," the officer said.

MacWyrglinchbeath laid the wrench down and wiped his hands on the waste. "Aweel, A wou'na say just that."

"Now, sergeant, don't deny it. Mr. Robinson has told on you. . . . Have a cigarette?"

"A'll no' mind." MacWyrglinchbeath wiped his hands on his thighs and took the cigarette. "A smawk a pipe masel'." He accepted a light.

"I've a bit of business in your line," the officer said. "This day, each month, you're to give me one pound, and for every day I get back, I give you a shilling. What do you say?"

MacWyrglinchbeath smoked slowly, holding the cigarette as though it were a dynamite cap. "And thae days when ye'll no fly?"

"Just the same. I owe you a shilling."

MacWyrglinchbeath smoked slowly for a while. "Wull ye gang wi' me as ma obsair-rver-r?"

"Who'll take up my bus? No, no; if I flew with you, I'd not need underwriting. . . . What do you say?"

MacWyrglinchbeath mused, the cigarette in his soiled hand. "'Twill tak' thinkin'," he said at last. "A'll tell ye the mor-rn."

"Right. Take the night and think it out." The officer returned to the mess.

"I've got him! I've got him hooked."

"What's your idea?" the C. O. said. "Are you spending all this ingenuity for a pound which you can only win by losing?"

"I just want to watch the old Shylock lose flesh. I should give his money back, even if I won it."

"How?" the C. O. said. The officer looked at him, blinking slowly. "They have an exchange basis between here and Gehenna?" the C. O. said.

"Look here," Robinson said, "why don't you let Mac be? You don't know those people—those Highlanders. It takes fortitude just to live as they do, let alone coming away without protest to fight for a king whom they probably still consider a German peasant, and for a cause that, however it ends, he'll only lose. And the man who can spend three years in this mess and still look forward to a future with any sanity, strength to his arm, say I."

"Hear, hear!" someone cried.

"Oh, have a drink," the other said. "I shan't hurt your Scot."

The next morning MacWyrglinchbeath paid down the pound, slowly and carefully, but without reluctance. The officer accepted it as soberly.

"We'll start wi' today," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Righto," the officer said. "We'll start in a half hour."

Three days later, after a short conversation with Robinson, the C. O. called MacWyrglinchbeath's client aside.

"Look here. You must call that silly wager off. You're disrupting my whole squadron. Robinson says that if you're anywhere in sight, he can't even keep MacBeath in their sector long enough after the battery fires to see the bursts."

"It's not my fault, sir. I wasn't buying a watchdog. At least, I thought not. I was just pulling Mac's leg."

"Well, you look him out tomorrow and ask him to release you. We'll have Brigade about our ears at this rate."

The next morning the client talked to MacWyrglinchbeath. That afternoon Robinson talked to MacWyrglinchbeath. That evening, after dinner, the C. O. sent for him. But MacWyrglinchbeath was firm, polite and without heat, and like granite.

The C. O. drummed on the table for a while. "Very well, sergeant," he said at last. "But I order you to keep to your tour of duty. If you are reported off your patrol once more, I'll ground you. Carry on."

MacWyrglinchbeath saluted. "Verra gude, sir-r."

After that he kept to his tour. Back and forth, back and forth above the puny shell puffs, the gouts of slow smoke. From time to time he scanned the sky above and behind him, but always his eyes returned northward, where the other R. E. was a monotonous speck in the distance.

This was day after day, while Mr. Robinson, with his binocular, hung over the leading edge of the nacelle like a man in a bath who has dropped the soap overside. But every day the client returned, daily the shillings grew, until that day came when the shilling was profit, followed by another and another. Then the month was complete, and MacWyrglinchbeath paid down another pound. The profit was gone now, and his gaze was a little more soberly intent as he stared northward at brief intervals.

Mr. Robinson was leaning, down-peering, over the nacelle when the heavy engine behind him burst into thunderous crescendo and the earth pivoted one hundred and eighty degrees in a single swoop. He jerked himself up and looked behind, swinging his gun about. The sky was clear, yet they were moving at the R. E.'s sedate top speed. MacWyrglinchbeath was staring straight ahead and Robinson turned and saw, indicated by A-A bursts, the other R. E. plunging and darting like an ancient stiff-kneed horse. Shrapnel unfolded and bloomed above it, and at last he made out the Fokker clinging to the R. E.'s blind spot. He swung his gun forward and cleared the mechanism with a short burst.

The two R. E.'s approached at a quartering angle, the first zigzagging just above the clinging German, all three losing aititude. The first and last intimation the German had of the presence of the second R. E. was a burst from Robinson's gun. The German shot straight up, stalled, and burst into flames. Then MacWryglinchbeath, yawing violently to dodge the zooming German, saw Robinson fall forward over the edge of the nacelle, and at the same time a rake of tracer smoke along the fuselage beside him. He swerved; without pausing, the second German shot past and plumped full upon the tail of the first R. E., and again bullets ripped about MacWyrglinchbeath, coming from beneath now, where British infantry were firing at the German.

The three of them were not a hundred feet high when they flashed above the secondary lines and the tilted pink faces of the A-A battery. The German utterly disregarded MacWryglinchbeath. He hung upon the tail of the first R. E., which was still zigzagging in wild and sluggish yaws, and putting his nose down a little more and unfastening his belt, MacWryglinchbeath brought his machine directly above the German and a little behind him. Still the German seemed utterly unaware of his presence, and MacWyrglinchbeath put one leg over the nacelle and got from directly beneath the engine and pushed the stick forward. The German disappeared completely beneath the end of the nacelle and Robinson's dead body sprawled there; immediately afterward, MacWyrglinchbeath felt the prolonged shock. He cut the switch and climbed free of the nacelle, onto the bottom wing, where the engine wouldn't fall on him. "Sax shillin'," he said as the sudden earth swooped and tilted.

III

HE CLIMBED stiffly down from his Bristol and limped across the tarmac, toward his hut. His limp was pronounced now, a terrific crablike gait, for in the wet, chill October days his broken hips stiffened, even after fourteen months.

The flight was all in, the windows of the officers' mess glowed cheerily across the dusk; he limped on, thinking of tea, a drink, a cozy evening in his hut behind the locked door. That was against the young devils from the mess. Children they took now. The old pilots, mature men, were all dead or promoted to remote Wing offices, their places filled by infants not done with public school, without responsibility or any gift for silence. He went on and opened the door to his hut.

He stopped, the open door in his hand, then he closed it and entered the cubby-hole of a room. His batman had built the fire up in the miniature stove; the room was quite warm. He laid his helmet and goggles aside and slowly unfastened and removed his flying boots. Only then did he approach the cot and stand there, looking quietly at the object which had caught his eye when he entered. It was his walking-out tunic. It had been pressed, but that was not all. The Royal Flying Corps tabs and the chevrons had been ripped from shoulder and sleeve, and on each shoulder strap a subaltern's pip was fixed, and upon the breast, above the D. S. M. ribbon, were wings. Beside it his scarred belt lay, polished, with a new and shining shoulder strap buckled on. He was still looking soberly at them when the door burst open upon a thunderous inrush.

"Now, old glum-face!" a young voice cried. "He'll have to buy a drink now. Hey, fellows?"

They watched him from the mess windows as he crossed the aerodrome in the dusk.

"Wait, now," they told one another. "Wait till he's had time to dress."

Another voice rose: "Gad, wouldn't you like to see the old blighter's face when he opens the door?"

"Old blighter?" a flight commander sitting with a newspaper beneath the lamp said. "He's not old. I doubt if he's thirty."

"Good gad! Thirty! Gad, I'll not live to see thirty by ten years."

"Who cares? Who wants to live forever?"

"Stow it. Stow it."

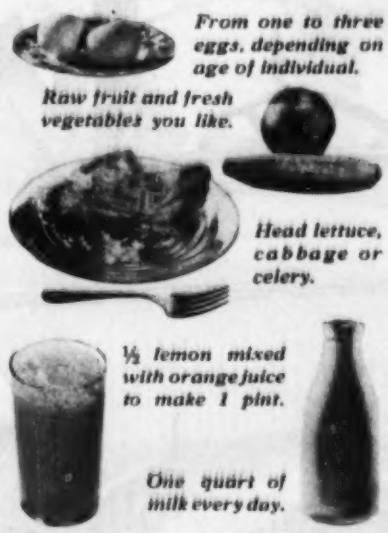
"*Ave, Cæsar! Morituri* ——"

"Stow it, stow it! Don't be a mawkish fool!" (Continued on Page 82)

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1 Follow the diet below


From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.
Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.
Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.
½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.
One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day

3 See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

Pepsodent

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

The world's VALVE-IN-HEAD

The 8 as BUICK BUILDS IT

THE NEWS that one of Buick's four series of Valve-in-Head Straight Eights lists as low as $1025 to $1095, has inspired instant decision to buy among thousands of motorists who have long aspired to Buick ownership.

Here is striking proof of Buick leadership in value-giving . . . a big, roomy Straight Eight providing performance, appearance and roadability far surpassing even its great predecessors . . . *and bearing the lowest price at which any Valve-in-Head Straight Eight motor car has ever been offered!*

A Buick Eight priced fully $200 lower than last year's six! A Buick Eight with all of the superb abilities of The Eight as Buick Builds It! Here is value that only Buick could achieve—plus quality that makes it actually expensive to buy lower priced cars.

This extra-value Eight is powered by the new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, shared by Buick's three other series, and designed to eclipse Buick's best previous records of power, swiftness, smoothness and flexibility.

It presents new Insulated Bodies by Fisher, handsomely styled in the favored

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$1025
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ALL VALVE-

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE

lowest priced

STRAIGHT EIGHT

from $1025

F. O. B.
FLINT, MICHIGAN

Buick manner; upholstered in either broadcloth or mohair; and skillfully insulated, like a fine home, against heat, cold and noise.

It has Buick's new Engine-Oil Temperature Regulator, assuring cooled oil even at 75 miles plus . . . new Air Intake Silencer effectually tuning out intake noises . . . new Ring-Type Torsional Balancer adding to the inherent smoothness of Buick design . . . as well as many other important advancements.*

And, best of all, this Eight is built unit by unit and part by part with true Buick thoroughness. It provides not only extra performance but also that extra ruggedness, reliability and long life which cause people to buy more than twice as many Buicks as any other car at or above Buick's price.

You have long wanted a Buick . . . now you can easily own The Eight as Buick Builds It . . . made in four series ranging from $1025 at factory, payable on extremely liberal G. M. A. C. terms. See the Buick Eight—*drive* it—and *know* its greater value!

ERIES
GHT $1535 TO $1565
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ALL PRICES F.O.B. FACTORY
IN-HEAD

* *Ask your Buick Dealer, or write direct to the factory, for an interesting booklet describing in detail the many new features of The Eight as Buick Builds It*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
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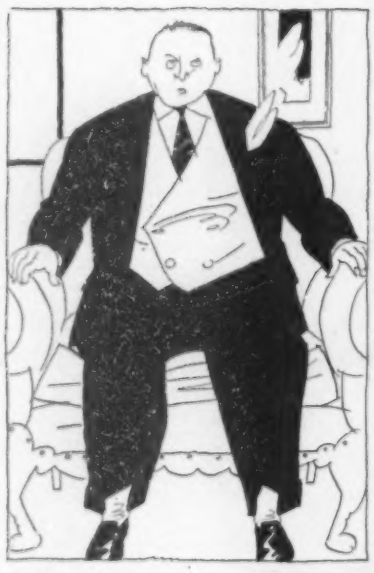
BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Too much dinner?

chew

for digestion!



IT'S only human to eat too much. So chew Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum, for your digestion!

Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is still the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer Beeman's fresh, keen flavor, its satiny smoothness, and its mellow quality.

You'll prefer it, too! Try it today!

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

(Continued from Page 78)

"Gad, yes! What ghastly taste!"

"Thirty! Good gad!"

"He looks about a hundred, with that jolly walnut face of his."

"Let him. He's a decent sort. Shame it wasn't done sooner for him."

"Yes. Been a D. S. O. and an M. C. twice over by now."

"Got quite a decent clink record too. Deserted once, you know."

"Go on!"

"'Struth. And first time he was ever off the ground he nipped off alone on a pup. No instruction; ack emma then. Sort of private solo."

"I say, do you know that yarn they tell about him about hoarding his pay against peace? Sends it all home. Done it for years."

"Well, why not?" the flight commander said. "If some of you young puppies would just——" They shouted him down. "Clear off, the lot of you!" the flight commander said above the din. "Why don't you go and fetch him up here?"

They charged from the room; the noise faded in the outer dusk. The three flight commanders sat down again, talking quietly among themselves.

"I'm glad too. Trouble is, they should have done it years ago. Ffollansbye recommended him once. Dare say some ass hipped on precedent quashed it."

"Too bad Ffollansbye couldn't have lived to see it done."

"What a putrid shame."

"Yes. But you'd not know it from Mac. Ffollansbye told him when he put him up. Old Mac never said anything at all; just went on about his business. And then, when Ffollansbye had to tell him it was no go, he just sort of grunted and thanked him, and carried on as though it had never come up."

"What a ruddy shame."

"Yes. Sort of makes you glad you belong to the same squadron with a chap like that. Does his bit and be damned to you." They sat in the cozy warmth, talking quietly of MacWyrglinchbeath. Feet rushed again beyond the door; it opened and two of the deputation stood in it with their young, baffled faces.

"Well?" someone said. "Where's the victim?"

But they were beckoning the senior flight commander, in whose flight MacWyrglinchbeath was.

"Come here, skipper," they said. The senior looked at them. He did not rise.

"What's row?"

But they were merely urgent and mysterious; not until the three of them were outside did they explain. "The old fool won't take it," they said in hushed tones. "Can you believe it? Can you?"

"We'll see," the flight commander said. Beyond MacWyrglinchbeath's door the sound of voices indistinguishable and expostulant came.

The flight commander entered and thrust among them as they stood about the cot. The tunic and belt lay untouched upon it; beside it MacWyrglinchbeath sat in the lone chair.

"Clear off, now," the flight commander said, herding them toward the door. "Off with you, the whole lot." He pushed the last one out and shut the door and returned and straddled his legs before the stove.

"What's all the hurrah, Mac?"

"Weel, skipper," MacWyrglinchbeath said slowly, "thae bairns mean weel, A doot not ——" He looked up. "Ye ha' disfeegur-red ma walkin-oot tunic, and thae bairns think A sud just dress up in a' thae leather-r and brass, and gang wi' they tae thae awf-ficer-rs' mess." He mused again upon the tunic.

"Right," the flight commander said. "Shame it wasn't done a year ago. Hop into it now, and come along. Dinner's about about."

But MacWyrglinchbeath did not stir. He put his hand out slowly and musingly, and touched the gallant sweep of the embroidered wings above the silken candy stripe.

"Thae bairns mean weel, A mak' nae doot," he said.

"Silly young pups. But we're all damned glad. You should have seen the major when it came through this morning. Like a child on Christmas Eve. The lads could hardly wait until they could sneak your tunic out."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "They mean well, A mak' nae doot. But 'twill tak' thinkin'." He sat, slowly and gently touching the wings with a blunt hand, pitted and grained with four years of grease. The flight commander watched quietly and with what he thought was comprehension. He moved.

"Right you are. Take the night and think it out. Better show up at breakfast, though, or those devils will be after you again."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "'Twill tak' thinkin'."

Dark was fully come. The flight commander strode savagely back to the mess, swearing. He opened the door, and, still cursing, he entered. The others faced him quickly.

"Is he coming?"

The flight commander cursed steadily—Wing, Brigade, Staff, the war, Parliament.

"Do you think he will? Would any of you yourselves, after they'd let you rot for four ruddy years, and then gave you a second lieutenancy as though it were a Garter? The man has pride, and he's damned well right."

After his dinner MacWyrglinchbeath went to the sergeant of the officers' mess and talked with him. Then he went to the squadron commander's orderly and talked with him. Then he returned and sat on his cot—he had yet the stub of candle, for light was furnished him now; but he was well into his second pencil—and calculated. He roughly computed the cost of a new uniform and accessories, with an allowance for laundry. Then he calculated a month's average battel bill, added the amounts and subtracted the total from a subaltern's pay. He compared the result with his present monthly net, sitting above the dead yet irrevocable assertion of the figures for a long time. Then he tied the ledger up in its bit of greasy cord and went to bed.

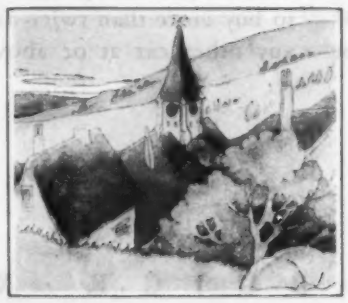
The next morning he sought the flight commander. "Thae bairns mean well, A mak' nae doot," he said, with just a trace of apology. "And the major-r. A'm gritfu' tae ye a'. But 'twina do, skipper. Ye ken that."

"Yes," the flight commander said. "I see. Yes." Again and aloud he cursed the whole fabric of the war. "Stupid fools, with their ruddy tabs and brass. No wonder they can't win a war in four years. You're right, Mac; 'course it's no go at this late day. And I'm sorry, old fellow." He wrung MacWyrglinchbeath's limp, calloused hand hard.

"A'm gritfu'," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "A'm obleeged."

That was in October, 1918.

By two o'clock there was not a mechanic on the place. On the tarmac the squadron commander's machine stood, the engine idling; in the cockpit the major sat. He was snoring. Up and down the aerodrome the senior flight commander and a wing commander and an artillery officer raced in the squadron's car, while a fourth man in an S. E. 5 played tag with them. He appeared to be trying to set his landing gear



down in the tonneau of the car; at each failure the occupants of the car howled, the artillery officer waving a bottle; each time the flight commander foiled him by maneuvering, they howled again and passed the bottle from mouth to mouth.

The mess was littered with overturned chairs and with bottles and other objects small enough to throw. Beneath the table lay two men to whom three hours of peace had been harder than that many years of fighting; above and upon and across them the unabated tumult raged. At last one climbed upon the table and stood swaying and shouting until he made himself heard:

"Look here! Where's old Mac?"

"Mac!" they howled. "Where's old Mac? Can't have a binge without old Mac!"

They rushed from the room. In his cockpit the major snored; the squadron car performed another last-minute skid as the S. E.'s propeller flicked the cap from the artillery officer's head. They rushed on to MacWyrglinchbeath's hut and crashed the door open. MacWyrglinchbeath was sitting on his cot, his ledger upon his knees and his pencil poised above it. He was taking stock.

With the hammer which he had concealed beneath the well coping four years ago he carefully drew the nails in the door and window frames and put them into his pocket and opened his house again. He put the hammer and the nails away in their box, and from another box he took his kilts and shook them out. The ancient folds were stiff, reluctant, and moths had been among them, and he clicked his tongue soberly.

Then he removed his tunic and breeks and putties, and donned the kilts. With the fagots he had stored there four years ago he kindled a meager fire on the hearth and cooked and ate his supper. Then he smoked his pipe, put the dottle carefully away, smothered the fire and went to bed.

The next morning he walked three miles down the glen to the neighbor's. The neighbor, from his tilted doorway, greeted him with sparse unsurprise:

"Weel, Wully. A thocht ye'd be comin' hame. A heer-rd thae war-r was done wi'."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said, and together they stood beside the angling fence of brush and rocks and looked at the shaggy, small horse and the two cows balanced, seemingly without effort, on the forty-five-degree slope of the barn lot.

"Ye'll be takin' away thae twa beasties," the neighbor said.

"Thae three beasties, ye mean," MacWyrglinchbeath said. They did not look at each other. They looked at the animals in the lot.

"Ye'll mind ye left but twa wi' me."

They looked at the three animals. "Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. Presently they turned away. They entered the cottage. The neighbor lifted a hearthstone and counted down MacWyrglinchbeath's remittances to the last ha'penny. The total agreed exactly with the ledger.

"A'm gritfu'," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Ye'll ha' ither spoil frae thae war-r, A doot not?" the neighbor said.

"Naw. 'Twas no that kind o' a war-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Ay," the neighbor said. "No Hieland Scots ha' ever won aught in English war-rs."

MacWyrglinchbeath returned home. The next day he walked to the market town, twelve miles away. Here he learned the current value of two-year-old cattle; he consulted a lawyer also. He was closeted with the lawyer for an hour. Then he returned home, and with pencil and paper and the inch-long butt of the candle he calculated slowly, proved his figures, and sat musing above the result. Then he snuffed the candle and went to bed.

The next morning he walked down the glen. The neighbor, in his tilted doorway, greeted him with sparse unsurprise:

"Weel, Wully. Ye ha' cam' for thae twa beasties?"

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

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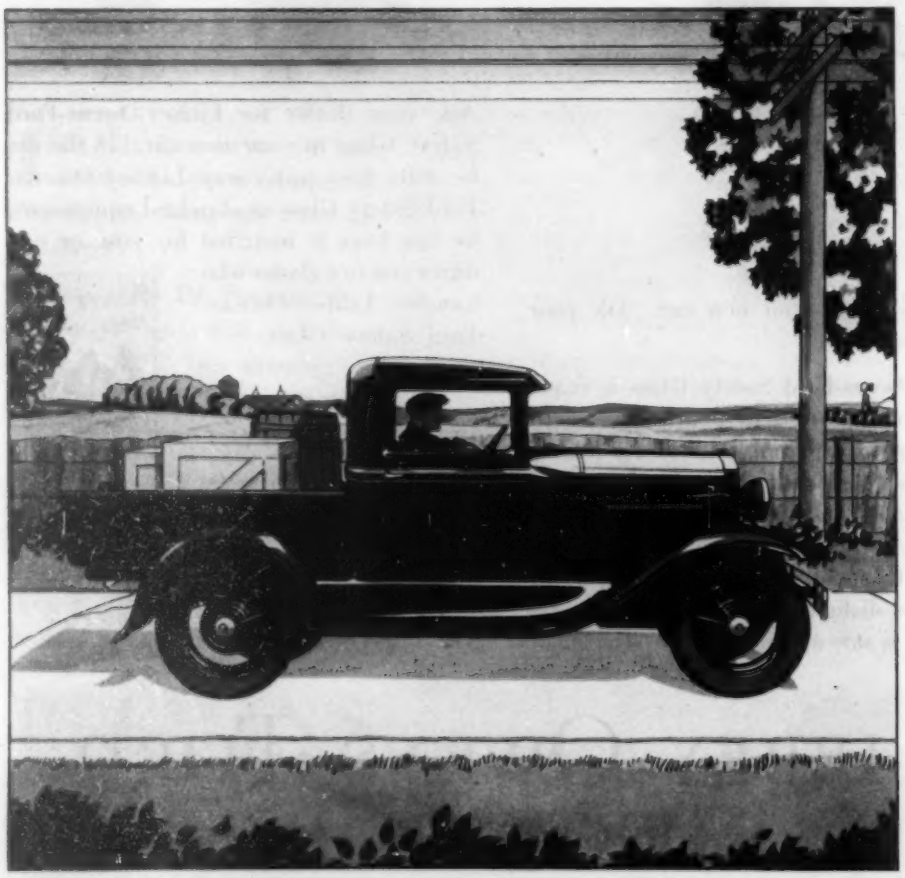
Experience of large fleet owners reveals the unusual reliability and economy of the new Ford

A SIGNIFICANT TRIBUTE to the value of the new Ford is found in its increasing use by Federal, state and city governments and by large industrial companies which keep careful day-by-day cost records. In most instances, the Ford has been chosen only after exhaustive tests of every factor that contributes to good performance—speed, power, safety, comfort, low cost of operation and up-keep, reliability and long life.

Prominent among the companies using the Ford are the American Can Company, Associated Companies of the Bell System, Armour and Company, The Borden Company, Continental Baking Corporation, Fairbanks, Morse & Company, Inc., Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, General Electric Company, General Foods Sales Company, Inc., Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, H. J. Heinz Company, Kellogg Company, Knickerbocker Ice Company, Morton Salt Company, Otis Elevator Company, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, The Procter & Gamble Company, Swift & Company, Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.



THE NEW FORD, WITH PICK-UP BODY AND CLOSED CAB

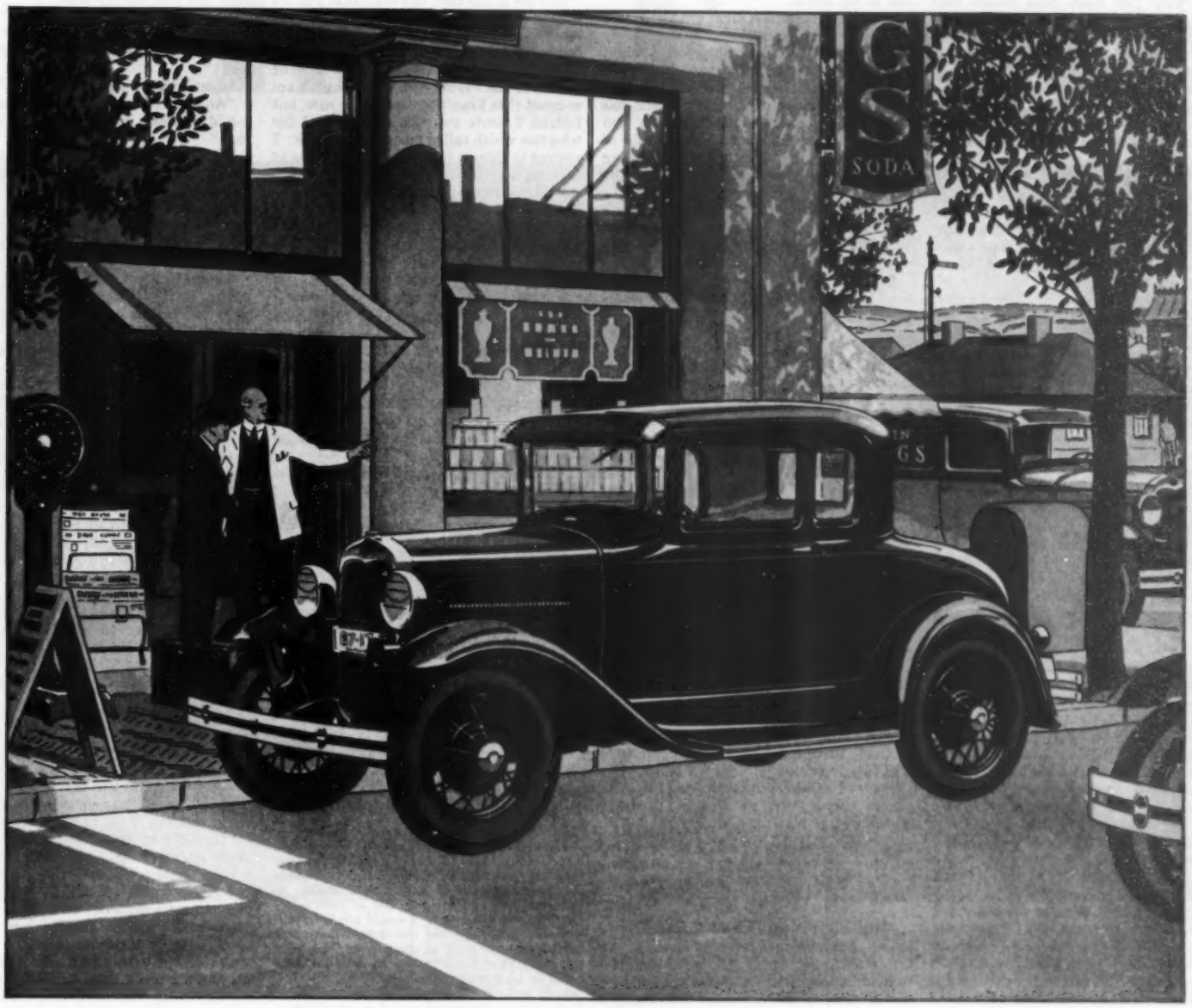
Each of these companies uses a large number of Ford cars and trucks, and one uses more than eight thousand.

Modern business moves at a fast pace and it needs the Ford. Daily, in countless ways and places, it helps to speed the production and delivery of the world's goods and extend the useful service of men and companies.

Constant, steady operation over many thousands of miles emphasizes the advantages of the sound design of the Ford car, its high quality of materials, and accuracy in manufacturing.

An example of the value built into the Ford is the use of more than twenty ball and roller bearings. They are hidden within the car and you may never see them. Yet

Many Businesses



THE NEW FORD COUPE

they play an important part in satisfactory, economical performance. Their function is similar to the jewels of a fine watch.

Throughout the Ford chassis, a ball or roller bearing is used wherever it is needed to reduce friction and wear and give smooth, reliable mechanical operation. At many points, as on the transmission counter shaft, clutch release, fan and pump shaft, and front drive shaft, these ball and roller bearings are used where less costly types of bearings might be considered adequate.

Additional instances of the high quality built into the Ford are the extensive use of steel forgings, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, Rustless Steel, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, aluminum pistons, chrome silicon alloy valves, torque-tube drive, three-quarter floating rear axle, and the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

The Ford policy has always been to use the best possible material for each part and then, through large production, provide it for the public at low cost.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

TECHNICAL STUFF

(Continued from Page 11)

accomplished, and you are so obviously suited to each other that you would be a complete fool if you tried to get rid of her."

"Exactly so," I agreed. "I am not trying to get rid of her. We'll get married again as soon as I come back from Usk. It will be merely a technical divorce, so I can get the papers necessary for this trip. If we hurry, we'll just have time before that freight train leaves. Let's go."

"I don't like this at all," said Mr. Krimsky. "Our divorce laws are liberal, and it is proper that they should be so. But they should not be used for trivial purposes."

"Well, it's not my fault," I said. "It's the fault of the government over here, which makes such trivial and frivolous laws about passports."

"I tell you I don't believe there are any laws such as this man pretends to quote."

"All right," I said. "It's the fault of the government for employing half-witted officials that know so many laws that aren't so. If these officials insist on acting foolish, I'll show them that I can act just as foolish myself. I'll beat them at their own game, and we'll make this trip in spite of all their technicalities. Let's go."

Mr. Krimsky was still rather doubtful, but he finally agreed and took me over to the marriage-and-divorce-registration bureau, where the man in charge made out the necessary papers with surprising promptness. As soon as I had signed the various copies and shelled out the necessary kopecks for the fee, we hurried back to the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, where our feeble-minded friend made out separate permissions of sojourn for Gadget and myself.

We then took a cab and rushed around to the Hotel Londonskaya. Gadget had not yet returned, so we left her certificate of divorce and her permission of sojourn with the proprietor. Fortunately, he spoke a little English. We told him to explain to her that this was a technical divorce, made necessary by the laws regarding passports and permits. We then tore down to the freight station and found that we were in plenty of time for the train. In fact, we have been here more than an hour, and I have been improving the time by writing this letter. Apparently, the train will move out in about five or ten minutes, so I will have time to mail it before we leave.

In conclusion, I may say that I really feel rather proud of myself. It takes an ingenious American like me to figure out clever ways of getting around governmental red tape. It is probably due to my ability along these lines that I get along so smoothly and so pleasantly everywhere I go. Every time I think of this divorce business, I have to chuckle inwardly. I can hardly wait to see Gadget again. She certainly will have a good laugh when she sees those papers.

With best wishes from your—technically speaking—bachelor salesman,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

USK, UKRAINIA, U. S. S. R.
Friday afternoon, June 8, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: It gives me great pleasure to report that we have held our demonstration, and all is well, except for one thing, which I will refer to later.

Our ride on the freight train was uneventful and reasonably comfortable. This morning, on our arrival in the village of Usk, we heard very good news to the effect that Comrade Ivan Tschukovsky was no longer eligible to act as tractor operator. I believe I have explained to you that this man had been elected at the village meeting to the job of tractor operator, and during our first demonstration had been so clumsy as to let the tractor roll over a cliff and smash itself to pieces. And I had determined, as I stated, to fire old Ivan the Terrible myself, even if I insulted the whole village by doing it. But, fortunately, this decision was taken out of my hands.

It appeared that last night Ivan had been caught selling *samogon* and was safely lodged in the Usk jail. *Samogon*, I might explain, is a very powerful variety of bootleg white mule. They don't have prohibition in this country, but the government has a monopoly on the liquor business and makes a lot of money out of the sale of vodka. They are, therefore, fairly severe with bootleggers who sell the homemade *samogon*, which apparently is produced in considerable quantities in small stills all over the country. And poor old Ivan the Terrible, much to my relief, had fallen foul of the law.

As none of the local boys had yet been designated to take Ivan's place as operator, I hooked onto the plow myself and spent the entire morning plowing the large field between the village and the Bug River. Everything went fine and the villagers seemed highly enthusiastic. In the afternoon we picked out three or four intelligent young men from among the inhabitants and gave them driving lessons. I was very careful to keep them away from the neighborhood of the bluff overlooking the river. I didn't want any more accidents. But this precaution was probably unnecessary, as all these young men were competent and learned very rapidly. These people here have had very little experience with machinery, but they have as much brains as anybody, and there is no doubt but what they can learn to operate tractors successfully.

Tonight there will be a village meeting, at which they will decide definitely whether or not they want to buy the tractor. I had intended to stay over until tomorrow at least, but I have been forced to change my plans on account of the difficulty which I mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

About the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Krimsky received a telegram from the proprietor of the Hotel Londonskaya in Odessa. This telegram was in Russian. Translated, it read as follows:

THE AMERICAN LADY IS MAKING US MUCH TROUBLE WE THINK SHE HAS GONE INSANE PLEASE COME AT ONCE AND ADVISE US WHAT TO DO WITH HER

Naturally, this wire has disturbed me very much. Apparently it refers to Gadget. As far as we know, she is the only American woman at the Hotel Londonskaya. I cannot imagine what has happened. Gadget has always been perfectly normal and well-balanced, and I can't think of anything that could have disturbed her or worried her in any way.

Probably, the proprietor has made some mistake. It may be some other woman. But I am taking no chances; I am leaving Mr. Krimsky in charge here, and I am hurrying back to Odessa on the afternoon train, which leaves in about half an hour.

I am really very much worried.

Yours, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL LONDONSKAYA,
ODESSA, U. S. S. R.
Friday Evening, June 8, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: I have been having a terrible time. I am practically out of my mind. I have engaged passage on an Italian steamer leaving here tomorrow noon for Triest, Italy, and I am shaking the black earth of Ukrainia from my feet for ever and ever. How I hate this place. I haven't heard whether or not the inhabitants of Usk have decided to buy the tractor. And what is more, I don't care. I don't care if I never sell another tractor.

In view of the fact, however, that you are paying my salary and expenses, it is only reasonable that I should let you know the causes of my sudden complete demoralization. I will, therefore, give you a brief sketch of the events of the evening. I am so upset that I can't remember for sure, but I think I wrote you this afternoon of the telegram which called me back from Usk. I arrived in Odessa this evening and came at once to the Hotel Londonskaya. I was starting up to the room to see Gadget, when the proprietor stopped me.

"She has given orders," he said, "that she will see no one."

"Who will see no one?" I asked.

"Madame Botts, your former wife."

"Former wife? What do you mean—former?"

"I thought you were divorced."

"Technically, yes; but actually, no. She is just as much my wife as she ever was, and I'm going up to see her."

"But she left word she would not see you."

"I don't care if she did. I am going up anyway."

"But it will do no good. She has locked the door and will open it to no one."

"All right," I said. "I seem to remember that there is an ax hanging up in the hall beside the fire extinguisher. I will break open the door."

"I beg of you, Comrade Botts, to control yourself. Look, here is a letter which she wrote and which she commanded me to give you in case you came."

"Give me that letter."

I opened it. I read it. As I never discuss my private affairs with business associates, I will not quote this letter in full. However, as I said before, I feel it is my duty to tender you an explanation as to why I have so completely lost interest in the tractor business. And for this reason I will give you a few pertinent paragraphs which will show you what a mess I am in. The letter read, in part, as follows:

I had always supposed that you were a gentleman and a man of honor. I never would have married you in the first place if I had supposed you were capable of anything so mean, so underhanded, so low-down and so completely and ineffably execrable. I would not believe it now, except for the fact that I have seen your name as you wrote it on the papers. It is your signature, all right. I know it so well that there could be no mistake about that.

Very well. If you are so fickle and vacillating that you have wearied of me; if you have found some younger and more attractive hussy among these immoral Russians, or elsewhere; if you have become completely corrupted by your association with these conscienceless Bolsheviks and have sunk so low that you are willing to employ their wicked and shameless divorce laws—I am not the one to stand in your way. From now on, I am as completely through with you as you are with me. I will not seek to hold you back. In fact, I will even go so far as to wish you success; may you have as much happiness as is possible in your new and shabby existence. I want you to understand, however, that if you should ever come to your senses—as, doubtless, you will—and desire to come back to me, I will never for an instant have anything to do with you.

I am leaving tomorrow for Triest, Italy, on the Italian boat, Santa Maria, which sails from the south side of the Platonovski Mole. From Triest, I am going straight back to my home in California, where I am appreciated and where I will take up the old free life which I so inadvisedly abandoned at the time of our marriage. Good-by forever.

After reading this letter two or three times, I came to the conclusion that Gadget was actually a bit sore at me on account of this divorce business. And I will admit that I was in something of a quandary as to just what I ought to do about it. I glared about the hotel lobby and noticed that the proprietor and a number of the bellhops and porters were eying me somewhat apprehensively.

"Come here, you!" I said. "I want to talk to you!" The proprietor stepped up. "I'll bet you are the guy," I continued, "that got me in wrong around here. Just what did you tell my wife?"

"You mean your former wife?"

"Shut up! Don't feed me any more of that 'former' stuff. What did you tell my wife?"

"Just what you told me to, sir."

"And exactly what was it that you think I told you and that you passed along to her?"

"I gave her the papers," he said, "and told her that you had left them. She wanted to know what they were, so I translated them for her, and explained that you had decided to leave her, so you had got a divorce and arranged to go out of town on the evening train."

"Is that all you told her?"

"As far as I remember, it was. What more could I have said? The case, as I understood it, was simple. You wished to leave your wife, so you got the divorce and left."

"You poor sap!" I said. "You blithering, slobbering idiot! I told you to tell her that the divorce was only technical, and that I would marry her again when I got back from this short trip. Don't you remember that I told you that? Didn't you understand that this divorce was only for convenience in traveling?"

"No, I didn't understand any such thing. And I don't understand it yet. It does not make sense. Why should you divorce your wife if you had already decided to get married to her again in a day or two?"

"Shut up," I said. "I have no time to explain all this complicated business to you. Besides, it is too late now, and you couldn't understand it anyway. You are too dumb. What did my wife do after you gave her the papers?"

"She did plenty. She told me that I was a liar and a slanderer, and then she lost control of herself completely. She seems to be a very high-spirited woman."

"Just what did she do?"

"Well," said the proprietor, "she slapped me in the face."

"Served you right," I said. "And what happened after that?"

"She called me a liar several times more, and said she didn't believe it was true that you had got a divorce. So I got hold of an Englishman who is staying here at the hotel. He understands Russian and he went over the papers with her. Then, when she had examined your signature on them, she was finally convinced that I was telling the truth. She seemed to be much displeased. I would suggest that the next time you get a divorce from anybody, you break the news a little more gently. One should always be courteous and considerate in matters of this kind."

"Thank you," I said. "I don't want any wise-cracking advice from you or anybody else. You say she was displeased?"

"More than displeased. Perhaps 'enraged' would convey the meaning better. She picked up a chair and threw it completely across the room. You can see how it smashed the window over there, which we have not yet had time to repair. Then she went up to her room and locked herself in."

"That was last night?"

"Yes."

"And she hasn't been out since?"

"Oh, yes. She went out this morning, and when she came back, she told me that she had engaged passage on the boat and that she would be leaving tomorrow. And before she went up to her room, she told me that she was going to keep her door locked, and that she didn't wish to see anyone. She has had her meals sent up to the room."

(Continued on Page 90)

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Wasteful—As illustrated by the inverted candle, fuel fed from above makes a smoky flame and poor combustion. This is what occurs when fuel is thrown on top of the fire as in hand firing.

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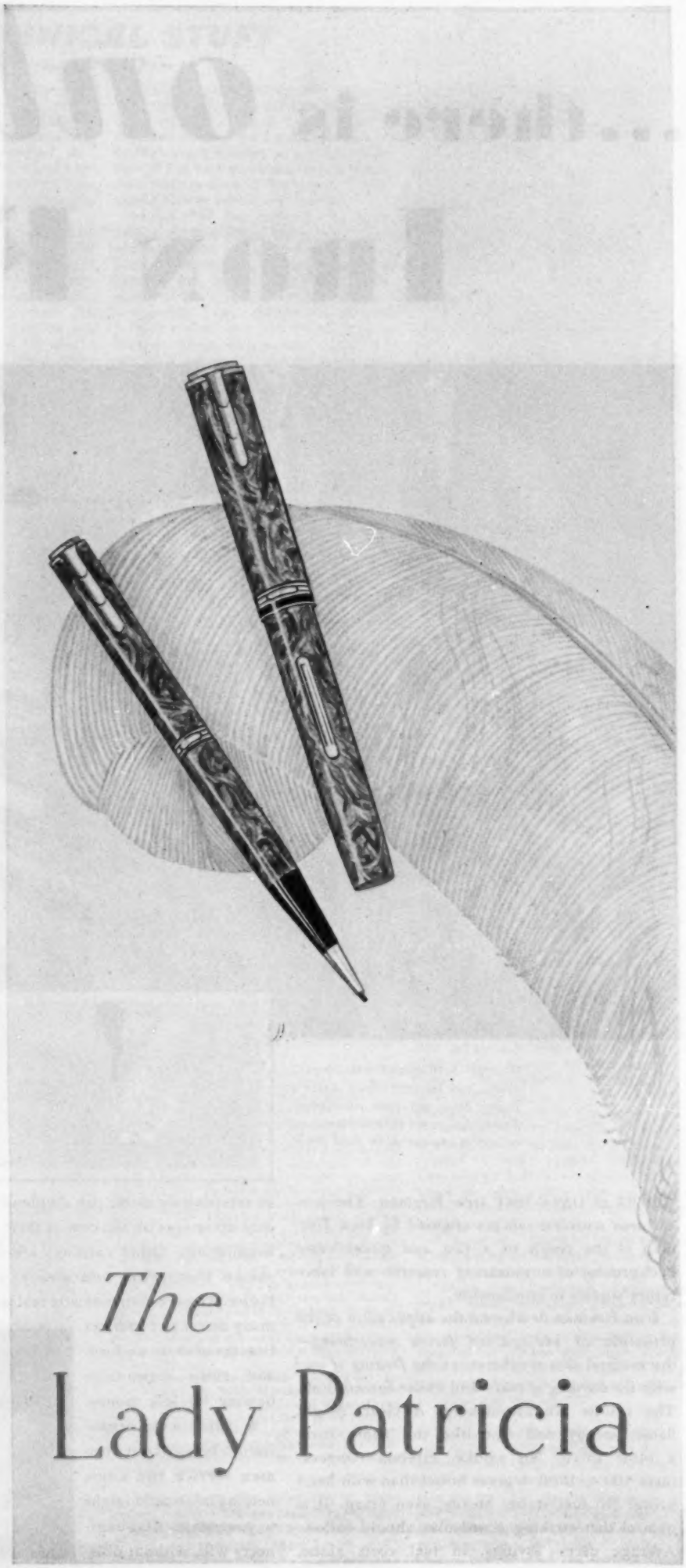
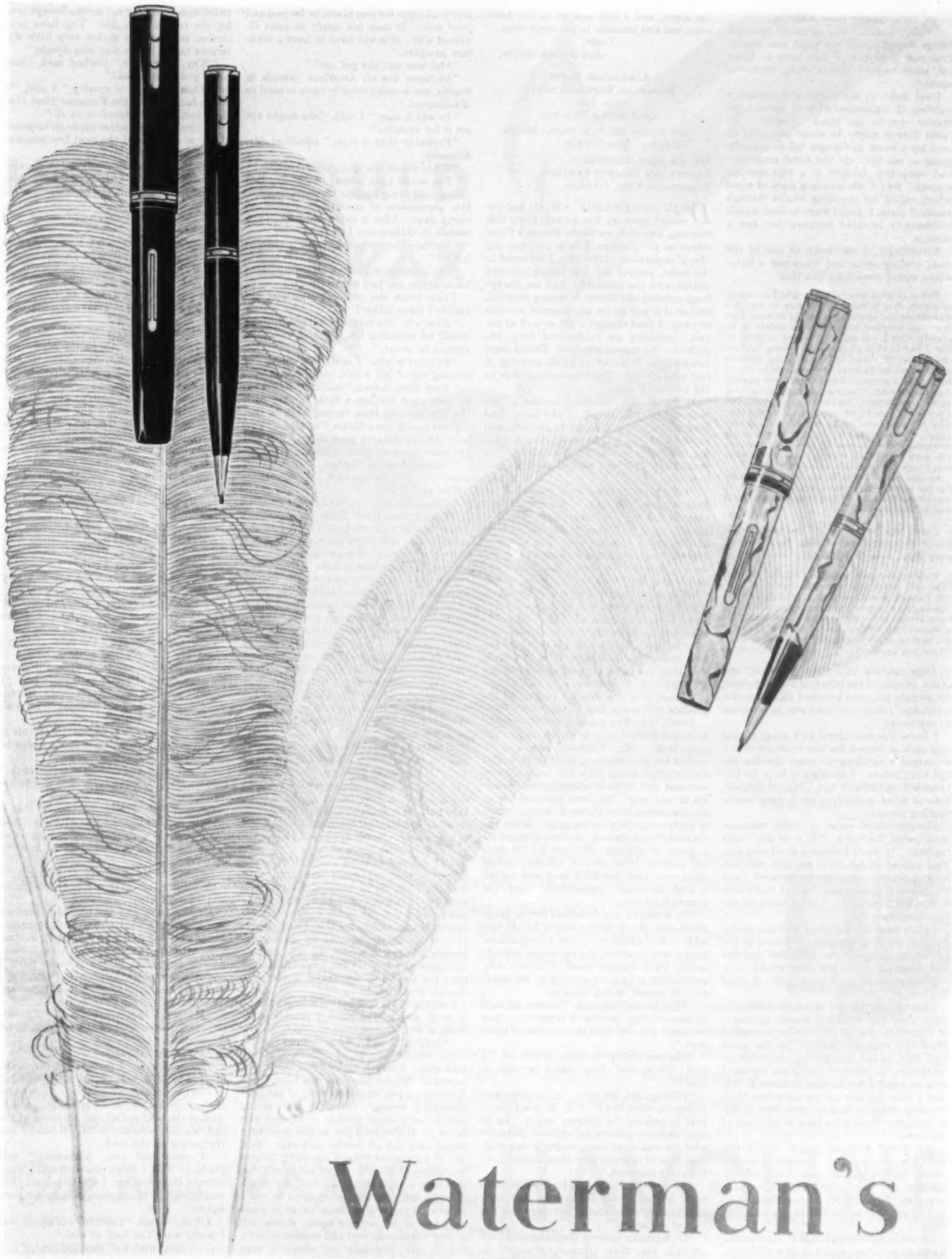




Waterman's

(Continued from Page 86)

"Well," I said, "you certainly have got things balled up for me good and plenty. And now I suppose I will have to figure out some way of straightening them out again."

I sat down in the lobby and smoked a number of cigarettes while I turned the matter over in my mind. Finally I decided that it might be wiser and safer to send up a letter to Gadget before actually going to see her. As the hotel proprietor had remarked, Gadget is a high-spirited woman. And if she was in a state of mind which called for throwing chairs through panes of glass, I didn't want to find myself accidentally situated between her and a window.

Accordingly, I sat down at one of the hotel writing desks and composed a letter which ended something like this:

This is all a terrible mistake. And I am ready to admit that it was entirely due to my own clumsiness and stupidity in failing to make sure that you received accurate information as to exactly what I was doing. You see, in going to Usk I had to take all our papers along to show the police. If I had left you behind without papers, you would have been clapped in jail. I had to have papers. You had to have papers. And they wouldn't issue separate papers as long as we were married. So I got a purely technical divorce. It doesn't mean anything, except that now we will have to be technically married again. So everything is all right. I am waiting downstairs. I will come up as soon as you give the word. And then we can both have a good laugh together over this whole business.

In conclusion, I wish to apologize once more for the stupid way I have handled things. It was all my fault, and I beg your forgiveness in a most abject spirit.

I sent my letter up by the porter. In about ten minutes he came back with a very short note from Gadget:

Your explanation sounds awful fishy to me. Who ever heard of a technical divorce? I admit I am surprised that you have changed your mind again so soon. But it is too late now. You have given me the air once, and you won't get a chance to humiliate me by doing it again. I am leaving on the boat tomorrow. I never want to see you again. GADGET.

After reading this note, I rushed upstairs, in spite of the efforts of the proprietor to restrain me, and knocked and pounded on Gadget's door, but there was no response to my knock.

I knew she was there, so I made a long and earnest appeal for her to let me in. I explained everything in much greater detail than before. I apologized fully for the trouble I had caused and I begged forgiveness in what seemed to me a very heart-rending manner.

Finally, there came a chilly response from inside the room. "It is no use," said Gadget. "I don't believe a word you say. You wanted to get rid of me, and you did. And now that you have changed your mind, I won't have you. And I don't care to discuss the matter. I am leaving on the boat tomorrow."

I then renewed my pleas and my apologies, but all to no purpose. I looked at the fire ax hanging on the wall, but decided that breaking down the door would only aggravate the situation. Finally, I went downstairs.

After pacing up and down the lobby for some time and smoking several packages of cigarettes, I went over to the steamship office and engaged passage on the same boat that Gadget was taking. It occurs to me that in the course of a long sea voyage I may be able to get Gadget to listen to me. And I may be able to convince her that, although my actions may have been peculiar, my intentions have been at all times of the best.

But I will have to admit that I feel very low in my mind. Gadget is such a strong-minded woman that it is perfectly possible she may actually refuse to have anything to do with me from now on. And in this case my whole future life would be ruined.

I have spent the last half of the evening writing this letter, and it is now midnight. I have engaged a single room for myself for the night, and I will now go to my lonesome bed and attempt to get some sleep.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
ON BOARD THE S. S. SANTA MARIA.
Saturday, June 9, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Much has occurred since my last letter. Early this morning I went down to the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs and got my visa of departure. After this, I returned to the hotel, packed my few belongings and settled with the landlord. As I am always large-minded and liberal in money matters, and as this will go on my expense account anyway, I paid Gadget's bill as well as my own—including six rubles and forty kopecks for the busted window. Then I went down to the Platonovski Mole, arriving at half past eleven. The steamer was due to sail at twelve noon.

At 11:35 Mr. Krimsky suddenly appeared. He had called at the hotel, had been told that I was about to embark, and he had hurried down to see why I was leaving Russia so suddenly. I explained the situation to him and he was most sympathetic.

"Permit me to wish you good luck on your voyage," he said. "We would have enjoyed having you here longer, but you have done so well that I am sure we can now carry on without you. The Usk Cooperative Association has voted to buy the tractor, and the Ukrainian Association has authorized me to order five more of the same type of sixty-horse-power machines. Here is a draft of the Ustorg Corporation—our American agents—on New York, covering payment in full for the tractor we have bought. And here is the order for the five additional machines. You will note that they are to be shipped at once at the same price, C. I. F. Odessa."

"Thank you very much," I said. "I appreciate this more than I can tell you."

About this time Gadget arrived on the dock and walked past us on her way to the gangplank. Mr. Krimsky and I both wished her good morning most politely, but she strutted along with her nose slightly elevated and without returning our greeting in any way. We both followed her as she proceeded down the dock, with a couple of porters carrying her baggage. When she reached the gangplank, she was stopped by a group of officials. We saw her produce her papers. One of the officials looked them over, then shook his head and started a long harangue. Apparently, there was something wrong.

Mr. Krimsky and I walked to the gangplank and Mr. Krimsky asked the officials what it was all about. After a long and intricate conversation, he explained matters to me, while Gadget stood off at one side, pretending to pay no attention, but actually, of course, taking it all in.

"Mrs. Botts," he said, "cannot embark because she has no visa of departure. And she can't get one because she has no passport."

"She has that permission of sojourn," I said. "Why can't they stamp her visa on that?"

"It is against the rules. A foreigner who wishes to leave the U. S. S. R. must prove that he entered the country legally. To do this, he must present his national passport with the visa of entrance properly executed. The visa of departure is then stamped on the same passport."

"All right," I said. "Here is my passport, made out for both of us and duly stamped with the visa of entrance and the visa of departure."

Mr. Krimsky showed the passport to the officials, but they refused to accept it. "They say," explained Mr. Krimsky, "that this is all right for you alone, or for you and your wife. It does not apply to your divorced wife. She will have to have a separate passport."

"And how can she get one?"

"As there are no American consuls in Russia, she would probably have to send to Washington."

"In which case," I said, "she might not get it for months."

"Probably that is true," admitted Mr. Krimsky.

"What would she do in the meantime?"

"She would have to stay in Odessa. But that would bring up another complication. Her permission of sojourn is limited to thirty days. After it expired she could not remain in Odessa any longer."

"So then they would have to let her go home?"

"Oh, no. She would not be permitted to leave unless she had her passport."

"You mean she couldn't stay and she couldn't leave either?"

"That's it. No matter what she did, she would be violating the law and would be subject to arrest."

"In other words," I said, "her chances of staying out of jail would be very slim."

"Very slim, indeed," said Mr. Krimsky. He discussed matters a little further with the officials and then turned back to me. "There is only one solution," he said. "You will have to remarry your wife. Then you can both leave on your original passport."

I looked over at Gadget. "You heard what the gentleman said," I remarked. "How about it?"

"Absolutely not," said Gadget.

"I think," said Mr. Krimsky, "you had better reason with the lady a little. In the meantime, I will hurry up town and bring down the registrar of marriages. I think I can get him here just in time to marry you before the boat sails; provided, of course, the lady decides to be sensible."

As Mr. Krimsky departed, there came a sudden deafening roar from the big whistle on the boat. It reverberated across the placid waters of the harbor and echoed back from oil tanks and grain elevators and from the monumental steps leading up into the town. Gadget and I both glanced at the clock on the pier. It was a quarter before twelve. The whistle was a signal that only fifteen minutes remained before the boat was to sail.

After the whistle ceased, there was a moment or two of silence. Then Gadget spoke up. "If you insist upon my going through this silly marriage ceremony," she said, "I suppose I shall have to do it. But kindly take note, Mr. Alexander Botts, that it will be a purely technical marriage—a marriage in name only. Never again will I live with you as your wife."

As I listened to these words, I will have to admit that my heart was filled with despair. But all at once a change came over me. I began to get mad. And at the same time I got one of my sudden inspirations. It occurred to me that I had accomplished absolutely nothing by all my attempts at courtesy and all my humble apologies and prayers for forgiveness, and that the situation demanded a complete change in tactics.

I regarded Gadget with a cold eye. And in gruff and brutal tones I proceeded to make a little speech.

"Gadget," I said, "I am completely sick of all this foolishness. I take back all my apologies. Everything I have done in this technical divorce business has been right. Everything you have done or said has been absolutely wrong. You have been acting like a nasty little spoiled child, and you know it. If I treated you as you deserve, I would cast you off forever and ever. But, out of pure generosity, I am going to give you one more chance. If you will admit that you have been acting like a fool, if you will humbly apologize for causing me so much trouble, if you will promise never to question any of my actions again, if you will accept me as your lord and master, to love, honor and especially to obey, I may possibly be able to do something for you. Otherwise, you may rot in this foreign land for the rest of your life. You have your choice, and it really makes very little difference to me which way you decide."

"Why, Alexander," Gadget said, "how could you be so cruel?"

"When it comes to cruelty," I said, "I am so far ahead of the Emperor Nero that there just is no comparison at all."

To these words Gadget made no response at all, so I occupied the next few minutes in strolling jauntily up and down.

After a while a horse-drawn hack came clattering out onto the pier, and Mr. Krimsky and the man from the marriage bureau jumped out.

"What has been decided?" asked Mr. Krimsky.

"Everything is fine," I said. "Apparently the lady has decided to remain behind, so I must be on my way. I am sorry to have brought this gentleman down here to no purpose, and I wish to thank you both for everything you have done. Good-by!"

As I strode briskly toward the gangplank, the great whistle on the boat burst forth with another terrific shriek. It was 11:55. Only five minutes remained before the boat was to leave.

I showed my passport to the officials. They waved me onward and I started up the gangplank. By this time the whistle had relapsed into silence, and my ears were therefore able to detect a feeble and piteous cry from Gadget.

"Alexander," she said, "come back here!"

I stopped. "Did somebody call?" I asked.

"Yes," said Gadget. "I did."

"Well, well," I said in an extremely nonchalant tone of voice. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Yes," she said. "I want you to marry me and take me with you."

"Anything to oblige a lady," I replied. "But I am afraid it is too late. I doubt if there is time before the boat sails."

"Please, Alexander," she said. "Don't desert me. Don't leave me behind. If you'll only take me with you, I'll never contradict you or argue with you again. I know I've been acting perfectly rotten. But I'm sorry. And I'll promise to be good all the rest of my life."

"Are you sure," I asked, "that this is honest repentance, and not just a dodge to get on the boat?"

"It is honest and complete repentance," said Gadget. "Please hurry or it will be too late."

"Well," I said magnanimously, "as a great favor, I will take you with me. And I suppose the only honorable thing is to make an honest woman out of you by marrying you."

I turned to Mr. Krimsky. "All right," I said, "bring on that marriage mechanic and let's get busy."

Mr. Krimsky and the official rushed up and we went through a short and, of course, completely unintelligible ceremony in Russian, with the various officials as witnesses. At the conclusion of the Russian part, I added a clause in English so that there would be no doubt as to certain important details.

"Do you, Gadget," I asked, "promise to love, honor and obey me, Alexander, till death us do part?"

"I do," said Gadget.

"Fine," I said. I then kissed the bride, and it seemed to me that she rather liked it.

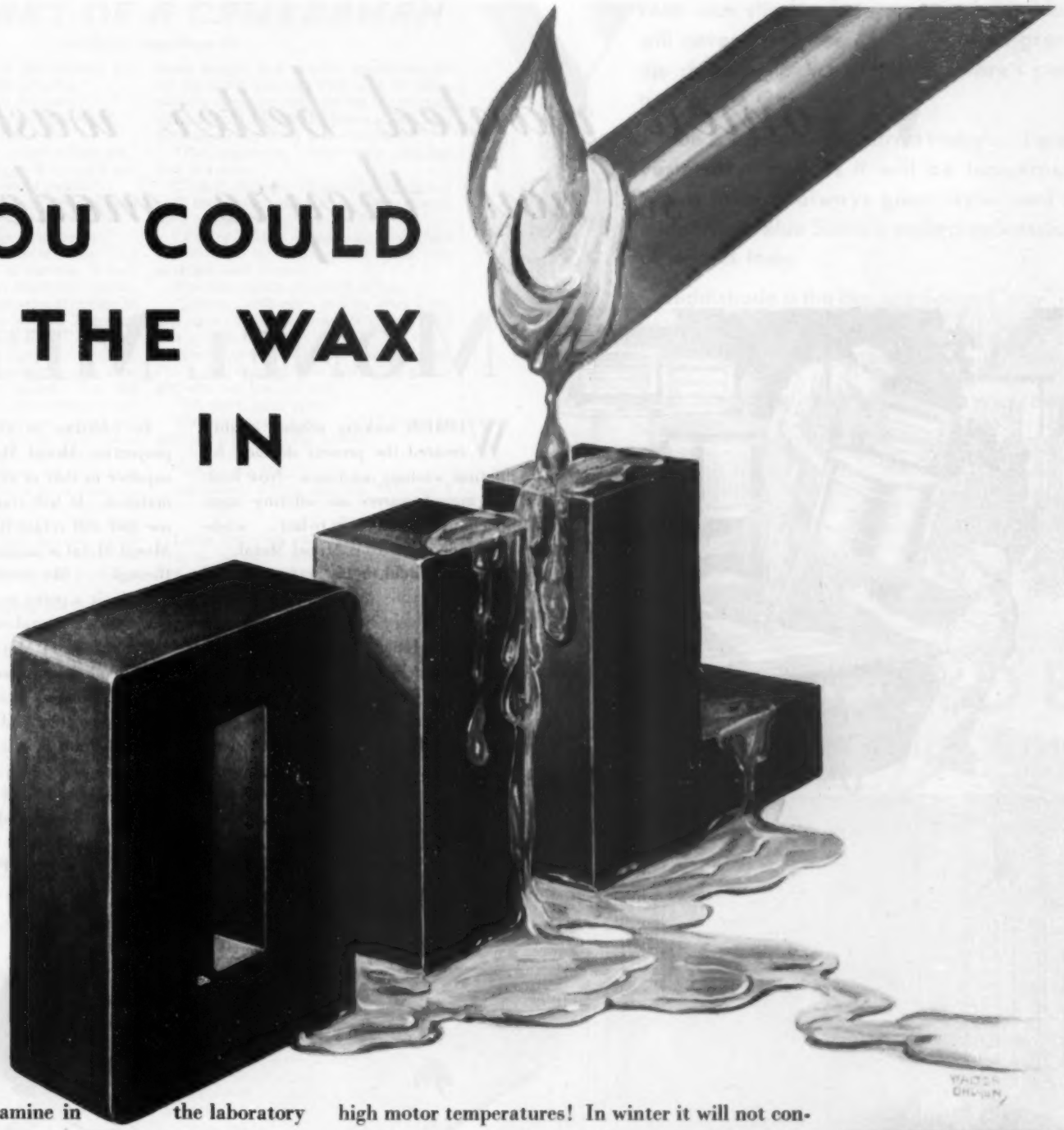
The two-minute whistle boomed out over the harbor and we rushed up the gangplank. And as the boat pulled out, we stood at the rail, waving cordially to Mr. Krimsky and the people on the dock.

"I must tell you, Alexander," said Gadget, "that I think you were really magnificent this morning. I was so proud of the manly way in which you stood up for your rights."

"Well," I said, "I will have to admit that I really wasn't so bad, at that."

Yours, with well justified pride,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

IF YOU COULD SEE THE WAX IN



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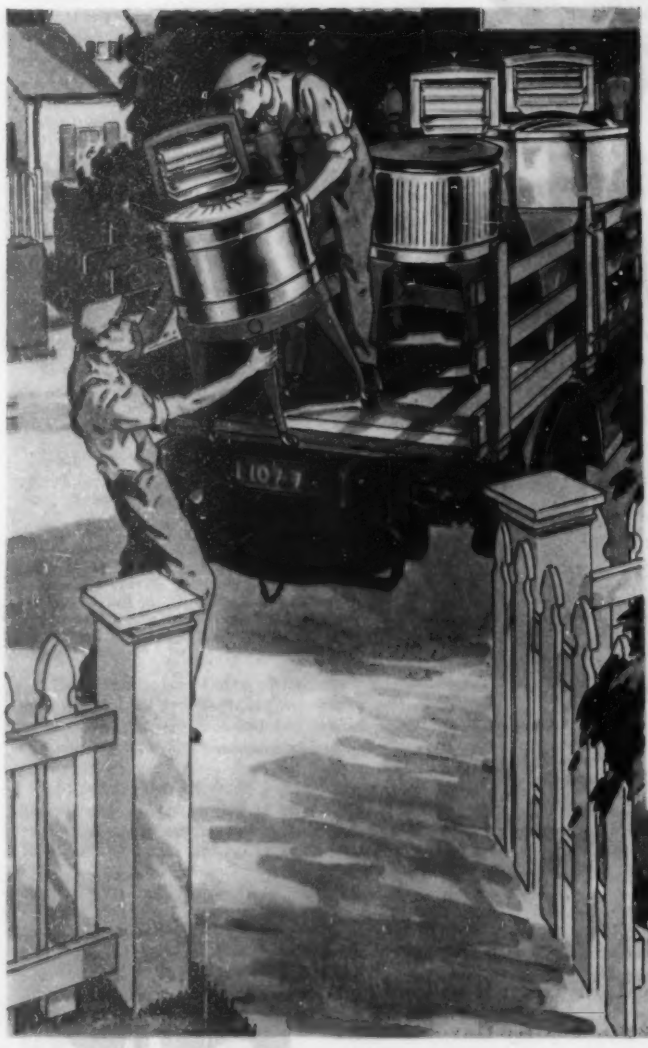

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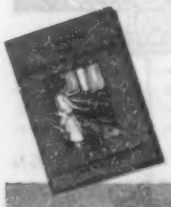

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THE HEART OF A CAMERAMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

gets through with me in this picture, I'm going to be through with pictures."

"I thought you had a contract."

"It's up when Hellbent's finished."

"Aren't they gonna renew it?"

"Not if Beulah Ray steam-rollers me."

"Say, listen, dumb egg. Why don't you learn how to use that pan of yours?"

Jane Gibson became as interested as a cat seeing a goldfish.

"What do I do dumb, lame brain?"

"I was watching you this morning. You always point your nose at the lens. It isn't that kind of a pan. Give them your profile. We are doing some retakes this afternoon of those close-ups we shot this morning. Why don't you upstage her? Let Ray face the camera. You face her. Just before the interlock, you get set to step sideways, away from the camera. She will have to turn her back to the camera to talk to you. That's a ripe old gag, but it will work in one take, and I'll see that that's the only take that's any good. Back in the old comedy days, I've seen three comedians start off facing the camera on a close-up. First one would back up a couple of steps and make the other two turn their backs on the camera, then another would pull the same gag, and before the scene was over they would be thirty feet from the camera."

Miss Gibson was smiling sadly. "It's good of you to offer these suggestions, Mr. Kettering, but what's the use? I should have learned all the tricks ages ago."

"Well, maybe we can dope out something else. Hellbent isn't more than started."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Kettering. Beulah Ray has her knife out for me. Oh, it makes me furious! Six months ago, when Sound Art gave me this contract, I thought nothing could prevent me from going right up to the top. But there's so much to learn—so terribly much to learn!"

"Listen, dumb egg," Louis said, "do you know what shade make-up Ray is using?"

Miss Gibson was looking at the tablecloth. She nodded unhappily.

"Well, use a make-up just one shade lighter. And get panchromatic make-up. Starting tomorrow, I am going to use nothing but panchromatic film. And you needn't broadcast that where Ray will hear it."

The girl's large brown eyes lifted for only a second and flicked a look at the cameraman. It was the Hollywood look—instantly gone.

"Mr. Kettering, you're just a peach to go to this trouble. But what's the use?"

"Did you ever know," Louis inquired, "that the left side of the picture is the best spot? The human eye naturally goes over to that side. Well, that's the side to stand on."

Miss Gibson spread out her fingers with a hopeless gesture.

"If I'd only learned some of these things a year ago!" she wailed. "But don't you see? It's too late. When Beulah Ray gets through with me in this picture, no one will want me. Sound Art gave me my chance six months ago. Somehow, I flubbed it. I'll do what you say, but it will be a waste of time. I simply haven't had the breaks."

"You're getting a couple now, aren't you?"

She didn't reply or even look up. She was rolling bread crumbs into little balls with the tips of her beautiful, slim fingers. She looked as if she might burst into tears at any moment.

"Did you ever take voice lessons, kid?"

She nodded miserably.

"Didn't teacher say anything about *s*'s, *sh*'s, *ch*'s and *th*'s?"

"Of course!"

"Well, maybe you were playing hooky that day. I heard some of your voice stuff this morning. Honest, when you come to an *s*, anybody would think a herd of snakes were taking a voice test. Take the dialogue home tonight and write in substitutes for all the words you can with an *s* in them, and the ones you can't get rid of, practice on until you kill off the hisses. And look for lines to top every scene you're in."

"But supposing I don't have the last line in a scene?"

"Top it anyhow! Dope out a line to top each scene, and make it so clever they'll have to leave it in."

"I'll try," Miss Gibson said, but there was no life, no hope in her voice. It sounded dead, beaten.

The cameraman glowered at her.

"Listen, dumb egg; you do what I say and leave all the rest to me. Will you? Will you promise?"

Miss Gibson looked up with molten eyes. She looked crushed. She looked like a little girl who has lost her doll.

"All right, lame brain."

The cameraman rose. "Don't forget to give my regards to the patient."

"Who?"

"Zilch—the mutt."

She seemed a little startled. "Oh, no, I won't forget."

Louis Kettering paid his check, rushed over to his office, sent for a copy of the Hellbent script, and devoted the next hour to intense study. Then he hastened over to Stage 4, where he found Jules Skinner preparing to shoot Jimmy Carlisle and Beulah Ray, the goofs of Hellbent, in a garden love scene.

Beulah was getting temperamental again and about to shoot the works. A lovely, slender, golden-haired blonde with dimples, and eyes like sunny pools of summer sky, Beulah was shrewd, ambitious, a fighter who never hesitated to hit below the belt. When anyone stood in her way, she was merciless. Tom Ingstrom, the assistant director, was her only friend on the Sound Art lot. One of the stockholders had financed her first picture and she was still supposed to be under his wing. She was as popular with the scenario department, the sound department, the directors, cameramen and electricians as a hot cinder in the eye. Jimmy Carlisle, the star of Hellbent, was happy-natured, very likable and reasonably modest. He was fully aware that the fair wind that had blown him to the high places might whimsically change at any moment into a howling, annihilating typhoon.

"Silence, everybody!"

Louis noticed a lamp that wasn't feeding properly, a shadow that needed sharpening. He waited for the retakes, then said to the director:

"Jules, what's the low-down on the Gibson dame?"

Jules Skinner shrugged. "Oh, she is pretty green, Louis. She was wished on me. I asked for Olive Brooks, but the budget wouldn't stand it."

"Can she act?"

"She has possibilities, but she has to be told everything."

"She looks like she ought to outphotograph Beulah Ray."

"Sound Art is through with her after this picture. She is not getting across."

"That's tough," Louis murmured. "I was hoping something might be done."

Jules Skinner's eyes seemed to twinkle above their pouches. "Trying to promote a little something, Louis?"

"That kid is on a spot," said the cameraman. "I would like to see her get a break. She is different from the rest of these broads. She's kind-hearted and she isn't grinding any ax."

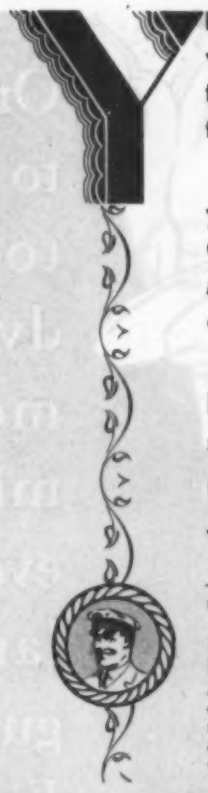
"I'm afraid she's through, Louis. She never clicked."

"I was planning on doing a little organizing."

"I see."

"Do you see her stealing this picture right out from under Beulah Ray's nose?"

(Continued on Page 95)



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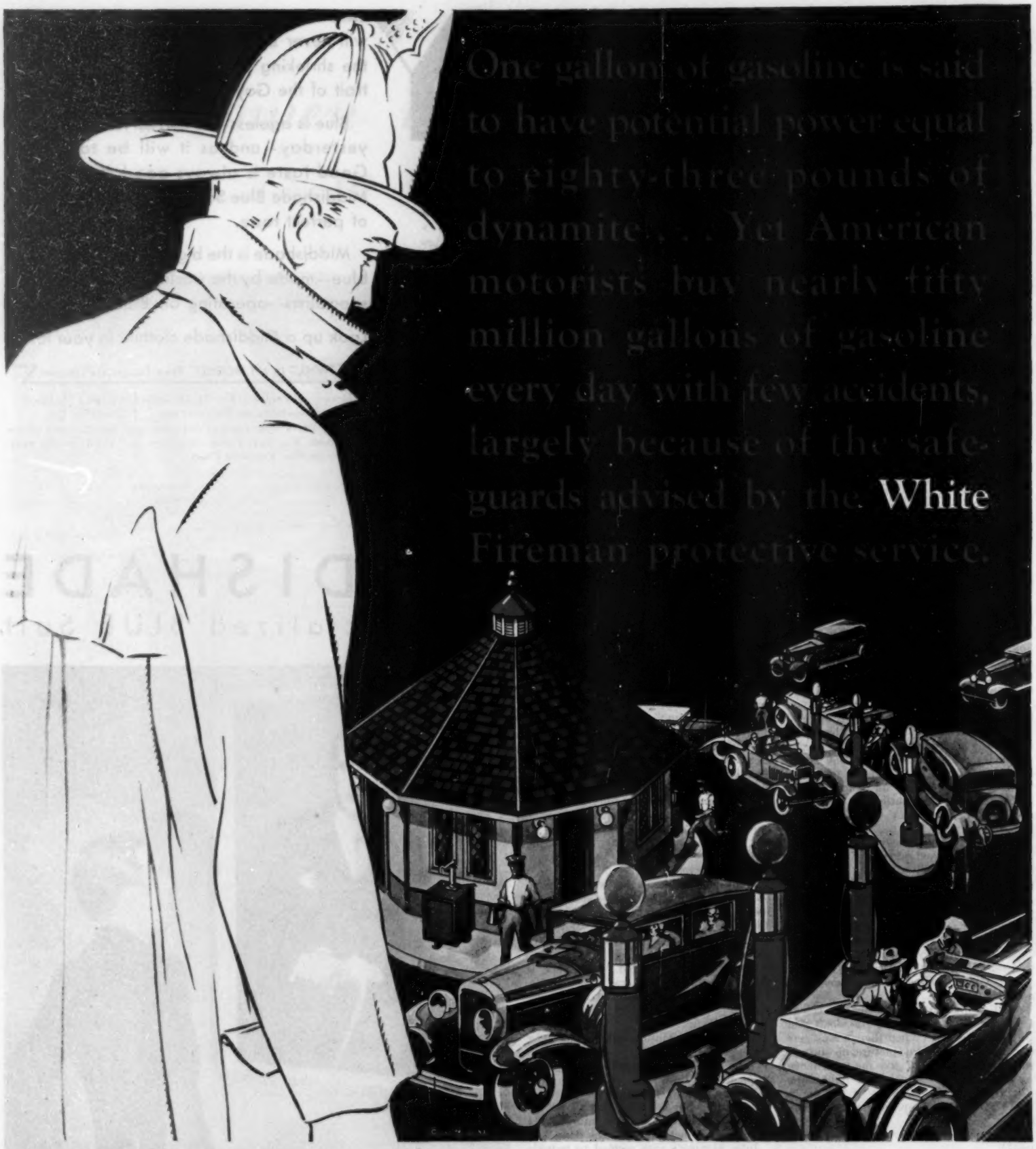
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(Continued from Page 93)

The director sadly shook his head. "An old war horse like you, Louis!"

"Nemmind me," Louis said. "What chance has she got to push that broad behind a cloud?"

"That's entirely up to her."

"Yeah? Who the hell's directing her?"

"It would make trouble, Louis."

"All right! Let's make trouble! Do I go around asking favors?"

"You would have to get the coöperation of every department."

"I'll get it."

Jules looked dubious. "If she wasn't so green!"

"When we finish with her, she'll be ripe enough for leads."

"All right," Jules said. "Speak to the lab, the cutting department and the recording supervisor. I will speak to the scenario editor about having the part rewritten fatter."

"You're a good egg, Jules."

"Boloney," said Jules.

Beulah Ray hailed Louis as he was leaving the stage. There was a smile at her lips, but her great blue eyes were like agates.

"Just a minute, Mr. Kettering. I wanted to speak to you about the lighting you used on me yesterday. I saw the dailies this noon, and these lines by my nose came out very hard and sharp. Hereafter, I wish you would use a bit more underlighting in my close-ups. You make me look thirty-five."

Louis had always resented Miss Ray's manner. She was in no position to treat him like a prop boy. But now he didn't mind. His gray eyes danced and he grinned at Beulah Ray:

"Okay, dumb egg. I'll change your age. Leave it to me."

Though no one seemed to know quite how it came about, in all departments of Sound Art a conspiracy was afoot to steal Hellbent from Beulah Ray and present it on a silver platter to Jane Gibson. Louis Kettering spent arduous hours lighting her to bring out the glowing, dark beauty of her eyes, the softness and gleam of her hair, the slender young loveliness of her figure. He experimented with lenses and filters. He worked tirelessly with shadows and backgrounds to emphasize the endearing line of her chin.

He devoted most of one night to shooting her hands, until they were white moths whose flutterings portrayed the most poignant despair. He shot thousands of feet of film of dummies being ground under a truck and devised ways of making the suicide sequence so realistic, so vivid that when it was projected it was torture to watch. He put five cameras on a set when three would have sufficed, so that Miss Gibson's best possible angle could be selected by the cutting-room girls.

Other departments were heartily coöperating. The monitor, in his glassed-in room above the stage, listening with head phones to the recorded voices, would demand a retake unless Miss Gibson's voice came through soft and round and golden. The musical director took True Blue Love, easily the best musical number in Hellbent, away from Beulah Ray and gave it to Miss Gibson, and coached and cursed Miss Gibson until she put the song over with a bang. The laboratory superintendent used his genius to bring Miss Gibson's scenes out of the soup soft and lovely and somehow glowing.

Beulah Ray had meanwhile become the face on the cutting-room floor. Her visit to the cutting department did not help matters. She bawled out the head cutter and threatened to have her fired, thereby greatly relieving the conscience of the head cutter during the remainder of the Hellbent cutting. Jimmy Carlisle, being the star, could not be eliminated from the picture, but the number of his scenes with Miss Gibson in which his back was to the camera was staggering. Of course, it remained Jimmy's picture, no matter which woman walked off with the woman's part.

Inevitably, there were complications. Beulah Ray smelled many rats. Following her clash with the head cutter, she complained to the production manager. The smell, she declared, reached to high heaven. The production manager personally conducted an investigation. But all that the investigation uncovered was the fact that a hitherto unpromising young actress named Jane Gibson was, by the sheer brilliance of her work, walking away with Hellbent.

Beulah Ray stormed and fought and plotted. But she could place the blame on no one. It was no one's fault. That's the maddening part about a conspiracy—everybody in it can hide behind everybody else. The scenario department had fattened Miss Gibson's part. The camera department was giving her gorgeous photography. The director was slaving with her over every gesture she made, every line she uttered. The sound department was giving her the voice of an angel. The lab was bringing all the arts of chemistry to bear on the enhancement of her loveliness. The cutting room was eliminating all takes in which she was not at her superlative best. And Jane Gibson was working harder than she had ever supposed any girl could work.

Through it all, Beulah Ray smoldered, seethed, stormed and followed suspicious smells to their lairs. She became the most temperamental woman in Hollywood. She wanted to lash out and strike, but there were no targets. Her campaign was very similar in its results to Napoleon's campaign in Russia. She met nothing but feather-bed resistance—smiles, apologies, yeses. Try as she might to grab a scene—any scene—from Jane Gibson, when the dailies were projected it would be found that Jane had somehow walked off with all honors, visual and vocal.

What it all came down to was this—Jane would run away with Hellbent if she could put that sob scene over. The scene, because of the difficulties it presented, had been put off and put off. The picture was practically in the cans, and Jane's sob scene was still unshot.

As Jules Skinner expressed it to Louis Kettering: "Whether or not Jane makes the grade depends entirely on how she swings that scene. She has done very little emotional stuff. It's a scene that even Chatterton or Swanson might worry about. Jane has got to act as she has never acted in her life. I will shoot it tomorrow morning. You better talk to her like an uncle, Louis. You started this."

Louis found Jane in her dressing room, ready to go home. He had been lunching with her daily, giving her advice, criticisms, suggestions. He told her what Jules Skinner had said.

Jane looked grave. There were the beginnings of dark blobs under her eyes. She had lost weight. She looked wan and tired and fragile.

"If I do put it over, every bit of the credit is yours, Louis."

"Apple sauce. It's all in the breaks. You never had the breaks. That's all."

"I'll do my best, Louis."

"Got to do better than that, kid. You've got to come onto that stage tomorrow feeling all broken up, and act like it. Did you ever play a dirty trick on a nice guy?"

She looked at him sharply. "What do you mean?"

"What I say, dumb egg: Did you ever play a mean trick on a good guy? Did you ever take advantage of a dumb animal? Well, think about it. Keep thinking how mean you were to some nice clean guy, and get sorrier and sorrier about it. You've got to play it with repression until you start to bawl, then you cut loose. When you get through bawling, there can't be a dry eye in the house. Get it? Everything depends on that scene. Do you stay a palooka or become a big shot?"

"I'll do my best, Louis."

Half the employes of Sound Art found some excuse to be on Stage 6 the following morning. Even Jimmy Carlisle, who had

(Continued on Page 97)

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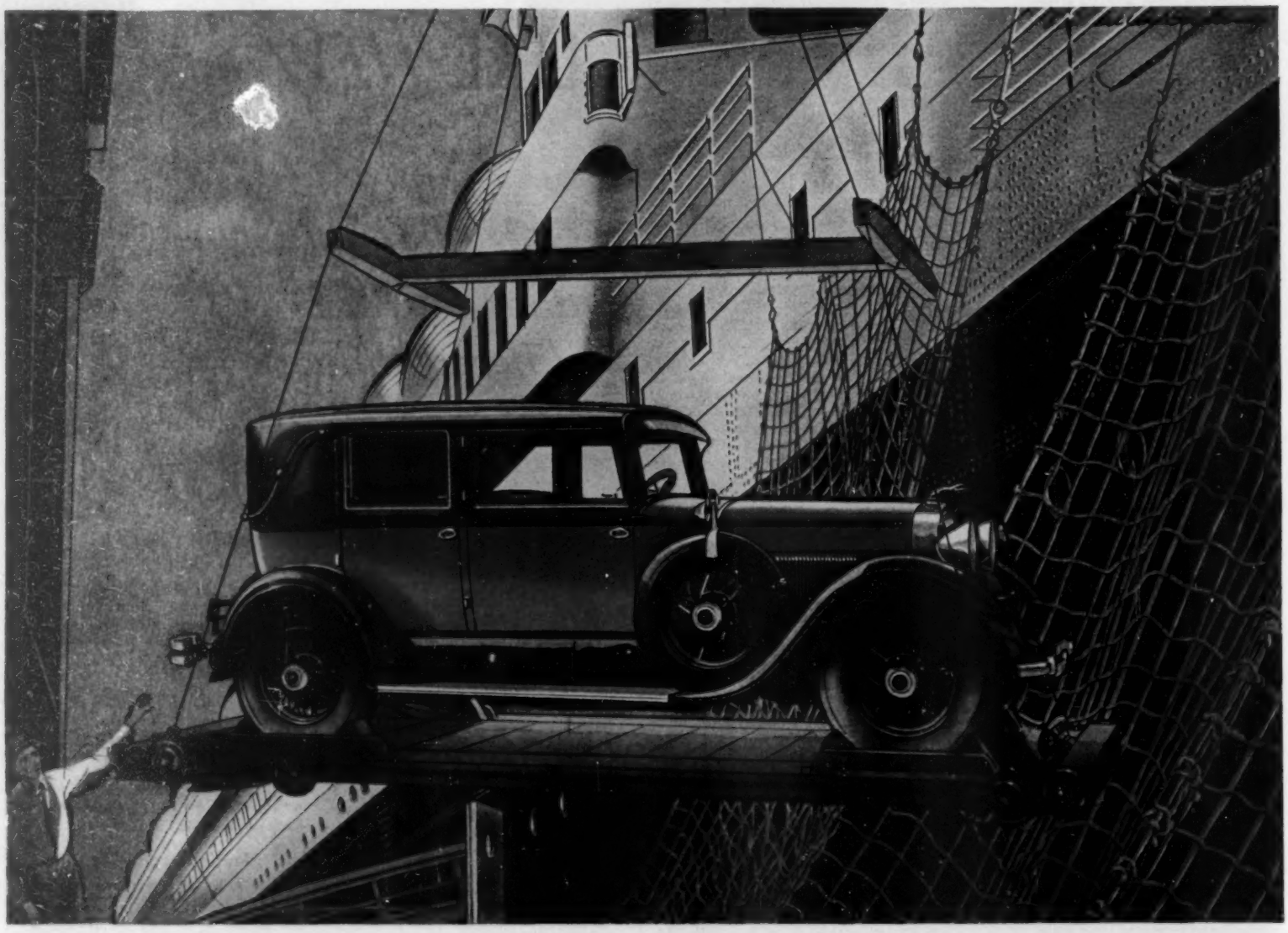

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(Continued from Page 95)

no work that day, found occasion to drop in. Beulah Ray, likewise at loose ends, joined the gallery and skeptically looked on. Three electricians helped adjust a sun spot when one would have sufficed. The production manager arrived. The recording supervisor joined the monitor in the monitor room and seated himself before the monitoring loud speaker. Louis Kettering was using six cameras. He himself took charge of the main camera. This was unprecedented.

While a double for Jane sat and stood and walked about until the lighting and angles were to Louis' liking, Jane sat in a camp chair, more alone than she had ever been in her life. Her chin was in her hands. She was staring morosely at the floor. Occasionally her colored maid touched her hair, but Jane seemed unaware of her. She seemed oblivious of the gallery she had drawn. Her lower lip drooped and occasionally twitched.

Beulah Ray started toward her with a hard, secret smile. Louis was prepared for that. He was prepared for anything. He planted himself in her path.

"Lay off, dumb egg."

"But I only wanted ——"

"Yeah, I know."

Jules Skinner called, "All right, Janey." And Jane looked up, startled. Her eyes were dark with misery. "Remember, darling," the director said as he came over, "you've just discovered ——"

"I know," Jane stopped him, and her chin quivered. "Let's get it over with."

"That's the spirit, honey."

The rehearsal began. Jane sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the floor. Occasionally she sniffled. Occasionally her mouth twitched. Her shoulders sagged. Her hands were limp in her lap. There was misery in every line of her.

Jane got up. She walked to a window and glanced out and down. She went to a dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror. She touched a brush, a nail file, a hand mirror. Small, restless gestures. She opened a drawer, removed a revolver, looked at it and drearily put it back. She began to pace up and down between bed and dressing table. Louis had one camouflaged camera box in the set to photograph nothing but her feet.

"Now," Jules said, "you can cry. Let it come on suddenly and let go with all you've got."

"If I cry now," Jane said in a shaken voice, "I'll cry the rest of the day. I won't be able to stop. I couldn't do it over again." She gulped. A tear brimmed over and slid down her make-up.

"We'll shoot this now," Jules said quickly. "Cameras ready? Are you ready up there? Jane?"

Jane, on the bed, answered, "I can't hold in much longer."

"Lights," said Louis.

"Six, sixteen, sixty-six," hissed the monitor's assistant into a camouflaged mike.

"Interlock."

"Sync 'em!"

"They're sunk!"

"Red light."

Louis stepped away from his camera and Jules said, "All right, Jane."

"Remember your tempo," Louis growled.

Miserably, drearily, Jane went through the scene again. When she put the revolver back into the drawer, tears began to slide down her cheeks. By the time she had finished with her pacing, she was blind with tears. She threw herself on the bed and began to sob. The bed shook with her sobs. She cuddled a fist under her chin and sobbed like a heart-broken child.

Jules Skinner said presently, "That's enough."

Louis barked, "Kill the broads."

And Jane continued to sob. Her gallery buzzed.

Beulah Ray said to Jimmy Carlisle, "I'll frankly admit I didn't dream she had it in her."

And Jimmy hastened to the bed to congratulate Jane. But Jane ignored him and continued to sob.

Louis was looking up at the large plate-glass window of the monitor's room.

Jules joined him and said, "Louis, if that didn't record all right, we're out of luck."

Both men looked up at the window. The production manager was looking up. The monitor-room door opened. The recording supervisor appeared.

"Okay," he said.

Louis knocked on Jane's dressing-room door. Her muffled voice told him to come in. She was standing at her dressing table, touching the things which lay there. She hadn't changed and hadn't started to remove her make-up.

"Hello, dumb egg," Louis said.

"Hello yourself, lame brain."

"What are you looking so sad about? Are you going to do what the rest of these janes do when they pull a natural? Who do you think you are all of a sudden—Sarah Bernhardt? Snap out of it."

Jane sniffled. She drew in her breath in a series of little, convulsive jerks. Her eyes remained black with grief.

"Aw, snap out of it, kid. You ought to be kicking plaster off the ceiling. You were wonderful. I wouldn't kid you if I could. You came through just wonderful. Wait till you see the contract they're gonna try to shove down your throat."

A sob shook Jane.

"Say," Louis growled, "what's biting you? The storm's over. Let's see a little enthusiasm and gayety around here."

Jane burst into tears. A voice of woe informed him: "It's Z-Z-Zilch!"

"What?"

"D-d-dead!" Jane sobbed. "I operated last night. I—had to. He could hardly breathe. And during the night, the—the poor little thing's heart gave out."

Jane was sobbing. Louis began patting her on the shoulder.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "You did all you could for the mutt. It's all right, kid."

"You don't understand!" she wailed. "It's the perfectly foul way I treated a nice, d-decent, fine person like you!"

Louis stopped patting her shoulder. "When did you treat me foul?"

"It was nothing but a frame-up—my taking Zilch home."

Louis stood off and looked at her sternly, but he could not see her face. She had hidden it again in her hands.

"You mean," he said in a hard voice, "your old man wasn't a vet?"

"Oh-h-h-h, he was a vet!"

"Well —— Huh! You mean Zilch didn't have dropsy?"

"Oh-h-h-h, yes, he did. And a leaky valve. I didn't lie about that."

Louis' frown became darker still. "You mean, you never had a cat named Zilch?"

"Oh-h-h-h, I had a cat named Zilch."

"Say," Louis growled, "you don't know what you mean. You're having hysterics. Put on your hat and powder your nose. Meet me in my office and we'll drive out and have luncheon at that inn on the mountain where you can see the entire Pacific."

"Louis," she said wretchedly. "You don't understand. I took Zilch home j-just to get you interested in me."

He took Jane in his arms and kissed her salty mouth. "Listen, dumb egg."

"Y-yes, lame brain?"

"Let's get organized."

GANG MORALITY IN THE COLLEGES

(Continued from Page 16)

willing under pressure to say a good word for some of the accomplished loafers I have met. They have almost succeeded in making an art of what is in reality only a bad habit. They are usually genial and good-natured about it, and add a human touch of leisure and gayety to campus life. I sometimes feel that just as the courts of kings used to find it necessary to keep a professional clown or fool, so every college class should contain at least one good loafer. This quota, let me hasten to add, is usually filled without any straining on anyone's part. They help to keep narrower-minded professors from making of education too drab and grim a business. Besides, when the ax falls they take their punishment like men. I remember one such youth who once took all the wind out of my sails. He had managed for some time to absent himself from all class exercises. I tried to reprimand him for this oversight, but was not sufficiently tactful in my choice of words. When I told him that no student would so neglect his opportunities, his pride was really hurt. "But, dean," he protested, "I'm not a student; I'm only an inmate." There are a few such on every even well-regulated campus.

The college loafer has, however, received more than his fair share of attention. We have reached a point where in the public's estimation he overshadows every other class in college, with the possible exception of the athlete. This is a considerable exaggeration, so far as the deliberate conscious loafer is concerned. There are many who loaf in college because they are temperamentally or intellectually incapable of really doing college work. Their presence, however, need not here detain us. Their case is more serious really than that of the conscious loafer, for, unlike him, they do not know what is wrong with themselves. For them college experience is inevitably bad, and the unfortunate habits and failure complexes which they acquire make of them a social as well as a college liability which can and should be reduced.

There is another type of student who illustrates one phase of the undergraduate's code and who causes his professor considerable annoyance and worry. Occasionally when that professor is not too tired he causes him some amusement as well. He is the type of young man, and this includes a host of undergraduates, who is forever trying to beat the game. I have known cases where they would spend days and nights in thinking out and planning some intricate scheme or excuse which in the end would spare its inventor at most only a few hours of work in preparing for a test, or net him only a very thin slice of additional vacation.

The fertility of the undergraduate in devising excuses for himself is justly proverbial. Nothing enlists his interest more keenly, and a dean must of necessity see much of this, especially at certain seasons of the year. The weeks before the winter holiday used to be and still are, for many, such a time. Most colleges used to start vacation a few days before Christmas and close it a day or two after New Year's. Some of them still do this. In order to allow undergraduates who live at a distance to spend Christmas day with their families, it was customary to grant travel time to those who could show cause why in their cases an exception should be made, and a few additional hours or a day, as the case might be, added to the regular vacation. With us, and I am afraid with most colleges, this system proved to be so general an invitation for all undergraduates to exercise their ingenuity and inventiveness that we were forced in self-defense to abate the nuisance, and start the vacation, officially and for all, five days before Christmas and close it about January sixth. This would allow virtually everybody to spend the two holidays at home. In spite of all official announcements, the fiction that travel time could still be acquired would not die, and even for years after we instituted the change the hopeful undergraduate would appear with a petition and a new and sometimes more complicated excuse to justify it.

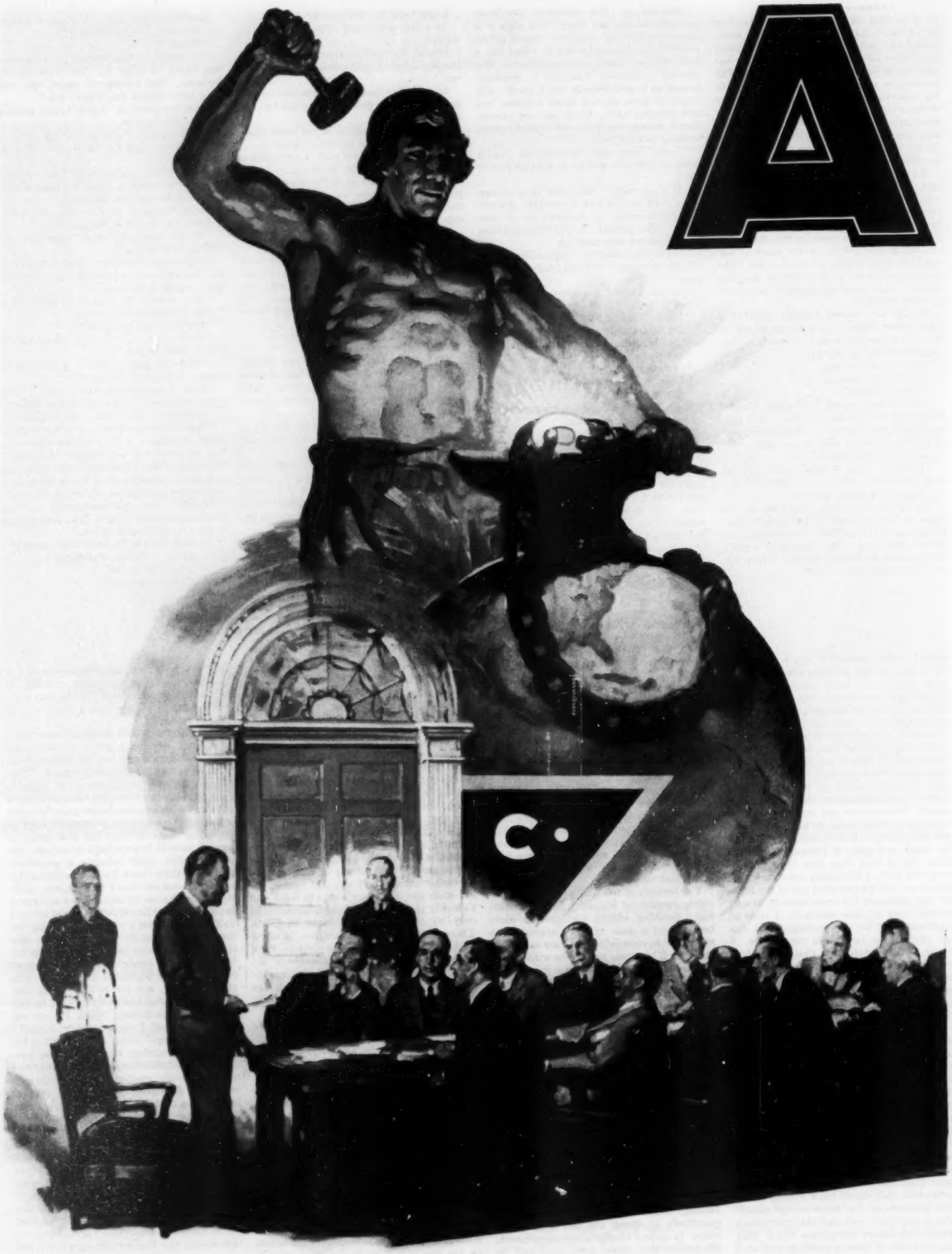
There are mourners' benches upon which those who have been summoned or who have such petitions sit while they await their turn. These benches were crowded for weeks before the holiday. There were, of course, a few legitimate requests among them, but you could always count upon the fact that this typical undergraduate would be in the crowd, willing to spend literally hours in waiting just to see whether in this general conspiracy he could not wangle out of you an additional thirty minutes to take an earlier train. There were, of course, the old stock stories. A boy's eyes or teeth had suddenly gone bad and could be set right only by the oculist or dentist at home. There were family anniversaries, a silver wedding or a grandmother's birthday, and it was necessary that all members of the family—including, of course, the undergraduate—be present. There were weddings or announcements of engagements of brothers or sisters or best friends.

The mourner on the bench would, while awaiting his turn, explain to his fellow conspirators just how he was going to phrase his request. When they are playing this game it is expected of every loyal member of the group that he will signal to his fellows and spare them any useless effort. They are like the hobos who indicate with a chalk mark whether a house is worth visiting or not, and whether its occupant is hard-boiled or an easy mark. In neither case does it mean that he has anything against you. It only means that you, like the prosaic householder, do not belong to his fraternity. If you refused him and watched your petitioner carefully as he left the room, you would perhaps notice that he shook his head ever so slightly as he passed the bench on the way out. This would mean that it did not work. That same excuse would not be presented again that same morning. If he nodded, which meant that he had won, you would be sure within a half hour to hear it again.

Office hours on such occasions were likely to be long and trying, and I am sure every dean has sometimes lost in playing this wearing game with his young friends. They play it, not only to get the often insignificant privilege involved, but because to have got away with a successful excuse is for quite a normal type of boy a triumph for the group, so much so that the new dodge is passed on even from college to college. On one occasion, after refusing a persistent petitioner three times, I told him that under no circumstances could he be given additional time unless he brought me an urgent request from his father, whom I had learned to know as a strict parent. Yet the day before the vacation he came in again, this time with a genuine telegram signed by his father, "Come straight home." It looked compelling and I granted his request. The joke, however, was too good to keep, and he explained after the vacation that he had telegraphed his father, "Shall I come via Chicago or shall I come straight home?" As "via Chicago" would have meant in his case several hundred miles more and considerable additional expense, the father had quite naturally replied with the winning message. I learned later to my further humiliation that this had been tried in other institutions.

This does not prove that the undergraduate is wicked or sly. To have stolen the bell clapper or to have worked a new prank or excuse means that he has added another scalp to the tribal belt. He is young. Group consciousness is involved, and he is more pleased than his elders can understand when, thanks to his ingenuity, he has got for himself or his crowd something for nothing. In this respect the typical undergraduate will

(Continued on Page 101)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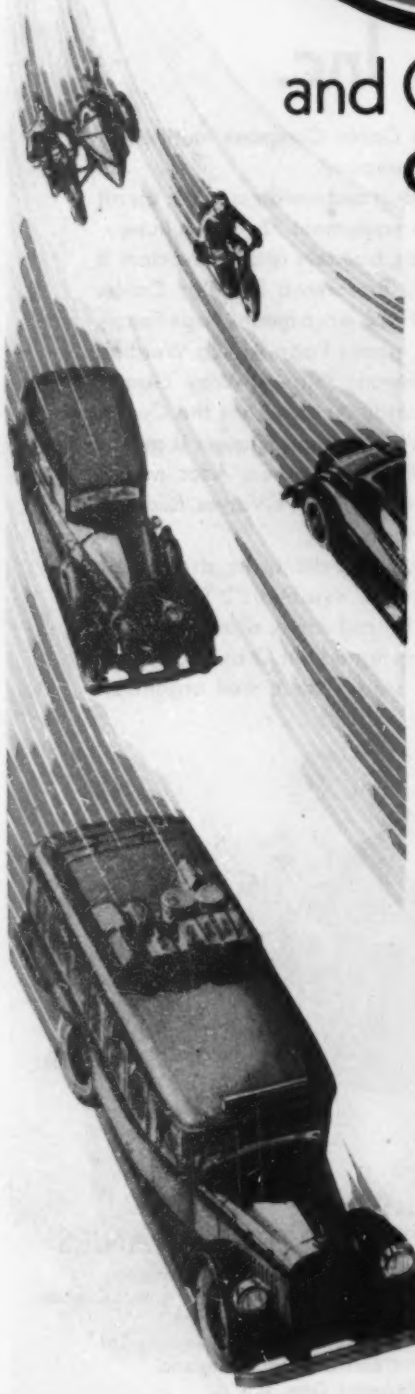

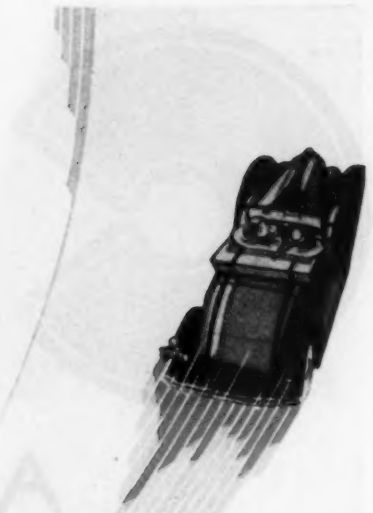

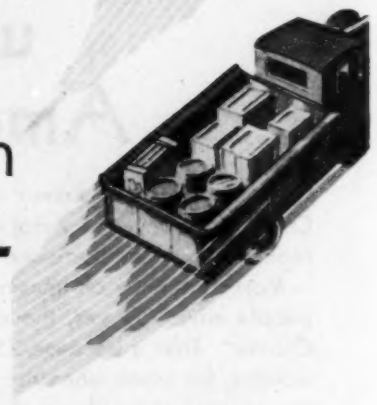

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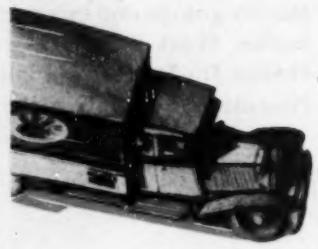

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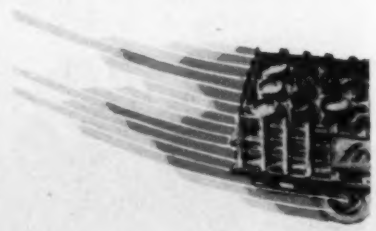

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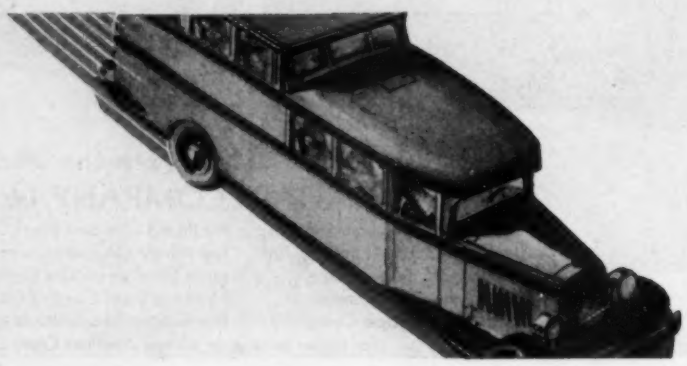

(Continued from Page 97)

treat the town policeman and the outside community in the same way that he treats the college and its officers. We may deplore the foolish and really antisocial practice of stealing signs, but they are in too many cases the most prized decorations of freshman and sophomore rooms. They are not beautiful. Neither are scalps, but they are trophies.

During his undergraduate years, and since, one of my very best friends was a really admirable and talented young man whom I must disguise as Sandy. I counted upon him heavily to become a highly useful and distinguished citizen, and he has not belied my hopes. He probably had held as many undergraduate offices of responsibility as any member of his class. He had discharged them conscientiously and well. He had even been the most favored candidate for the presidency of the college religious society. I was much taken aback to learn after his graduation that the most highly prized object in an otherwise faultlessly furnished room was a traffic sign evidently filched from the busiest corner in the world, Broadway and Forty-second Street. It was treasurable for this same reason, and I was told that when Sandy was up for election his friends—and he had hosts of them—would bring awed freshmen to his door and let them gaze upon this badge of courage, which in its mute eloquence proved his capacity for leadership, even in a religious organization.

Bootleg Cribbing

There is another aspect of this gang or group morality which is less attractive. We might as well call spades spades, and admit that in many colleges there is on tests and examinations a really unhealthy amount of what can only properly be called cheating. The undergraduates of one American college with the very best traditions complained not long ago that half of its students were guilty of this. There may have been some exaggeration in the statement, but it should not blind us to the fact that this shameful practice is altogether too common. What makes it so is the mistaken feeling on the part of the undergraduate that when he indulges in such dishonesty he is not really sinning against his own conscience, but putting something over on a group of outsiders.

In another institution the midyear examinations in required mathematics fell at the time of a January thaw. Most of the undergraduates came in the long hip boots then in vogue. One of them, thoroughly ashamed of the performance, afterward told me that they did so because the necessary formulas had all been copied out inside their boots.

This cribbing arrangement was most convenient, since in a heated room the tops could be turned down gradually to the required place without attracting suspicion. At Princeton, forty years ago, cheating became so general that it finally disgusted the undergraduates themselves. A few other institutions have had the same experience. They took the only action which can really be effective, and founded an honor system.

Just because of the strength of this community group conscience there is only one way to make such a system effective, as to my certain knowledge those, for instance, at Princeton and Virginia have been for many years. The faculty and administrative officers must step aside utterly and turn over the whole problem of honesty in examinations—lock, stock and barrel—to the undergraduates themselves and let them deal with it in their fashion. When undergraduates really found such a system it means that they have become convinced that cheating must be regarded by them as an offense against their own code and no longer merely one against faculty and trustees. A violator is then judged as having forfeited his place in the group and is drummed out of town by his own classmates. The striking examples of successful honor systems prove that this group conscience may be directed to higher social aims.

If cheating, then, is in many institutions only too common, stealing by one undergraduate from another is, I believe, amazingly rare. Though in a college community articles of general use are, as we have seen, more communistically owned than in the world outside, no normal undergraduate dreams of permanently appropriating to himself what really belongs to his fellow.

I have spoken of gang morality and recognise that the phrase is not a pretty one. That it should still exist among a group of young men who are living a common life somewhat apart from general society need not, however, surprise us. Our deepest loyalties are rooted in some such sense of social cohesion.

If you happen to live in one of the most "select" residential communities, and there are in the various houses of that neighborhood a group of a dozen or fifteen young boys of approximately the same age, even though they are the sons of the best families, you may be sure they constitute some such group or gang. They have their secrets and ritual and code. They have nothing whatever against their parents or against the policeman or the mail carrier, and yet such older outsiders cannot possibly belong. Neighborhood groups may and sometimes do become the nuclei of our criminal gangs, but it is also through some such sense of group association that we are all initiated into the mysteries and morals of social life.

We may safely regard some student practices as vestigial traces of a somewhat more primitive tribal morality. I have heard professors who have themselves in undergraduate days passed through such a stage fulminate against the depravity of undergraduates, when the very outbreak of which they complain is quite like what occurred in their own day and their own college, and is such as is almost bound to occur in a healthy, spirited, youthful group that has, as loyal undergraduates should have, this sense of community interest. Whether we like it or not, all this is involved in what we proudly call college spirit.

Even where we deplore the existence of a group code we recognize that it has at least one virtue. The proverb tells us that there is honor among thieves. Although thievery, as we have seen, is not a vice of undergraduates, yet the sense of mutual dependence among them is in many cases quite as strong as it is among social outcasts. In spite of all this, there are still colleges which believe that the college stands for something much higher than the morality of its undergraduate members, and when a prank has been committed it tries to force them, in the interest of this presumably higher morality, to tell upon their fellows. This was the very general practice in all colleges during the last century. After any outbreak individual students would be put through the third degree to make them side with the authorities in maintaining the moral standard. They would be pressed to reveal the names of the ringleaders, directly or by implication. When students failed to do so, there were wholesale suspensions, but no real improvement, for to try to do this is really to sin against the very heart of the undergraduate's code and to forfeit his respect.

I have seen case after case in which four or five boys in a room were guilty of some breach of rules or good conduct. Later evidence would prove that only one had really been guilty, yet all the rest would assume, and indeed claim, a larger share of the blame than really belonged to them, when they suspected that if they revealed their innocence it would by implication involve the real culprit more deeply. A college boy will not "unload" upon a classmate even where he dislikes him and could lighten his own penalty. He will, on the other hand, particularly in freshman and sophomore years, rough-house with his fellows and put his own room "on the bum" if it makes for everybody's happiness. We must remember, however, that "everybody" to him is just a bit exclusive. It includes only the other undergraduates involved. The people downstairs, campus and town policemen, professors and deans, belong to another world.

Let me repeat that I have been telling only the worst that I know about the undergraduate. He has his heroic side, which I must today omit from consideration. His loyalties are deep and generous. I have seen so many instances of this that it would take a volume, and not an article, to begin to recount them. It is, of course, true that the upperclassman, with the gain in maturity which I have mentioned, comes more and more to take on the manner and attitude of the responsible citizen. He comes to smile indulgently and tolerantly at the foolishness and pranks of freshmen and sophomores, yet some part of this undergraduate consciousness, though it grows thinner in the senior, usually remains to the end.

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Along the Columbia River Highway

The Measure of a College Man

Let us admit, then, that the undergraduate in general does not always see things from the standpoint of what will finally be to the best interests of all humanity. Even a few of his elders do not. He may, because he is young, be heedless and shiftless about valuable privileges and things. He may, because he belongs to a group, like members of any other gang, be a bit careless about the comfort and possible rights of outsiders. He is capable of making night hideous with an immense amount of useless noise at hours that bring real hardship to tired, deserving, hard-working citizens who have earned their rest. It is often more difficult than it should be for the finicky and, alas, even the infirm and the aged to live in the neighborhood of a campus.

When his undergraduate days are over and he must leave his crowd, if you put him into the larger world of business or affairs, like my young friend Bob, he will go at things more seriously. He will, if he was a good college man, still have some of his enthusiasm, and if he has been loyal in his way to his classmates and college he will in all human probability, if you employ him, now become loyal in your way to your organization. His education is not finished when he leaves the campus, but if he keeps on growing as most college men should and do, he will become loyal to the larger purposes of mankind as well.

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CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 32)

Chan regarded him thoughtfully. "Yet at 9:15, as I have said, Mr. Ross, two people of unreproachable honesty saw you come up the plank, and you passed them on deck."

"May I ask how they recognized me, inspector?"

"You carried stick, of course."

"A Malacca stick," nodded Ross. "You have seen what that amounts to."

"But more, Mr. Ross. You were walking with customary difficulty, owing to unhappy accident which is so deeply deplored by all."

For a moment Ross regarded the detective. "Inspector," he remarked at last, "I've watched you here. You're a clever man."

"You exaggerate shamelessly," Charlie told him.

"No, I don't," smiled Ross. "I say you're clever, and I believe that all I need do now is to tell you about a queer little incident that happened on this ship late yesterday afternoon." He picked up his stick. "This was not bought in Singapore, but in Tacoma some months ago, just after I had my accident. After I bought it I looked around until I found a rubber tip—a shoe, I believe it is sometimes called—to fit over the end of it. This made walking easier for me and it did not scratch hardwood floors. About five yesterday afternoon I returned to the ship and took a brief nap in my cabin. When I rose and went down to dinner I was conscious of something—something wrong. At first I didn't know just what. But presently I realized. As I walked my stick was tapping on the deck. I looked down in amazement. The rubber tip was gone. Someone had taken it." He stopped. "I remember Mr. Kennaway came along at that moment, and I told him what had happened."

"That's right," Kennaway agreed. "We puzzled over the matter. I suggested somebody was playing a joke."

"It was no joke," remarked Ross gravely. "Someone, I now believe, was planning to impersonate me for the evening. Someone who was clever enough to recall that my stick made no sound when it touched a hard surface."

No one spoke. Mrs. Luce appeared in the distant doorway and came swiftly to Chan's side. The detective leaped to his feet.

"What's this I hear?" she cried. "Poor Inspector Duff!"

"Not badly injured," Charlie assured her. "Recovering."

"Thank heaven," she replied. "The aim is wavering. The arm is getting weak. Well, too much shooting is bad for anybody. I take it you are with us in Inspector Duff's place, Mr. Chan?"

"I am unworthy substitute," he bowed.

"Unworthy fiddlesticks! You can't put that over on me. Known Chinese most of my life—lived among 'em. At last we're going to get somewhere. I'm sure of it." She glanced belligerently around the circle. "And about time, if you ask me."

"You arrive at good moment," Charlie said. "I will request your testimony, please. Last night, after I brought you to dock, you and Miss Pamela sat on deck near top of gangplank. You beheld several members of party return to ship. Among them, Mr. Ross here?"

The old lady stood for a moment staring at Ross. Then she shook her head. "I don't know," she answered.

Chan was surprised. "You don't know whether you saw Mr. Ross or not?"

"No, I don't."

"But, my dear," said Pamela Potter, "surely you remember. We were sitting near the rail and Mr. Ross came up the plank and passed us."

Again Mrs Luce shook her head. "A man who walked with a stick and limped, passed us, yes. I spoke to him, but he didn't answer. Mr. Ross is a polite man. Besides ——"

"Yes?" Charlie said eagerly.

"—— besides, Mr. Ross carries his stick in his left hand, whereas that man last night was carrying his in the right. I noticed it at the time. That's why I say I don't know whether it was Mr. Ross or not. My own feeling at the moment was that it was not."

Silence followed. Finally Ross looked up at Charlie. "What did I tell you, inspector?" he remarked. "I did not leave the ship last evening. I had rather a hunch the matter would be proved in time, though I didn't expect the proof so soon."

"Your right leg is injured one," Charlie said.

"Yes, and anyone who has never suffered such an injury might suppose that I would naturally carry my stick in the right hand. But as my doctor pointed out to me, the left is better. I am more securely balanced and I can move much faster."

"That's O. K., officer," put in Maxy Minchin. "A few years back an old pal of mine winged me in the left calf. I found out then the dope was to carry the cane on the opposite side. It gives you better support. Get me?"

Ross smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Minchin," he said. He glanced at Chan. "These clever lads always slip up somewhere, don't they?" he added. "Here is one who had brains enough to want my rubber shoe so his stick couldn't be distinguished on that score; and then, in his haste, forgot to notice in which hand I carried mine. Well, all I can say is, I'm very glad he did." His eyes traveled questioningly about the circle.

Charlie stood up. "Meeting now adjourns for time being," he announced. "I am very grateful to you all for kind coöperating."

They filed out, until Tait alone remained with the detective. He strolled over to Chan with a grim smile on his face.

"You didn't get much out of that session," he remarked.

"You believe not?" Chan inquired.

"No, but you did your best. And on one point, at least, you showed unusual acumen. That about the watch, I mean."

"Ah, yes, the watch," Charlie nodded.

"A man who has been accustomed all his life to carrying a watch in his vest pocket and then switches to a wrist watch is inclined to put his hand to the old location when suddenly asked the time."

"So I noticed," the detective replied.

"I thought you did. What a pity you wasted that experiment on an innocent man."

"There will be more experiments," Chan assured him.

"I hope so. I may tell you that I purchased a wrist watch just before I came on this tour."

"Before you came on the tour." The first word was accented ever so slightly.

"Exactly. I can prove that by Mr. Kennaway. Any time at all."

"For the present I accept your word," Charlie replied.

"Thank you. I trust I shall be present when you attempt those other experiments."

"Do not worry. You are plenty sure to be there."

"Good. I like to watch you work." And Tait strode debonairly from the room while Chan stood looking after him.

The investigation was young yet, Charlie thought, as he walked toward his cabin to prepare for luncheon. No great progress this morning, but a good beginning. At least he had now a pretty shrewd idea as to the character and capabilities of the people with whom he had to deal. Know them better tomorrow. No place like a ship for getting acquainted.

A boy appeared with a radiogram. Chan opened it and read:

CHARLIE AS A FRIEND I IMPLORE YOU TO DROP THE WHOLE MATTER I AM GETTING ON BEAUTIFULLY AND CAN TAKE UP THE TRAIL SOON MYSELF SITUATION IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR ME TO ASK SUCH A SERVICE OF YOU BELIEVE ME I WAS QUITE DELIRIOUS WHEN I SUGGESTED YOU CARRY ON DUFF

Charlie smiled to himself and sat down at a desk in the library. After due deliberation, he composed an answering message:

YOU WERE NOT DELIRIOUS LAST NIGHT BUT I HAVE DEEP PAIN TO NOTE YOU ARE IN SUCH STATE NOW HOW ELSE COULD YOU THINK I WOULD NOT PURSUE TO VERY FRONTIER OF MY ABILITY THIS INTERESTING AFFAIR? REMAIN CALM GET BACK HEALTH PROMPTLY AND MEANTIME I AM WILLING REPLACEMENT HOPING YOU SOON REGAIN REASON I REMAIN YOUR SOLID FRIEND C CHAN

After luncheon, Charlie spent several hours meditating in his cabin. This was a case after his own heart; six long days to ponder it, while the person he sought must stay within easy reach of his hand.

That evening after dinner the detective came upon Pamela Potter and Mark Kennaway having coffee in a corner of the lounge. At the girl's invitation he joined them.

"Well, Mr. Chan," she remarked, "one of your precious six days is gone."

"Yes, and where are you?" Kennaway inquired.

"Two hundred and fifty miles from Honolulu and moving comfortably along," Chan smiled.

"You didn't learn much this morning," the young man suggested.

"I learned that my friend the murderer still seeks to entangle the innocent, as he did when he stole Doctor Lofton's luggage strap in London."

"You mean that about Ross?" the girl asked.

Charlie nodded. "Tell me; you agree now with Mrs. Luce?"

"I do," she answered. "I thought at the time that person was limping very weirdly—much more than Mr. Ross ever had. Who could it have been?"

"It might have been any of us," said Kennaway, looking at Chan over his cup.

"How right you are," returned Chan. "Any of you who wandered about rainy town, assisted on way by Malacca stick."

"Or it might even have been the lad who couldn't tear himself away from his book," the young man suggested. "Or claims he couldn't. I refer to jolly old Captain Keane, the irrepressible reader."

"Ah, yes, Keane," Chan said. "Has anyone ever determined cause of Keane's fondness for loitering outside wrong doors?"

"Not so far as I know," Pamela Potter replied. "As a matter of fact, he hasn't been doing it much lately. Mr. Vivian caught him at it just after we left Yokohama, and the row could be heard for blocks—if there'd been any blocks, I mean."

"Mr. Vivian has special talent for rows," Charlie noted.

"I'll say he has," Kennaway agreed. "That last night made bridge look like one of the more hazardous occupations. I thought Vivian started it with very little reason. It almost looked as though he wanted to break up the game."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Kennaway, I understand your employer, Mr. Tait, bought a wrist watch just before he left New York?"

The young man laughed. "Yes, he warned me you were going to ask that. He did. Thought it would be more convenient on a long tour. He has his old watch and chain in his trunk, I believe. Get him to show them to you."

"Chain is intact, of course?"

"Oh, naturally. Or was when I saw it last—in Cairo."

Tait came up to them. "Mrs. Luce and I are getting up a bridge game," he announced. "You young people are elected."

"But I'm a terrible player," the girl protested.

"I know you are," the lawyer replied. "That's why I'm going to assign you to Mark as a partner. I feel I'm going to win. I love to win."

Kennaway and the girl got up. "Sorry to leave you, Mr. Chan," the latter said.

"I would not interfere with your pleasure," he returned.

"Pleasure?" she repeated. "You've heard about the slaughter of the innocents. Haven't you an old Chinese proverb to comfort me?"

"I have one which might have warned you," Charlie told her: "The deer should not walk with the tiger."

"That's the best bridge rule I ever heard," the girl answered.

After a time Charlie rose and walked out onto the deck. He was standing in a dark corner by the rail when he heard a stealthy hiss out of the night. He had completely forgotten Kashimo. His slim little assistant came close. Even in the dark, it was evident that he bubbled over with mystery and excitement.

"Search all over," he whispered breathlessly.

"What?" breathed Charlie.

"I have discovered key," the Japanese replied.

Chan's heart leaped at the words. Welby, he recalled, had also discovered the key.

"You are quick worker, Kashimo," the Chinese said. "Where is it?"

"Follow me," directed Kashimo. He led the way into the corridor and to a de luxe cabin on the same deck. At the door he paused.

"Who occupies this room?" Charlie asked anxiously.

"Mr. Tait and Mr. Kennaway," the Japanese told him, and pushing open the door, flooded the cabin with light. Remembering the bridge game with relief, Charlie followed, closing the door behind him. He noticed that the portholes which opened on the promenade deck were safely shuttered.

Kashimo knelt and dragged from beneath one of the beds a battered old bag. It was plastered with the labels of foreign hotels. The Japanese made no effort to open it, but lovingly ran his fingers over a particularly gorgeous label—that of the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta.

"You do same," he suggested to Charlie.

Charlie touched the label. Underneath he felt the faint outline of a key about the size of the one Duff had shown him.

"Good work, Kashimo," he murmured.

In gold letters near the bag's lock, he saw the initials "M. K."

XVIII

AFTER a few whispered instructions to Kashimo, Charlie returned to the deck and stood by the rail, staring thoughtfully out at the silver path of the moon on the dark waters. His chief feeling at the moment was one of admiration for his assistant. An ingenious place to hide an object like a key; it had made but the slightest protuberance on the rough leather of the case. The eye would never have detected it; only the fingers. Yes, Kashimo was undoubtedly a blunderer, but in this matter of searching, of meddling with the property of others, the boy was touched with genius.

Gradually Chan began to consider the larger aspects of the matter. How came this key, duplicate of the one found in the dead hand of Hugh Morris Drake that morning in a London hotel, to be on Kennaway's bag? Of course he had not seen it, but Charlie felt it safe to assume that it was the duplicate. The one Welby had located the night he told Pamela Potter: "The fun's all over." The fun had indeed been over for poor Welby. A dangerous object to discover.

Where had Welby found it? In the same place where it was now? He must have. For it was under the label of the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta, and the natural inference must be that it had been put there in the Indian city. A man couldn't

(Continued on Page 108)

407

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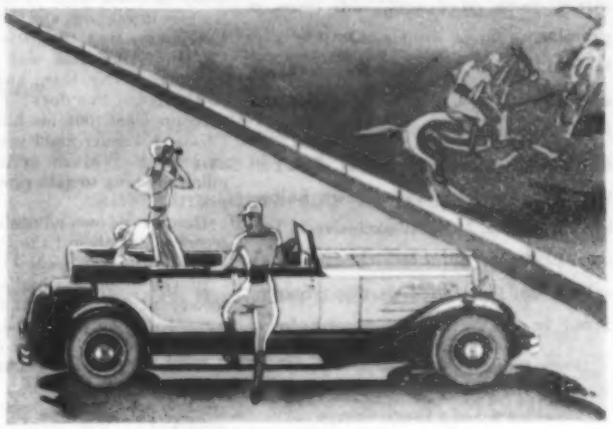

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pick up a Calcutta label anywhere save in Calcutta. Yes, it must have been in its present position in Yokohama, where Welby found it.

Wait a minute. Welby had spoken of this key to the girl as though he had actually seen it—number and all. But had he? Perhaps he was merely assuming, as Chan was doing, that this was the duplicate key. It would have been a natural assumption. It might be that he had only run his fingers over the outline, as Chan had done. And someone had learned of his discovery, had followed him ashore and murdered him.

Who? Kennaway? Nonsense. It had, without doubt, been the same man who killed Honywood and his wife. Kennaway was a mere boy. What concern could he have with Jim Everhard and the Honywoods? With events that had happened long ago in some far place, and then remained in the shadows for many years?

Charlie put his hand to his head. Puzzles, puzzles. It couldn't have been Kennaway. The murderer's settled policy, evidently, was to implicate innocent men if he could. Witness the matter of the strap in London, the theft of the rubber tip from the stick belonging to Ross. Furthermore, he would hardly care to have this key discovered in his possession. What more natural than for him to attach it to the property of another man?

Who would have had the best opportunity to put that key on Kennaway's bag? Chan's eyes, fixed unseeing on the glittering water, narrowed suddenly. Who but Tait? Tait, who had been so prompt that morning to proclaim himself an innocent man, who had asserted that his change to a wrist watch had been effected before the tour started. Tait, who had slept in the room next to that in which Drake died; Tait, who had fallen in a terrific heart attack when he discovered next morning that Honywood, the man Everhard meant to kill, was still alive. Certainly Tait was old enough to have been Everhard in his day, to have acquired those little bags of pebbles, to have carried them for years, determined to return them when opportunity offered. What more likely than that Tait had made use of his companion's suitcase?

Chan began a slow stroll about the deck. No, the key was never Kennaway's. Suddenly he stood still. If Welby had found it where it was now, and it did not belong to Kennaway, then the little detective from Scotland Yard had not discovered the murderer. Why, then, had he been killed on the Yokohama dock?

Again Chan put his hand to his head. "*Haie*, I wander amid confusing fog," he murmured. "Much better I go to my pillow, seeking to gain clarity for the morrow."

He took his own advice at once, and the second night aboard the President Arthur passed without incident.

In the morning Charlie cultivated the society of Mark Kennaway. It meant considerable moving about, for the young man seemed restless and distraught. He roamed the ship and Charlie roamed with him.

"You are youthful person," the Chinese remarked. "You should study calm. I should say, to look at you, you have few more than twenty years."

"Twenty-five," Kennaway informed him. "But I seem to have added about ten by this tour."

"It has been difficult time?" inquired Chan sympathetically.

"Ever been a nursemaid?" asked the young man. "Lord, if I'd known what I was letting myself in for! I've read aloud at night until my eyes ached and my throat felt like the desert's dusty face. Then there's been the constant anxiety about poor Mr. Tait's condition."

"There have been other attacks since the one in Broome's Hotel?" Charlie suggested.

Kennaway nodded. "Yes, several. One on the boat in the Red Sea, and a quite terrible one at Calcutta. I've cabled his son to meet us at San Francisco, and believe me I'll be glad to see that Golden Gate. If I can get him ashore there still alive, I'll consider that I'm a fool for luck. I'll heave a sigh of relief that will be reported in all the Eastern papers as another California earthquake."

"Ah, yes," agreed Chan. "You must have been under much strain."

"Oh, I had it coming to me," Kennaway returned gloomily. "I should have started to practice law and let the map of the world alone. None of my people in Boston were in favor of this trip. They warned me. But I knew it all."

"Boston," repeated Charlie. "As I told you yesterday, a city in which I have great interest. The diction of its people is most superior. Some years ago I did small favor for Boston family, and never in my life was I thanked in better language."

Kennaway laughed. "Well, that must have been something," he replied.

"A great deal," Chan assured him. "I am old-fashioned person who feels that choice of words proclaims the gentleman. Or, in the case of which I speak, the lady. My children regard me old fogy on this point."

"Children don't show their parents enough respect these days," the young man nodded. "I say that as an ex-child. Well, I hope my parents don't find out the hell I've been through on this trip. I'd hate to hear the familiar: 'I told you so.' Of course, it hasn't been only poor Mr. Tait. I've had other troubles."

"I do not wish to penetrate any Boston reserve," Charlie remarked, "but could you name one, please?"

"I certainly could. That Potter girl—well, perhaps I shouldn't have said it."

Chan's eyes opened in surprise. "What is wrong with Potter girl?" he inquired.

"Everything," returned the young man. "She annoys me beyond words."

"Annoys you?"

"Yes. I've said it and I'll stick to it. Doesn't she get on your nerves too? So competent and sure of herself? She's got more poise than a great-aunt of mine who's lived on Beacon Hill for eighty-one years and met everybody worth while." He leaned closer. "You know, I actually believe the girl thinks I'll propose to her before this tour's over. Would I take that chance? Not I. And get her bank book thrown in my face."

"You think that would happen?"

"I'm sure of it. I know her kind—nothing matters but money. 'How much have you got?' We don't feel that way in Boston. Money doesn't count there. Ours certainly doesn't. Uncle Eldred lost it all betting on the New York, New Haven and Hartford. . . . I—I don't know why I've said all this to you, but you can see how I feel. Worn out acting as a nursemaid, and this girl on my mind all the time."

"Ah, then she is on your mind?"

"She certainly is. She can be mighty nice when she tries. Sweet, and—er—you know, sweet—and then all at once I'm run over by an automobile. One of the Drake brand. Millions at the wheel."

Chan consulted his watch. "I see her now at far end of deck. I presume you wish to flee?"

Kennaway shook his head. "What's the use? You can't get away from people on a boat. I've given up trying long ago."

Pamela Potter came up to them. "Good morning, Mr. Chan. . . . Hello, Mark. How about some deck tennis? I think I can trim you this morning."

"You always do," Kennaway said.

"The East is so effete," she smiled, and led the captive Kennaway off.

Chan made a hasty tour of the deck. He found Capt. Ronald Keane seated alone near the bow of the boat and dropped into a chair beside him.

"Ah, captain," he said. "A somewhat gorgeous morning."

"I guess it is," Keane replied. "Hadn't noticed, really."

"You have other matters that require pondering?" Charlie suggested.

"Not a thing in the world," yawned Keane. "But I never pay any attention to the weather. People who do are nothing but human vegetables."

The chief engineer came strolling along the deck. He paused at Charlie's chair. "About time for our tour of the engine room, Mr. Chan," he remarked.

"Ah, yes," returned the Chinese. "You were kind enough to promise me that pleasure when we talked together last night. Captain Keane, I am sure, would enjoy to come along." He looked inquiringly at Keane.

The captain stared back, amazed. "Me? Oh, no, thanks. I've no interest in engines. Wouldn't know a gadget from a gasket. And care less."

Charlie glanced up at the engineer. "Thank you so much," he said. "If you do not object, I will postpone my own tour. I desire short talk with Captain Keane."

"All right," nodded the engineer and moved away. Chan was regarding Keane grimly.

"You know nothing about engines?" he suggested.

"Certainly not. What are you getting at, anyhow?"

"Some months ago, in parlor of Broome's Hotel, London, you informed Inspector Duff you were one time engineer."

Keane stared at him. "Say, you're quite a lad, aren't you?" he remarked. "Did I tell Duff that? I'd forgot all about it."

"It was not the truth?"

"No, of course not. I just said the first thing that came into my head."

"A habit of yours, it seems."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have been reading about you, Captain Keane, in Inspector Duff's notebook. Investigation of murder is serious business, and you will pardon me if I get plenty crude in my remarks. You are self-confessed liar, seemingly with no regrets. All through tour you have behaved strangely, listening outside doors. Not very lovable activity."

"No, I fancy it isn't," Keane snapped. "You must have found that out in your own work."

"I am not sneaky kind of detective," replied Chan with dignity.

"Is that so?" replied Keane. "Then you can't be much good. I've been in the business six years and I'm not proud of what I've done."

Charlie sat up. "You are detective?" he asked.

Keane nodded. "Yes, keep it under your hat. I represent a private agency in San Francisco."

"Ah, private detective," nodded Chan, relieved.

"Yes, and don't be nasty. We're just as good as you are. I'm telling you this because I don't want you to waste your time on me. Mrs. Spicer has a husband and he's eager to get rid of her. Wants to marry a movie actress, or something like that. So he sent me on this trip to see what I could see."

Chan studied Keane's face carefully. Was this the truth? The man certainly looked well suited to the rôle of private detective. So he didn't want Chan to waste any time on him? Unexpected consideration, this was.

"You have had no success?" the Chinese remarked.

"No, the thing was a flop from the first. I believe Vivian suspected me the moment he saw me. I dread meeting Spicer when we land at San Francisco—all this has cost him a pretty penny. But it wasn't my fault if love's young dream blew up right in my face. If they only hadn't been partners at bridge—that finished it. They're not even speaking now, and Vivian has threatened to break my neck if I come near him again. I'm fond of my neck. So I'm at a loose end from here on home. By the way, all this is on the quiet."

Charlie nodded. "Your secret is safe with me."

"I was wondering," continued Keane. "Couldn't I help you out on this murder

(Continued on Page 113)

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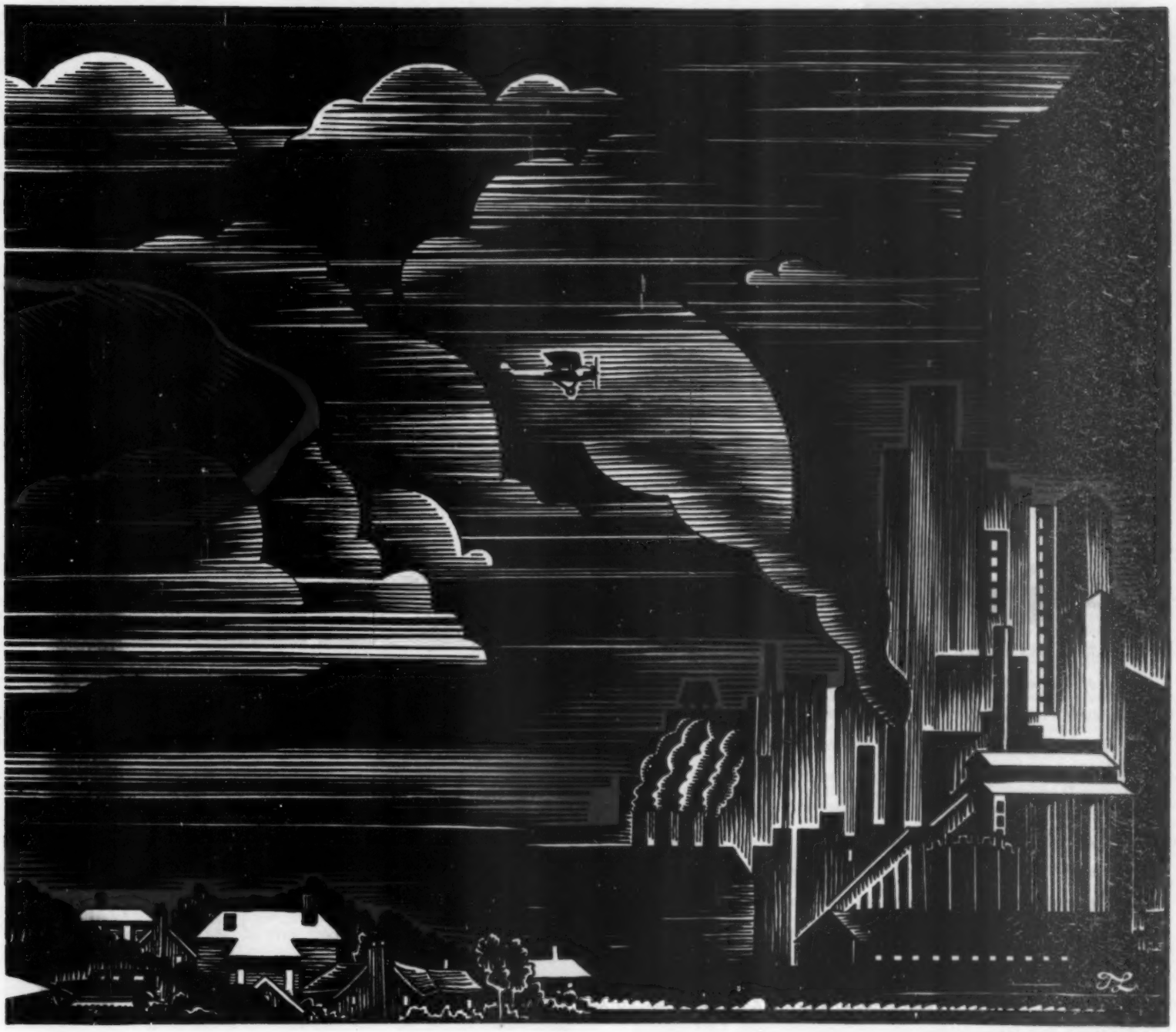

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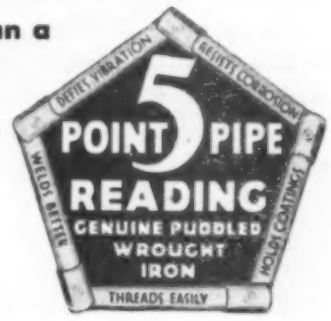

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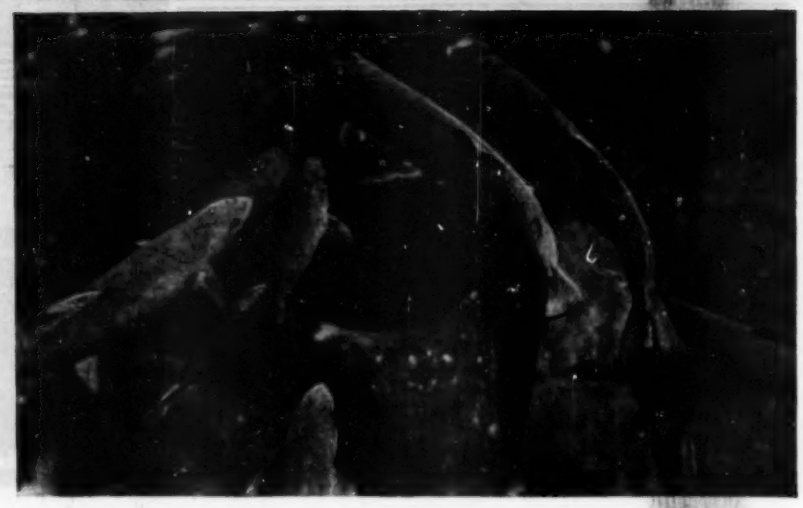

NATURE LEAVES LITTLE UNGUARDED. *In the animal kingdom survival of species depends on at least a fair chance against marauding enemies. With the speed of the wind the graceful antelope eludes its attacker. The prickly porcupine is left strictly alone after its barbed quills have pierced a tender muzzle or padded paw. Within his own armor plate the tortoise retires in safety. The somber colors of a trout's back pass unnoticed against the hues of the stream bed; while seen from beneath, his shimmering iridescence seems a part of the sunlit surface. Life is conserved through the marvelous provisions which nature has evolved through the ages.*

CIVILIZATION has made human life increasingly safe. Our efforts have shifted from instinctive self-preservation to the protection of our life values and our property values. More and more is the worth of a life being considered in relation to its society. How much would it cost to replace you as the head of a family? As a wage-earner? As a business executive? How can the values of your life and your property be saved for your successors? Only through insurance can you answer these questions properly.

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(Continued from Page 108)

thing? Is there any reward, or anything like that?"

"The reward of work well done," Charlie replied.

"Tripe! You don't mean to say you've come into this without having an understanding with the Potter girl? Say, you need a manager. I'll go and have a talk with her. The family's got wads of money, and they naturally want to find out who killed the old man. We'll go fifty-fifty ——"

"Stop!" cried Chan. "You have already said too much. Kindly remember that I am not private detective. You have no authority from me for your low plan."

"Wait a minute. Let's argue this out."

"No. The ignorant are never defeated in argument. What is more, there is nothing to debate. You will kindly keep out of this affair, which does not concern you in the least. I am bidding you good day."

"You're a hell of a business man," growled Keane.

Charlie walked rapidly down the deck, his accustomed calm rudely disturbed. What a worm this fellow Keane was. All that about being a private detective—was it true? Possibly. On the other hand, it might be merely a blind, a tall story designed to put Charlie off his guard. Charlie sighed. Mustn't forget Keane. Mustn't forget any of them.

The creaking ship plowed on its way, making good time over the glassy sea. Kashimo reported the key still on Kennaway's bag. Long, leisurely talks with one member of the party after another yielded no result. The second day passed, and the third night. Not until the fourth night did Charlie begin to take hope again. It was on that evening that Maxy Minchin entertained—a grand party to celebrate the approaching end of the tour. Maxy had passed about with his invitations and had been, much to his own surprise, cordially received. Familiarity had bred charity where he was concerned. The long weeks together had led the party to overlook his crudities. As Mrs. Luce put it: "We mustn't forget there's someone in this crowd who's even worse than Mr. Minchin."

Everyone accepted and Maxy was delighted. When he brought the news to his wife, she reminded him that, with Lofton, there would be thirteen at table.

"Don't let's take any chances, Maxy," she said. "You been gettin' all the breaks so far; don't trifle with your luck. You got to find a fourteenth."

Mr. Minchin found the fourteenth in Charlie. "I ain't got nothing against the dicks," he explained to the Chinese. "I give a party once in Chicago for a tableful of 'em. One of the nicest feeds I ever pulled off. You come along. Informal. I'm leaving my Tux in the trunk."

"Thank you so much," Chan answered. "And may I hope that you will not be offended if at this dinner I make bold to refer to the subject of murder?"

"I don't get you," said Maxy, startled.

"I mean I have unlimited yearning to mention there the unfortunate fate of Hugh Morris Drake in Broome's Hotel. It would make me happy to hear conversation regarding this affair from one and all."

Maxy frowned. "Well, I don't know about that. I was hopin' we wasn't going to talk business. Just a good time for all and no questions asked, get me? Some guy in this gang's got a lot on his mind, and I wouldn't like him to have no anxious minutes while he's my guest. After that, you can put the cuffs on him any minute; see what I mean? He ain't no pal of mine. But for the one evening ——"

"I will be discreet," Chan promised. "No questions, of course."

Maxy waved his hand. "Well, have it your own way. Start the murder thing if you want to. They's no tags to my bids. It's Liberty Hall when Maxy Minchin is paying the check."

Liberty Hall turned out to be the deck café, where fourteen people sat down that evening around a lavishly decorated table. Knowing full well his duties as a seagoing host, Mr. Minchin had provided a comic hat for everyone. He himself put on a Napoleonic tricorn with a scarlet cockade, and thus equipped, felt that the evening had begun auspiciously.

"Eat hearty, folks," he ordered, "and drink the same. It's all on the house. I told 'em to put out the best they got."

After the coffee Maxy rose. "Well, here we are," he began, "near the end of the big hop. We seen the world together, and we had good times and some not so good. Take it all and all, I'll say it's been a swell layout from the start. And if you're asking me, we had one dandy guide. Lift your glasses, people. To old Doc Lofton, the grandest guy afloat."

There were cries for a speech, and Lofton arose, somewhat embarrassed.

"Thank you, friends," he said. "I have been conducting parties like this for many years, and I want to say that this has been in many ways one of my more—er—memorable experiences. You have given me very little trouble—that is, of course, most of you have. There have been differences, but they have been amicably settled. You have all been most reasonable—sometimes under great strain—and I am grateful. Of course I would be foolish to overlook the fact that our tour began under very unusual and trying circumstances. If Miss Pamela will forgive me, I am referring to the unfortunate passing of—er—her grandfather that midnight at Broome's Hotel, in London—that is to say, between midnight and morning—er—an occurrence that I regret more deeply than any of you—with, of course, the exception of the young lady I have mentioned. But that is now long in the past and it seems best to forget it. If it remains among the unsolved mysteries we must accept that as the will of fate. I shall land you all in San Francisco very soon, and we shall part"—his manner brightened noticeably—"but I assure you that I shall always treasure memories of our companionship."

"Hear, hear!" cried Mr. Minchin as the doctor sat down amid polite applause. "Well, folks, since the Doc's brought it up, I may say we're all sorry about that kick-off at Broome's. And that brings me at this time to mention our special guest here tonight—the Chinese dick from Hawaii. Believe me, people, I seen all kinds, but this is a new one on me. . . . Mr. Chan, spill a few words."

Charlie rose with dignity, despite his introduction. He glanced calmly about the little room.

"The drum which makes the most noise is filled with wind," he said. "I remember this in time, so I will not obtrude myself. But I welcome opportunity to bow to my gracious host and to his delightful lady, obscured with plenty jewels. Fate is capricious stage manager. She has introduced you to policemen round the world. To my distinguished friend from Scotland Yard, to the officers of France and Italy. Now you get sample from melting pot of Hawaii, you let your gaze for fleeting moment rest on humble Chinese who follows meager clews left behind by the few criminals who infest our paradise.

"I stand here before you in not entirely happy position. Wise man has said, do not follow on the heels of a sorrow, or it may turn back. Such would be my own advice to Miss Pamela. But while I remain thus in upright posture, old sorrow will not fade from your minds. You must recall that had it not occurred, I would not be here. You see pictures of Broome's Hotel; old incidents, now long forgotten, come back to you. It can happen they take on new meaning after extensive absence. I am desolate to know I recall these things, and I make haste to erase myself. First I would add, Doctor Lofton has told you that if the matter is never solved, it is will of fate. I am Chinese, I accept will of fate, but I have lived so long among American people I feel inclination to give fate small tussle before I offer my meek acceptance. By this time my broad bulk has cast plenty shade on this gay feast. I am sitting down."

Mr. Minchin's roving eye fell on Mr. Tait. That gentleman rose with the manner of the experienced speaker.

"I am, perhaps, happier than any of you to be here," he began. "There have been times when it seemed I must leave you long before this. But the determination to live is strong, and I promise that I shall finish with you as I began. In many ways, I feel that I am lucky. I have much to be grateful for. For example, referring again to my friend, Mr. Hugh Morris Drake, and the night of February sixth—the morning of the seventh—I might have been the occupant of the bed in Room 28, the innocent victim of a murder that was purely——" He stopped and looked helplessly about him. "Pardon me. I am off on the wrong tack there. We are, I fear, making this a rather unhappy evening for the charming Miss Pamela. I only meant to say that I am happy to have survived thus far on our tour around the world, and that it has been a great pleasure to meet you all. Thank you very much."

He sat down abruptly amid subdued applause. Mrs. Luce obliged with a travelogue and Pamela Potter said a few graceful words. Captain Keane arose.

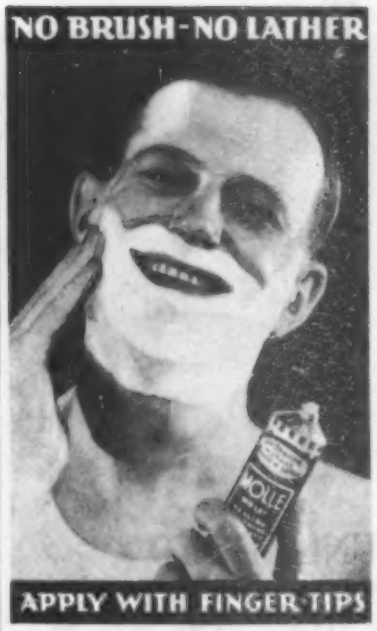
"Well, it's been a great trip," he said. "However, I guess it's about over now, and those of us who have work to do can go and do it. We've had a lot of fun, and for my part I'd almost forgotten the incident at Broome's Hotel. That was a bit of a strain, and no mistake. Inspector Duff acted for a while as though he intended to spoil the tour—for some of us at least. His questions were pretty personal. I don't go in for murder myself, but I happened to be wandering about that night, as you may recall. I had my bad moments. And I guess some of the rest of us were on the anxious seat too. I guess Mr. Elmer Benbow was a little bit worried—eh, Mr. Benbow? I haven't said a word to anybody about this before, but now we're all back in God's country and I guess we can take care of ourselves. I saw Mr. Benbow at three o'clock the morning of the murder, just as he was slipping back into his room from the hall. I imagine you're glad you didn't have to explain that to Scotland Yard—eh, Benbow?"

Keane's air was one of light-hearted banter, but it deceived no one. Underneath was a cheap malice that was unpleasant to contemplate. Even Maxy Minchin, though he couldn't have defined the feeling, knew that here was an exhibition of bad taste that took the palm. The little gangster leaped to his feet.

"The way things is going, you don't need no toastmaster here," he announced. "Mr. Benbow, you been elected the next speaker."

The man from Akron got slowly to his feet. "I've been doing a lot of speaking the past few years," he began, "but I don't know that I ever had to make a speech like this before. It's quite true; I was out of my room that night at Broome's Hotel. After we got home and got to bed, I suddenly remembered that February sixth was my daughter's birthday. We'd been intending all day to send her a cable, but we'd been so busy we both forgot. Well, I was upset, and no mistake. Then I remembered the change of time—that it was six hours earlier in Akron. It came to me that maybe I could still get my cable to her that day—late at night, perhaps, but still on her birthday. I jumped out of bed, dressed and hustled out. There were some scrubwomen in the hotel lobby, but I didn't meet any of the other servants, coming or going. Of course I should have told the police about this, but I certainly didn't feel like getting mixed up in the affair. It was a foreign country—different—you know how it is. If I'd been at home—well, I'd have told the chief of police all about it. But England, Scotland Yard—I got cold feet.

"I'm glad Captain Keane brought the matter up here tonight. I'm glad to explain the thing, and I hope you believe me. Now—er—I had a speech ready, but it's clean gone. Oh, yes; one thing I do remember. I've been taking pictures all the way around, as I guess you know. You're



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all in 'em. I bought a projector in Honolulu, and Friday night—our last night aboard—well, Mrs. Benbow and I are entertaining then. We want you all to be our guests and I'll run off the whole trip for you. That's—that's about all now."

He sat down amid loud and friendly applause. Several rebuking looks were cast at Keane, who received them nonchalantly. Mr. Minchin rose again.

"I guess it's up to me to make the next selection," he remarked. "Mr. Ross, we ain't heard from you yet."

Ross stood up and leaned heavily on his stick. "I have no belated accusations to offer," he remarked, and a little round of applause circled the table. "All I can say is, this has been an interesting tour. I've been looking forward to it for many years; how many, I wouldn't like to tell you. It has been somewhat more exciting than I'd bargained for, but I have no regrets. I'm glad I came on this party with Doctor Lofton, and with all of you. I only wish I had been as wise as Mr. Benbow and made a record of my experiences to solace the long hours when I get back to Tacoma. As for that unfortunate night in London, when poor Hugh Morris Drake lay dead in that stuffy room in Broome's Hotel with Doctor Lofton's luggage strap about his throat ——"

Suddenly, from far down the table, Vivian spoke. "Who says it was Doctor Lofton's luggage strap?" he demanded brusquely.

Ross hesitated. "Why—why, I understood at the inquest," he replied, "that it was taken from the doctor's closet."

"We're all telling our real names tonight," went on Vivian in a clear, cool voice. "That wasn't Lofton's luggage strap. In point of fact, it wasn't a luggage strap at all. It was a camera strap—the kind you use to carry a motion-picture camera over your shoulder. And I happen to know that it was the property of Mr. Elmer Benbow."

With one accord they all turned and looked at Benbow, sitting with a stricken look on his face near the foot of the table.

XIX

IN THE tense silence, Maxy Minchin got slowly to his feet. He removed the Napoleonic hat from his head and, with a gesture of abdication, cast it aside.

"Well, you bimbos are certainly making some dinner out of this," he remarked. "Sadie, I guess we never give one like it before, did we? Way I figure it, guys that put on the feed bag together ought to act nice and friendly at the table, even if they do pull a gat on the stairs going out. Still, I ain't one to tell my guests how to behave. . . . Mr. Benbow, you spoke once, but it looks to me like you gotta speak again."

Benbow leaped to his feet. The stricken look had faded and he appeared grim and determined.

"Well," he said, "I guess I made a mistake. When I was telling you that about the cablegram to my daughter, it flashed through my mind I ought to say something about the strap."

"I suppose you sent her that as a birthday present," Keane sneered.

Benbow turned on him. "Captain Keane, I don't know what I have done to win this hostility from you. I've regarded you from the first as a cheap and contemptible lightweight, but I thought I had kept my opinion of you hidden. I did not send that strap to my girl as a birthday present. I wish I had. Then it would not have been put to the use it ultimately was."

He took a sip of water and continued: "I heard about Mr. Drake's murder early that next morning, and I went to his room to see if there was anything I could do. That's what I would have done in Akron; it seemed the neighborly and kindly thing. There was no one in the room at the moment but a hotel servant—the police hadn't come. I went over and looked at Drake. I saw the strap about his throat, and I thought it was almighty like my camera strap. It gave me a shock, I can tell you. I went to my room, hunted up my camera and found that the strap was missing from the case.

"Well, we talked it over, Nettie and I. Our door was always unlocked; I didn't like to go out and leave it that way, but the maid had requested us to do it. The camera had been there all the previous afternoon, as well as in the evening when we went to the theater. It had been easy enough for somebody to slip in and get that strap. My wife suggested that I go and talk things over with Doctor Lofton." He looked at the doctor. "I'm going to tell the whole business," he added.

Lofton nodded. "By all means," he remarked.

"Well, the doctor pooh-poohed my fears at first, but when I told him I had been out the previous night to send that cablegram he began to look serious. I asked him if he thought I'd better tell Scotland Yard it was my strap, and also that I had been away from my room between two and three o'clock on the morning of the murder. Men have been hung on less than that. And there I was, in a strange country, first time I'd ever been out of the good old United States, and—well, I was scared stiff. 'It looks like I leave your party here and now,' I said to the doctor. He patted me on the shoulder. 'Say nothing,' he told me. 'Leave everything to me. I'm sure you didn't kill Drake, and I'll do all I can to keep you out of the investigation.' Believe me, it was a good offer. I took it. The next thing I heard about the strap, Doctor Lofton had claimed it as his own. That's all I've got to say. Oh, yes, Vivian asked me on the Channel boat where my strap was. He asked in sort of a nasty way. When I bought another in Paris, he made some crack about it. I saw that he was on to the situation, but he didn't seem inclined to do anything about it."

For the first time in many moments Chan spoke. He turned to Vivian with interest.

"Is this true, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, it is," replied Vivian. "I knew from the first it was Benbow's strap. But there we were, in a foreign country, and I didn't really think Benbow was guilty. I didn't know what to do. So I consulted the one man in our party who ought to know about such things. A celebrated criminal lawyer—Mr. Tait, I mean. I outlined the matter to him and he advised me to say nothing."

"And now you disregard his advice?" Charlie said.

"Not precisely. He and I were speaking about it today, and he told me he thought it was about time to get to the bottom of the strap business. He suggested I tell you. He said he thought yours the best mind that had yet come into the case."

Chan bowed. "Mr. Tait does me too much honor," he protested.

"Well, there's nothing more I can say," Benbow went on, mopping his perspiring brow. "Doctor Lofton claimed the strap, and that let me out." He sat down.

They all looked at Lofton. His manner showed that he was decidedly annoyed; his eyes were flashing.

"Everything that Mr. Benbow has told you is true," he remarked. "But consider my position, if you will. There I was, with a murder in my party, and up against the most celebrated man-hunting organization in the world. My only object was to cut off their investigation at the earliest possible moment and get out of England with my party intact. I felt that if Mr. Benbow admitted those two damaging facts he would certainly be held in London. One of them alone might not have sufficed, but both together—well, that would have been too much. I saw myself losing, at the very start of the tour, a couple of my best clients. And I was morally certain Mr. Benbow was entirely innocent.

"When the matter of the strap was brought up by Inspector Duff, I saw my way out immediately. I had not left my room the night before, and no one could say I had. True, there had been a little matter of warm words between Mr. Drake and myself, but that meant nothing, as the inspector was quick to see. I was not connected with the crime in any way. The strap was not unlike one I had about an old bag—not quite so wide, but the same color—black. I told Duff I possessed a strap similar to the one he was showing me. I went to my room, removed it from my bag and hid it beneath a wardrobe that reached nearly to the floor. If my plan failed, I could pretend to discover it there and simply tell Duff I had been mistaken. Then I went back to Drake's room and told the inspector that I believed the strap used to strangle the old gentleman was mine. It worked like a charm. From that point on the matter of the strap was of no further interest to Scotland Yard. Mr. Benbow was safe and ——"

"And so were you," suggested Captain Keane, blowing a ring of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I beg your pardon, sir," glowered Lofton.

"I say, Benbow was safe, and so were you," Keane went on calmly. "If there had been any disposition on the part of Duff to suspect you of the crime, you rather took him aback by claiming that strap on the spot. He figured that if you'd been guilty, you'd hardly have committed the murder with your own strap and then admitted the ownership immediately. Yes, my dear doctor, it worked like a charm."

Lofton's face was scarlet. "What the devil are you driving at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Don't get excited. But nobody's been paying much attention to you in this affair. There you were—broken-hearted because such a thing had happened on a tour of yours. But were you? Mightn't there have been something more important to you than your tour?"

Lofton tossed aside his chair and strode over to where Keane sat.

"Stand up!" he cried. "Stand up, you dirty cur! I'm an old man, but by heaven ——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," shouted Maxy Minchin, "remember they's ladies present!"

Charlie inserted his great bulk between Doctor Lofton and the captain. "Let the refreshing breeze of reason blow over this affair," he suggested gently. "Doctor Lofton, you are foolish man to listen to unresponsible talk of this plenty flippant person. He has no basis whatever for evil insinuations." He took the doctor by the arm and led him a few feet away.

"Well, folks," announced Maxy Minchin, "I guess the dinner's over. I was going to suggest we all join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne at the finish, but mebbe we better chop that. Open the doors. An' for the sake of my boy at school, I hope they won't be no rods drawn in the hallway."

Chan quickly escorted Lofton outside. Behind him, as he left, he heard the scraping of chairs, the breaking up of Maxy's interesting dinner party.

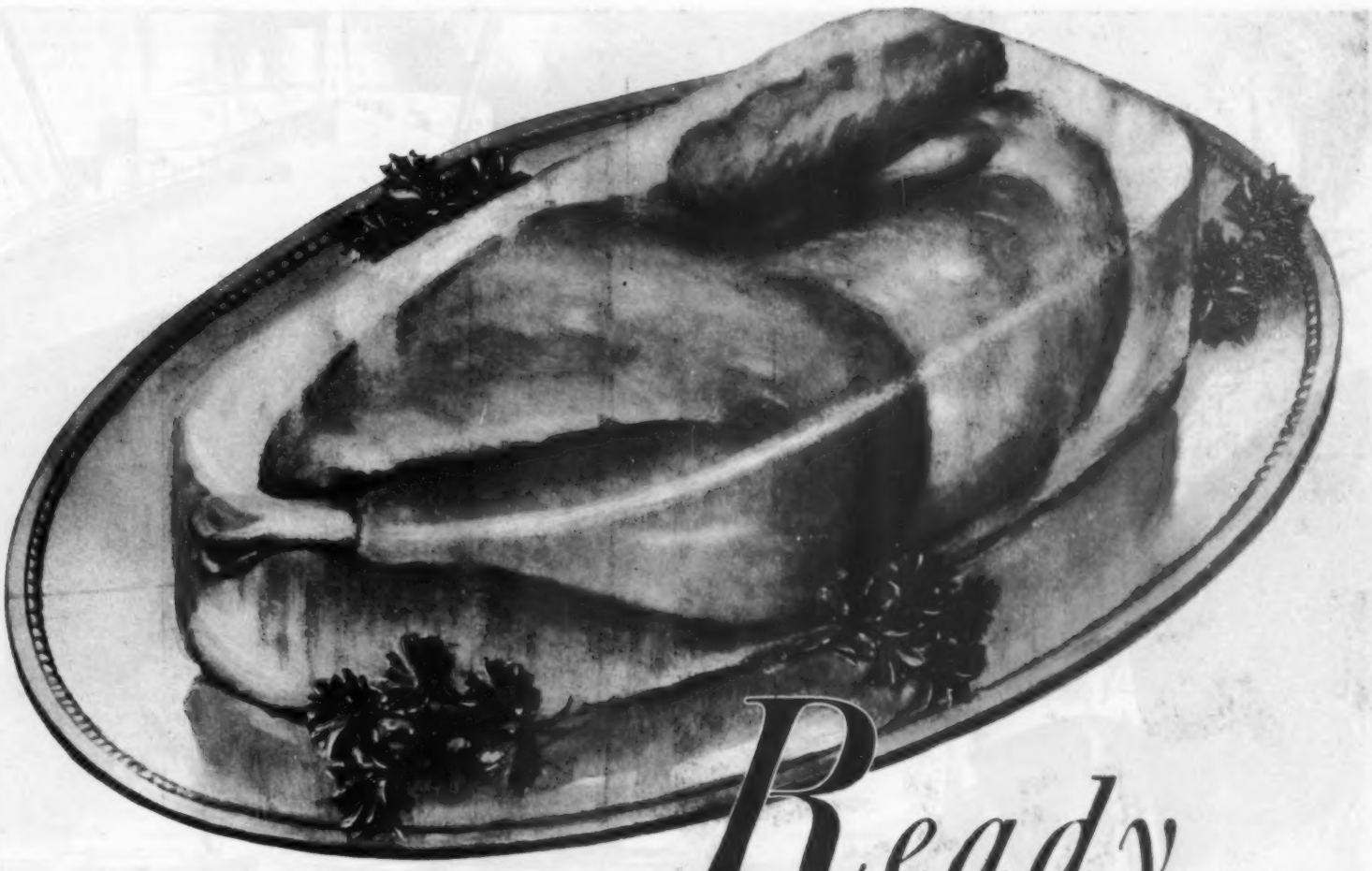
"Hot words will cool here on windy deck," he suggested. "Accepting my advice, you will abstain from presence of Keane until you feel less fiery."

"Yes, I fancy I'd better," the doctor admitted. "I've hated that sneering whelp from the moment I saw him. But of course I mustn't forget my position." He gave Charlie a searching look. "I was happy to hear you say that he had no basis for his accusations."

"None whatever that I discover," answered Chan blandly.

"I don't know. Now that I come to think of it, it was a rather silly move—my claiming that strap. I can't explain it except for the fact that after you've traveled with groups like this for a few years you begin to look upon them as children. Somewhat stupid children, too, helpless and needing protection. My first instinct is always to furnish the protection. One of

(Continued on Page 117)



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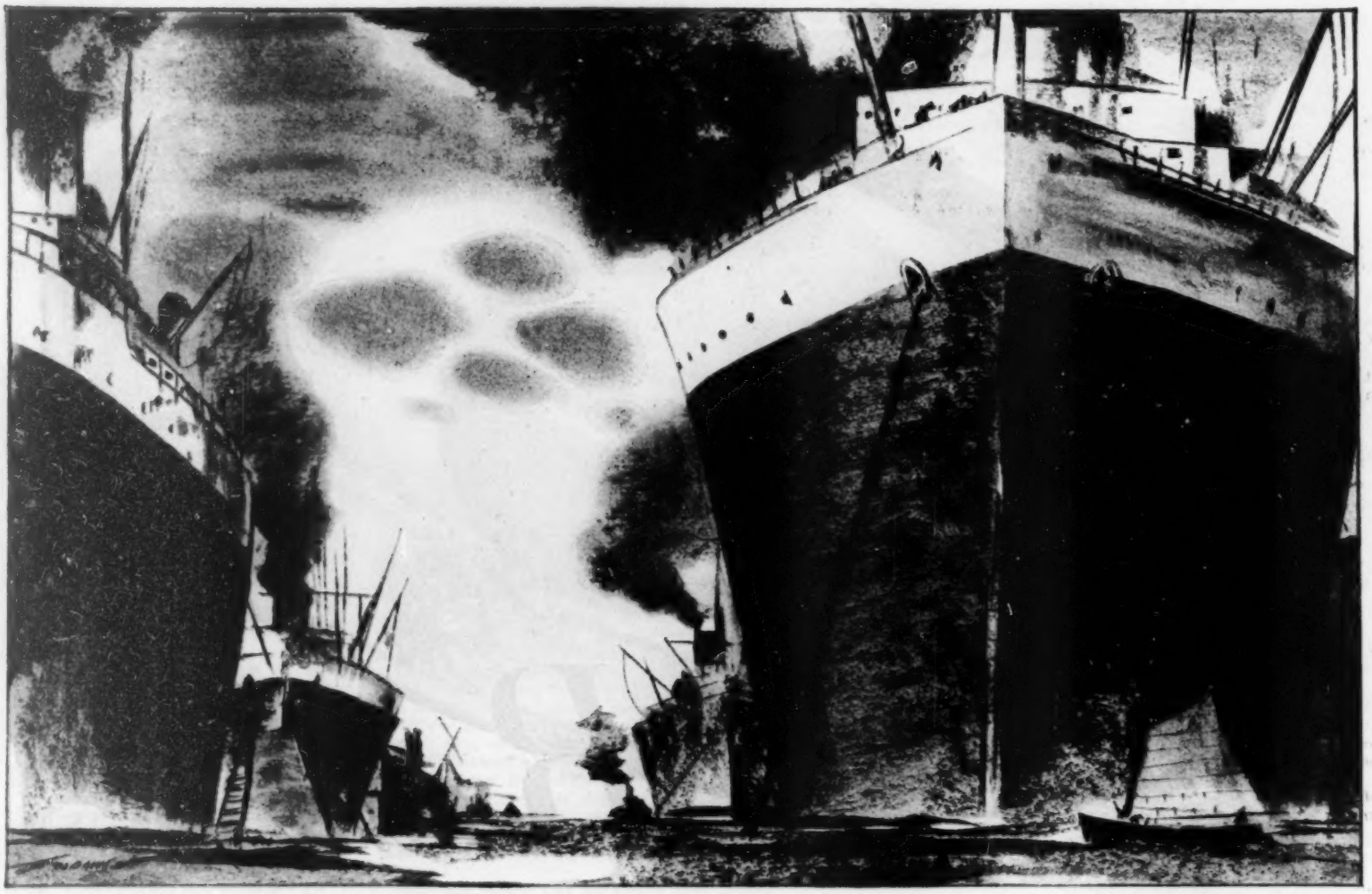
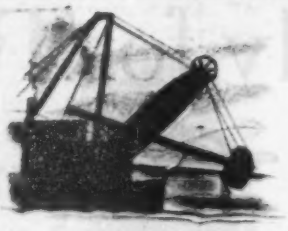
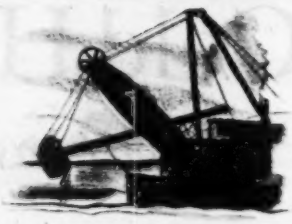




with Steam up



Out of a sky like brass the sun beats down on Colon. Wires hum, men sweat, the distant mountains tremble in the heat. In the harbor the fleets of the world are gathering, ship by ship. A week ago there were ten. Yesterday there were fifty. Tomorrow there will be a hundred. . . . For Culebra has slipped again, and the canal is closed to traffic.

All day long the ships ride at anchor, with steam up, while in Melbourne and Kobe and Honolulu anxious consignees scan the cable news. Across the isthmus, at Panama, another fleet waits, loaded with mutton for England, copra for New York, nitrates for New Orleans, and all the treasures of the Orient.

Meanwhile, up in the hills, the dredges work night and day, eating into the great slide of rock and dirt which chokes the cut. Men swarm like ants over the morain, locomotives snort, winches whine. Ton by ton the mass diminishes, borne away in scows and dump-cars through the jungle. Steadily the channel widens, the last debris is cleared away, the engineers make a final inspection . . . and like a stream pent up and suddenly released, the fleets go through.

Something of this sort is happening to American business. For the past year and a half, there has been a general slowing-down process—partly economic and partly psychologic—in the course of which hand-to-mouth buying has been greatly accentuated. Orders have been cut to fractions. Wholesale and retail stocks have been allowed to dwindle. Attempts have been made to substitute cheap, unbranded merchandise for goods of known quality and reputation.

This is bad for every one concerned. It is bad for the consumer, because he can't get what he wants when he wants it. It is bad for the retailer, because he is losing the confidence and good-will of his trade. It is bad for the manufacturer because he can't work out his production schedules on the basis of definite orders placed reasonably in advance.

There are signs that this condition is improving. But it is not improving fast enough. If, when the canal was choked at Culebra, the engineers had sat still and wondered how much more rock was going to slide, they would have done much as we are doing. What is needed now is foresight and courage. Retail and wholesale stocks should be brought gradually back to normal. Buying needs should be anticipated—and filled. People are still eating, sleeping, working, playing, just as they always have. . . . *Beyond the landslides of commerce the fleets of the world wait with brass polished and steam up, ready to go on through.*

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(Continued from Page 114)

my people was in trouble, so, as had happened many times before, I simply shifted his burden to my own shoulders and carried on."

Charlie nodded. "I understand plenty well," he reassured the older man.

"Thank you, Mr. Chan," Lofton replied. "You seem an understanding person. I'm inclined to think I underrated you when we met."

Charlie smiled. "That is customary. I do not let it distress me. My object is to arrange so people are not still underrating me when we part."

"I imagine your object is usually attained." The doctor bowed. "I think I'll go to my cabin now. I have a lot of work to do."

They parted, and Chan set out on a walk about the deck. His step was brisk, his manner serene and composed. Much had happened at Maxy Minchin's dinner. Charlie smiled to himself as he recalled how much had happened. Someone called to him from a steamer chair.

"Ah, Mr. Tait," he remarked, "I will sit down at your side if you have no inclination for objecting."

"I am delighted," replied Tait.

"Ah, yes. You were kind enough to speak to Mr. Vivian in flattering terms of my poor brain power."

"I meant every word of it," the lawyer assured him.

"Then you judge on the smallest grounds."

"No, I never do that." Tait struggled with his rug and Chan assisted him. "Thanks," he said. "Well, that was quite a little dinner, as it turned out. Was it, by any chance, another of your experiments?"

Chan shook his head. "No, it was idea of hospitable Mr. Minchin. But who knows! I may be able to turn it to my purpose."

"I'm sure you can."

"Detective is in happy luck," Charlie continued, "when he can stand aside and hear murderer talk about incidents attending crime. Tonight many men spoke; possibly murderer among them. Was there some indiscreet admission?"

"Did you note any?" inquired Tait.

"I am much afraid I did. It came—you will pardon my rudeness—it came from you."

The lawyer nodded. "You justify my belief in you. I hardly expected you would overlook my indiscretion."

"We are talking, no doubt, about same thing?"

"Oh, no doubt at all."

"Will you tell me, then, of what we speak?"

"Gladly. It was rather a slip for me to admit that any one of us might have been in Hugh Morris Drake's position that night in Broome's Hotel."

"It was indeed. You knew, of course, that Honywood and Drake changed rooms that night. Inspector Duff told you same on train between Nice and San Remo."

"Yes, that was where he told me about the change. You know Duff's notes pretty thoroughly, I perceive."

"I must. They are my only hope. I find no record that you ever read a letter written by late Mr. Honywood to his wife."

"I didn't even know there was such a letter."

"Yet you knew that Drake was killed by someone seeking to kill Honywood. You understood that poor man's taking off was, as you started to say, purely accidental. That it might have happened to any man in the party."

"Yes, I'll have to admit that I knew that. I'm sorry I let it out, but it's too late now for regrets."

"How did you know it? Duff never told you."

"No, of course, Duff never told me."

"Then who did?"

Tait hesitated. "I suppose I shall have to confess. I got the information from Mark Kennaway."

"Ah, yes. And Mr. Kennaway got it from ——"

"According to his story, he got it from Pamela Potter."

A brief silence, then Charlie stood up. "Mr. Tait, I congratulate you. You are out of that in neat fashion."

Tait laughed. "And in simple fashion," he added. "Just by telling the truth, Mr. Chan."

"A pleasant evening," Charlie said. "I leave you to enjoy your no doubt interesting thoughts." He strolled away.

Seeking the dancers on the promenade deck, he noted Pamela Potter circling that restricted floor in Mark Kennaway's arms. He waited patiently until the music stopped and then approached the couple.

"Pardon," he announced. "But this lady has next fox trotting with me."

"Just as you say," smiled Kennaway.

Gravely Chan offered his arm and led the girl off. The music was beginning again.

"I spoke with metaphor," Charlie remarked. "My avoirdupois and dancing do not make good mixture."

"Nonsense," she answered. "I'll bet you've never tried."

"The wise elephant does not seek to ape the butterfly," he told her, and escorted her to a shadowy corner by the rail. "I have brought you here not only for the fragrance of your society, which is delectable, but also to ask a question."

"Oh, and I thought I'd made a conquest," she laughed.

"Surely same would be ancient story for you," he replied, "and hardly worthy of recording. Tell me this, if you will be so kind: You have related to others the matter you read in Mr. Honywood's letter to his wife? You have told fellow members of tour that murder of grandfather was accident?"

"Oh, dear," she murmured. "Shouldn't I have done it?"

Chan shrugged. "Old saying has it—two ears, one mouth. Hear twice as much as you tell."

"I'm properly rebuked," she said.

"Do not fret. No harm may have been done. I merely wish to know whom you told."

"Well, I told Mrs. Luce."

"That was natural. And how many more?"

"Just one more. Mark—Mr. Kennaway."

"Ah, yes. You noted tonight, perhaps, that Mr. Kennaway has passed information along to Mr. Tait?"

"Yes, I did note it, and it made me rather angry. I didn't tell Mark it was a secret, but he should have known. He irritates me very much—that lad."

"Irritates you? I should have said ——"

"Yes, I know I'm with him a lot. But heavens, what have I to choose from? Vivian? Keane? It's hopeless. When there's anything doing that calls for a man—a dance, for instance—naturally I select Mark. But all the same, he irritates me."

"So you said."

"I meant it. You must have seen yourself how he acts. So frightfully superior—Boston and Harvard and all that. I can tell you, it gets on my nerves."

"Suppose," smiled Chan, "that this irritating young man should ask you to marry him?"

"Do you think he will?" asked the girl quickly.

"In what way should I know?" Charlie said.

"Well—it's almost uncanny, Mr. Chan, how you invite confidences. I may tell you that I hope he will ask me to marry him. As a matter of fact, I've been leading him on a little. I want him to propose to me."

"And then?"

"Then I shall turn him down. What a triumph! The flower of Boston turned down by something crude and vulgar from the Middle West."

Chan shook his head. "A woman's heart," he remarked, "is like a needle at the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, we're not so darned hard to fathom. My motives are perfectly clear. Of course, in a way, it will be a pity; he can be so nice when he wants to be."

"Yes?"

"Yes, but he seldom wants to be. Usually he's just cold and lofty and Bostonian, and I know that he's sneering at my money." She laid a slender hand on Charlie's arm. "Can I help it," she added wistfully, "if my grandfather had brains enough to get rich?"

"No honorable man would hold you accountable," Charlie answered soothingly. "But if you are leading this young man on a little, we should get back to the work."

They walked along the deck toward the music.

"He should never have told that to Mr. Tait," the girl said. "I ought to call him down for it, but I don't think I will. The mood tonight is one of tenderness."

"Let it remain so," urged Chan. "I like it better that way myself."

Kennaway, he noted, showed no signs of annoyance when he saw the girl again. Nor did Pamela Potter seem especially irritated. As Charlie turned away, the purser faced him.

"Come with me, Mr. Chan," Lynch said. He led the way to his office. In a chair drooped Kashimo, evidently much depressed.

"What has happened?" Charlie inquired.

Kashimo looked up. "So sorry," he hissed, and Chan's heart sank.

"Your helper here has got himself into trouble," the purser explained.

"How do I know she will come back?" the Japanese said.

"You speak in riddles," Chan told him. "Who came back?"

"Mrs. Minchin," the purser put in, "returned to her cabin a few moments ago and found this boy searching there. She's got a billion dollars' worth of knickknacks in her luggage, and her screams could be heard as far away as the Astor House bar in Shanghai. I promised her I'd throw the lad overboard myself. We'll have to take him off those cabins and put him somewhere else. I'm afraid his usefulness to you is ended."

"So sorry," Kashimo repeated.

"One minute," Charlie said. "You will have plenty time to be sorry later. Tell me first, did you find anything of interest in Maxy Minchin's cabin?"

Kashimo leaped to his feet. "I think so, Charlie. I find—I search hard and I am a good searcher—you said so ——"

"Yes, yes. What did you find?"

"I find nice collection of hotel labels not pasted on to anything. Pretty labels from all hotels visited by these travelers—labels that say Grand Hotel, Splendid Hotel, Palace Hotel ——"

"And was there one from the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta?" Chan inquired.

"No. I look twice. Label from that hotel is not among those present."

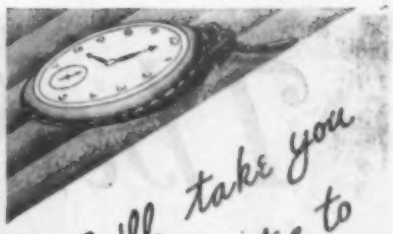
Chan smiled and patted the little Japanese on the back. "Do not belittle own attainments any longer, Kashimo," he advised. "Stones are cast alone at fruitful trees, and one of these days you may find yourself in veritable shower of missiles."

XX

CHARLIE turned to the purser and within a few minutes the question of Kashimo's future status on the ship was settled. It was arranged that he was to be transferred to a series of cabins on a lower deck, and that he must keep out of the way of the loudly vocal Sadie Minchin as much as possible from that moment on to the end of the journey. The little Japanese, crestfallen, slipped away and Chan returned to the deck. Standing once more by the rail, he considered this latest development.

If there were loose hotel labels available aboard the President Arthur, then it became more unlikely than ever that the key had been attached to Kennaway's bag at Calcutta and had, consequently, been in its

(Continued on Page 121)



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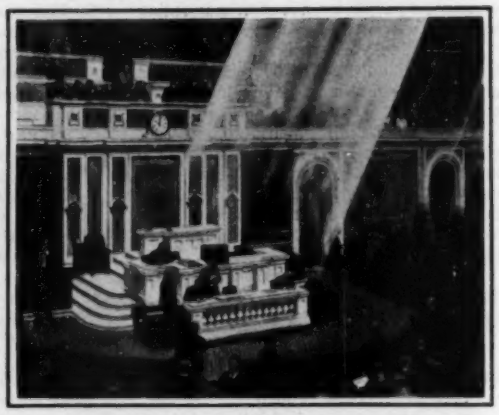

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But even more important, as fall and winter come on, Manufactured Weather will do less spectacular, but just as remarkable things in hundreds of public and industrial buildings for the comfort and health of patrons and employees.

People in these places will breathe air that has gallons and gallons more of water in it than the air in buildings heated by ordinary systems without adequate humidification. They will breathe air that will help to keep them well because it is healthfully moistened, not dry and stuffy.

Dry air snatches the moisture out of plants, and they die.

It draws moisture out of furniture, and it cracks or falls apart.

It parches the delicate linings of the nose and throat, and they become irritated and inflamed.

Colds, influenza, respiratory diseases, frequently start from these dried-out noses and throats.

Manufactured Weather helps to check this drying out. It puts moisture in the air. If gallons of water are needed every hour, Manufactured Weather automatically adds gallons. If quarts are needed, it automatically mixes in quarts.

And Manufactured Weather cleans the air, summer and winter. It literally washes out dust, dirt and impurities.

Let's see how Manufactured Weather brings year-round comfort to a great movie theatre, for instance.

How modern talkies keep you cool

If you should go to the talkies tonight, you wouldn't enjoy finding a 100-watt electric bulb burning brightly in every seat.

Yet if the house is crowded,

the heating effect is practically the same as if there were.

For a normal 150-pound adult, simply sitting still, gives off about as much heat as a lighted hundred-watt bulb. And that from each person is more than enough to heat the crowded theatre on the coldest winter day.

Add the excessive heat of summer. Pile on oppressive summer humidity.

Out of this welter of heat, how does Manufactured Weather bring comfort?

First, it removes dust and flying impurities from the air.

Then it takes out the super-charge of moisture that summer air generally carries. At the same time it pulls down feverish temperatures to the cooling seventies.

Then it diffuses this clean, dehumidified, cooled air down to you from the theatre ceiling so gently and draftlessly that you don't even notice the motion. When this air settles to the floor, Manufactured Weather draws it out again.

In the winter, Manufactured Weather warms the air instead of cooling it. It adds moisture then, to make it comfortable. It banishes the discomfort of dry, stuffy air.

In the theatre that offers Manufactured Weather, you never have to worry about bad weather outside. You know that you will find agreeable, pleasant weather inside its doors.

Would you like to know the names of the progressive theatres, restaurants and stores near you that provide this complete, healthful air conditioning instead of half-way measures of chilling or blowing or even no air conditioning at all? Drop a post card to the Carrier Engineering Corporation, whose address is given at the bottom of this page.

Now people go shopping to cool off

A few years ago, if anyone had suggested on a torrid summer day, "Let's go down to Soandso's department store to cool off," you might have thought the heat had made her a trifle light-headed.

This summer, thousands of people have made that suggestion.

The thermometer may be mounting into the blistering nineties. The air may be so heavy with humidity that it settles down on you like a blanket. Yet in progressive department stores all over the country, thousands of shoppers and store attendants are cool and comfortable because Manufactured Weather holds heat and humidity at bay.

Clerks behind the counter are more courteous. They wait on you quicker. Their energy isn't sapped by the merciless weather.

William Van Alen, *Architect* Louis Ralston, *Engineer*

A FREE WEATHER TONIC *goes to every customer of this new Terminal Shop in the Chrysler Building, New York. Makes you wish that a visit to the barber lasted all day.*

Merchandise looks fresher. It soils less quickly. With Manufactured Weather, the air is washed clean.

Why shouldn't people throng the store that offers such stimulating comfort . . . in summer as well as winter?

Here's this summer's favorite shopping list of the Nation: Filene's, Boston . . . Smith-Kasson's, Cincinnati . . . Titche-Goettinger's, Dallas . . . Hudson's and Kern's in Detroit . . . Sanger Brothers', Fort Worth . . . L. S. Ayres', Indianapolis . . . Macy's, New York . . . Strawbridge and Clothier's in Philadelphia . . . Halliburton-Abbott's, Tulsa . . . Bon Marché, Seattle. Other prominent stores and shops are now being equipped to provide the same comfort which makes shopping even on the hottest days no disagreeable task but actually a pleasure.

Howard Shaw Associates, *Architects* Chas. G. Atkins, *Engineer*

A SUMMER SHOPPING MECCA. *Macy's, in New York, where thousands of shoppers walk in from the sizzling sidewalks to weather that's always in the cool, comfortable seventies.* Robert D. Kohn, *Architect* Werner Nygren, *Consulting Engr.*

A COOL DISPLAY ROOM FOR WARM PROSPECTS. *It's a pleasure to look over office equipment in Shaw-Walker's new Chrysler Building offices, because Manufactured Weather keeps them comfortable.*

Printers have their troubles with the weather

Manufactured Weather has many more uses than keeping people cool in summer, comfortable all year round. Hundreds of industries must have special weather. Rayon, tobacco, candy, are examples.

Hardly anyone is more concerned about the weather than the printer.

Paper shrinks on a cold, dry day. It expands on a warm, humid day. That raises havoc with color printing, which requires accuracy to the hundredth of an inch.

Manufactured Weather cuts out weather variations. Pressroom temperature and humidity are the same every hour of the day throughout the year.

Manufactured Weather brings the printer other important advantages. It cleans pressroom air. It protects the ink and rollers. Clean accurate printing results. Rush jobs go out on time.

Large plants such as "Donnelley's" . . . "Lyon's" and the "American Litho" have found it profitable to invest thousands of dollars in Manufactured Weather. While the small shops have gained the same weather independence through a modest investment in the Carrier Unit Air Conditioner.

THEY PRINTED THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. *Presses of R. R. Donnelley & Sons, Chicago, where Manufactured Weather makes paper behave and keeps printers comfortable.*

What is the cost of Manufactured Weather?

THE first consideration is this: What does it cost to be *without* Manufactured Weather?

It costs executives and employees personal discomfort, quicker fatigue, lowered productive efforts. It costs building owners and investors quicker obsolescence, unrentable space, dissatisfied tenants. It costs industry slowed-up factories, spoilage, waste. It costs stores and shops customers and sales.

The only way to arrive at an accurate cost figure is to balance these losses against the positive benefits and economies of Manufactured Weather in your business.

Our Newark offices will be glad to go into details with you, both about our research and investigation work before we make any recommendations for your business, and about the investment value of Manufactured Weather. We suggest that you write them today.

Carrier Engineering Corporation

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles
Export Division - 505 Fifth Ave., New York

Carrier Engineering Co., Ltd.
London, Paris, Bombay, Calcutta, Johannesburg
Carrier Luftrechnische Gesellschaft
Stuttgart, Berlin

(Advertisement)

A LITTLE girl walked into the drug-store, clasping a thermometer tight in a sticky fist. She held it up. "Don't move that thread," she warned, "it's Johnny's fever. Mamma wants to know is he feverish now?"

The Druggist peered solemnly at a point on the glass where a bit of white thread was tied. "Hmmm," he said. "Just a little over ninety-eight. That's fine, Susie. Tell your mother that Johnny hasn't any fever."

How many times a day, do you suppose, is *your* Druggist called upon to answer questions like that? Is the city water safe? What takes out grass stains? What's good for a kitten with fits? Is two cents right for a letter to Canada? Everything you can think of.

The surprising thing is, most of the time the Druggist *knows*. On his thorough professional training, his wide practical experience, his unrivaled knowledge of human nature, his neighbor-customers have learned that they can always count for sage and friendly counsel.

Your Druggist is the Health Merchant of the community. Ready to serve—like the family doctor—by night or day. Holding high his professional standard of quality in the things he sells. You can *tell* that, from the fact that he nearly always handles the products of Bauer & Black.

In Bauer & Black Absorbent Cotton, Sterile Gauze, Adhesive Plaster, and Handi-Tape Dressing—to name only a few—he offers you in your home or at your work or play the protection of quality that, for thirty-five years, has made the name of Bauer & Black a synonym for excellence in the field of surgical and first-aid dressings.

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads (new) and Corn Plasters—BAUER & BLACK aids to foot comfort

BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

BAUER & BLACK Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and de luxe comfort at work or play

BAUER & BLACK Handi-Tape. Adhesive Plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready for instant use

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 117)

present position when Welby located it in Yokohama. No, it had unquestionably been elsewhere—in the possession of its owner. That person, not wanting to throw it away, but somewhat shaken by the Welby episode, had evolved the happy idea of planting it on Kennaway's suitcase, under the label of a hotel long since visited and left behind. He had known where such a label could be had. He might even have owned such a label himself. He might have been Maxy Minchin.

Chan smiled to himself and, after spending a few moments in the library, went to his cabin. His first act there was to take out Duff's notes and study them once again. What he read seemed to please him, and he went cheerfully to bed, where he enjoyed the most complete rest he had yet encountered aboard the boat.

Early the next morning Charlie met Maxy Minchin pacing the deck, grimly determined on exercise. He fell into step beside the gangster.

"Hello, officer," Maxy said. "Swell morning after the storm."

"Storm?" Chan inquired.

"I mean that snappy little party I give last night. Say, maybe them birds didn't mix it, hey? Hope you had a good time?"

"An excellent one," smiled the Chinese.

"Well, I was a little anxious myself," Maxy returned. "A guy that's host, he can't get much of a kick out of a roughhouse like that. I thought for a minute it was going to end in a pair of bracelets for some bimbo. But after all was said and done, I guess you was just as far from a pinch as ever."

Chan sighed ponderously. "I fear I was."

"It's sure some mystery," Maxy went on. "Me, I can't figure why any guy'd want to rub out that nice old gentleman. Something Tait said made me think mebbe it was all a mistake; mebbe Drake got took for a ride because they thought he was somebody else. Such things do happen. I remember once in Chicago—but why should I let a bull in on that? What I was going to say, we had a little excitement in our cabin last night."

"Yes? Of what nature?" Charlie was mildly curious.

"Us rich millionaires," Maxy continued, "we gotta keep our eyes peeled every minute. The word goes round we're rolling in jack, and after that, good night! I don't know what the world's coming to. No respect for property rights no more—it's disgusting. Sadie went back to the cabin, and there was a biscuit boy going through things like a Kansas cyclone."

"What a pity," Chan answered. "I trust nothing valuable was taken."

"That's the funny angle on it. There was all that jewelry Sadie's been copping on to—valuable stuff. I ought to know, I come across for it. And when Sadie went into the cabin, there was this Chink ——"

"Ah—er—no matter!" cried Chan, catching himself in time.

"—— there was this Chink with a bunch of old hotel labels in his hand."

"You have collection of such labels?" Charlie inquired.

"Yeah, I been picking 'em up from each hotel we been to. Going to take 'em home to little Maxy—that's my son—so he can paste 'em on his suitcase. He wanted to come along with us, but I tells him an education comes first. 'You stay here and learn to talk right,' I says. Even a bootlegger's got to speak good language nowadays, associating with the best people the way he does. Not that I want Maxy in the racket; he'll have all he can do to manage the estate. 'I'll bring you the labels,' I says to him. 'It'll be as good as taking the trip.' And as I just been telling you, with all Sadie's valuables laying around, it was them labels that caught the Chink's eye. But he only had time to pinch one of 'em."

"Ah, one is missing?"

"Yeah. The wife noticed it right off the bat. The swellest one in the bunch; we both remembered speaking of it when we got it—how pleased little Maxy would be—a Calcutta hotel. But it was gone. We couldn't dig it up nowhere."

Charlie turned and stared at the gangster.

The simple innocence of that dark face amazed him. Nothing there save the anxiety of an indulgent father.

"I tossed in a kick to the purser," Mr. Minchin went on, "but he tells me he searched the Chink and he was clean. I guess he'd made away with the label. In Chi, in the old days, he'd 'a' got a pineapple in his soup for this. But—oh, well, let it ride. Little Maxy won't know what he missed, and that's something."

"I congratulate you," said Chan. "Life has made you philosopher, which means peaceful days ahead."

"That's the kind I got a yen for now," Minchin replied. They finished the walk in silence.

Early that afternoon Charlie met the unpleasant Captain Keane. The Chinese was inclined to ignore the encounter, but the captain stopped him.

"Well?" Keane began.

"Yes?" returned Chan.

"That dinner last night. Quite a few new developments."

"Plenty," nodded Charlie.

"Plenty for me," Keane replied. "As far as I can see, the matter begins to look pretty plain."

"You mean Mr. Benbow?"

"Benbow, my hat! Don't try to kid me. Lofton's my choice, and has been from the start. Do you know, he told me at San Remo that the tour was off? Why? Elementary, my dear Mr. Chan. Duff forced him to go on, but he didn't want to do it. He'd finished his job."

"You think that is proof enough to convict in English courts?"

"No, I know it isn't. I'm working on the case, though. Miss Potter has authorized me to go ahead, and she's promised to pay up if I make good."

Chan glared at him. "You did not mention my name?"

"Why should I? You're going to be on the outside looking in before this case is ended. Go ahead, look wise. I suppose you think I'm on the wrong track."

"Not at all," Chan answered.

"What?"

"Why should I think that? The stupidest man in the town may point out the road to the school."

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Old Chinese saying."

"I don't think much of it," answered Keane, and went on his way.

The afternoon passed swiftly while the ship sailed on across a calm and sunlit sea. Evening came—the last of his evenings but one—and Chan was as calm as the sea. He prepared for dinner and, stepping out onto the deck, saw Tait about to enter the smoking room.

"Won't you join me, Mr. Chan?" the lawyer invited.

Charlie shook his head. "I am seeking Mr. Kennaway," he replied.

"Still in the cabin when I left," Tait said.

"And the number is ——" the Chinese inquired.

Tait gave him this quite unnecessary information and Chan walked away. He found Mark Kennaway, busy with a black tie.

"Oh, come in, Mr. Chan," the young man greeted him. "Just trying to beautify the old façade."

"Yes; the time in Miss Pamela's society is growing brief," Charlie smiled.

"Why bring that up?" asked Kennaway. "Always look your best—that's my motto. There may be somebody about who wants to hire a lawyer."

Chan closed the door. "I have called for a private talk with you," he announced. "I must have your word of honor you will keep what is said in dark."

"Naturally." Kennaway seemed surprised.

Charlie dropped to his knees and dragged from beneath one of the beds the suitcase with the interesting label. He pointed to the latter.

"You will regard that, please."

"You mean the label from the Great Eastern Hotel in Calcutta? What about it?"

"Do you recall? Was it there when you left Calcutta?"

"Why, of course. I noticed it after I got on the boat at Diamond Harbor. It's so striking, one could hardly overlook it."

"You are certain this is the label you saw on that occasion?"

"Well—how could I be certain of that? I saw one just like it."

"Precisely," answered Chan. "You saw one just like it, but you did not see this one."

Kennaway came closer. "What do you mean?" he inquired.

"I mean that at some later date second label was pasted neatly over the first. And between the two —— Will you kindly run fingers over surface?"

The young man did so. "What's this?" he frowned. "Feels like a key."

"It is a key," Charlie nodded. "Duplicate of the one found in hand of Hugh Morris Drake one February morning in Broome's Hotel."

Kennaway whistled softly. "Who put it on my bag?" he asked.

"I wonder," said Chan slowly.

The young man sat down on the edge of his bed, thinking deeply. His eyes strayed across the room to another bed, on which lay a pair of pajamas. "I wonder too," he said. He and Charlie exchanged a long look.

"I will put suitcase back in place," remarked the detective with sudden briskness. He did so. "You will say nothing of this to living soul. Keep eye on key. It will, I think, be removed before ship reaches port. Kindly inform me the moment it is gone."

The door opened abruptly and Tait came in. "Ah, Mr. Chan," he said. "Pardon me. Is this a private conference?"

"Not at all," Charlie assured him.

"I found I had no handkerchief," Tait explained. He opened a drawer and took one out. "Won't you join me for an appetizer, both of you?"

"So sorry not to do so," the Chinese answered. "What I require mostly is nonappetizer." He went out, smiling and serene.

After dinner he found Mrs. Luce and Pamela Potter seated together in deck chairs.

"May I intrude my obnoxious presence?" he inquired.

"Sit down, Mr. Chan," the old lady said. "I'm not seeing much of you on this trip. But then, I suppose you're a busy man?"

"Not so much busy as I expected to be," he answered quietly.

"Really?" She gave him a questioning look. "Lovely evening, isn't it? This weather reminds me of the South African veldt. I spent a year there once."

"You have pretty well investigated the map."

"Yes, I've been about. Think now I'll settle down in Pasadena, but that feeling is usual with me just as I finish a long tour. Some day I'll pass a window filled with steamship folders, and then I'll be off again."

Charlie turned to the girl. "May I, with rude boldness, inquire about last evening? Maybe you led young man on a little farther?"

"When I was a small girl"—she smiled—"I used to build snow men. It's been interesting to meet one who can walk about."

"You have two more nights, with plenty good moon shining."

"It wouldn't help if they were Arctic nights and six months long," she told him. "I'm afraid the last returns are in."

"Do not despair," Chan replied. "Perseverance wins. A matter I have proved in my own endeavors. By the way, did you promise Captain Keane reward if he finds slayer of your grandfather?"

"Why, no."

Up the pole with KLEINS

Because the knives shear through tough wire—because the flexibility of the handles is easy on the hand and wrist—because the jaws grip tight and won't let go—because the quality throughout is the finest possible—good workmen everywhere demand Kleins—only the best is good enough.

FOR thirty years Klein Climbers have been carrying me up and down the sticks—safely, too. No matter what the pole—no matter what the weather condition—when my spurs dig in I know they won't cut out. Maybe there's something to the old saw that practice makes perfect—at any rate Kleins have been making Climbers "since 1857" and I guess they're about as perfect as you can get them.

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- ☐ Specifications on Lineman's Belts and Safety Straps
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

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"But he has talked w'th you about it?"

"He hasn't talked with me about anything."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "The truth is not in him. We will say no more of that." He glanced at a sheet of paper and pencil in the girl's hand. "Pardon me, I think I interrupt. You are writing letter?"

She shook her head. "No, I—I—well, as a matter of fact, I was merely puzzling over our mystery. The time is getting rather short, you know."

"No one could know it better," he nodded gravely.

"And it doesn't seem to me that we're getting anywhere. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, but you came into the case rather late. You really haven't had a chance. I was just making a list of the men in our party, and opposite the name of each I've been putting down the things against him. So far as I can see, every single one of them except Mr. Minchin and Mark Kennaway has been under a cloud at one time or another."

"Your list is not correct. Those two, also, have no claim to clean record."

She gasped. "You mean every man in the party has been involved?"

Chan rose and gently removed the paper from her hand. He tore it into tiny fragments and, walking to the rail, tossed them overboard.

"Do not worry pretty head over matter," he advised, coming back. "It is already settled."

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Of course, there remains stern quest for proofs acceptable to English courts, but these will yet be found."

"You mean you know who killed my grandfather?"

"You yourself do not know?" inquired Charlie blandly.

"Of course I don't. How should I?"

Charlie smiled. "You had same opportunities as I. But then, your mind was filled with young man who irritates you. As for me, I labored under no such handicap."

With a beautiful bow which included both of them, he strolled casually off down the deck.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 35)

Generally speaking, the average man thinks of an insurance company as concerned only with the issuance of policies. Actually the financial investments of insurance companies play a vital part nowadays in the banking world. Restrictions, of course, exist as to what insurance companies may do with their investments, and there are regulations as to how they shall invest their funds, but the element of judgment and discretion remains with the company as to how the vast funds will be put to work.

"It isn't our business," said Mr. Duffield, "to try to make money with our funds, but simply to get the best available use in the safest possible way. That is why, perhaps, insurance companies are usually referred to as conservative investors, and what they buy in the way of securities frequently becomes an index for others who believe in prudence."

When Mr. Duffield is not administering the affairs of a large insurance company he may be observed in the political arena or in the field of civic endeavor. Every now and then the governor of New Jersey drafts him for public service. And entirely apart from this, he will be found not infrequently at Princeton talking to the leaders of undergraduate affairs about their problems. He has been a trustee of Princeton University for many years, and one of his hobbies is the improvement of undergraduate life at his alma mater. His varied interests afford an example of how the busiest of business men nowadays find an escape from their huge responsibilities in some form of outside service.

* * * * * * * * *

Age is a misnomer in business—there are old men at forty and young men at sixty. Arthur Reynolds, chairman of the board of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, a billion-dollar bank, the largest in the Central West, believes there is no reason why a man should lose his initiative or ability to learn just because he has passed middle age. Mr. Reynolds himself, now in the sixties, is regarded by his colleagues as an example of a modern executive who is not only eager for new ideas but who assimilates them rapidly.

"Men constantly come to me to say that they are working hard and conscientiously," confided Mr. Reynolds recently, "and to suggest that I keep them in mind for better positions. My reply to them most always is: 'I know you are working hard and conscientiously or you would not be working in this bank. But are you improving your opportunities? Are you looking for new and better ways of performing tasks? Are you trying to do things differently on occasion, to learn if they can be done with more efficiency? If you take responsibility and develop your opportunities, then I can't help but hear about you, and if I don't, then some other banker will and he will give you a better position than you have here.'"

Mr. Reynolds feels that advancement should go to those who show initiative. He doesn't think that a man need stop developing merely because his field of operation is a small town where opportunities are limited, or a small job where advancement is slow and hard.

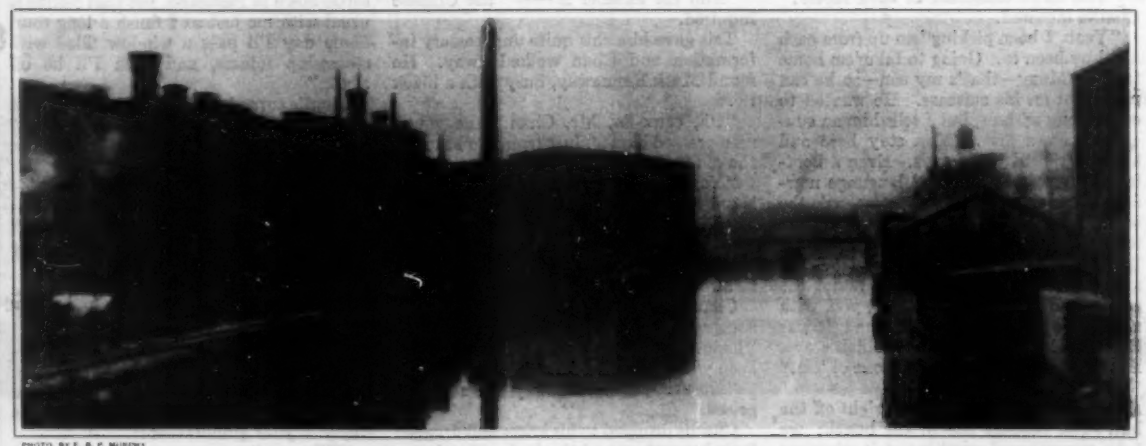
"One of my close friends was an obscure lawyer in a small Illinois city until he was fifty," he explained. "After fifty he became the head of a great industry. Those fifty years in the small town were not wasted, because he saw to it that he was prepared for whatever opportunity might come into his life. Similarly, there was a lawyer in my home town in Iowa who had few important cases, but who prepared each case in the same brilliant way. He had personality and ability, and through his initiative in that small town prepared himself for the bigger opening that might come his way. It was not many years until he had become attorney for a large company which paid him $150,000 a year for his legal services.

"These incidents simply illustrate that individuals can do much to create opportunities by fitting themselves to meet them."

Mr. Reynolds' own career illustrates the philosophy he has expressed. He had already made a success in life, as the term is ordinarily used, when for nearly twenty years he presided over the First National Bank of Des Moines, Iowa, and at forty-seven might have been content to spend the remainder of his life in the security of that past. He ventured into new fields as a vice president, and in fifteen years had become the head of the new institution that has resulted from various consolidations. Competition for the top places in the banking world in Chicago is always keen. Mr. Reynolds is typical of those business men who make rapid strides in a crisis by making a right decision at the right time. In 1921, for example—soon after Mr. Reynolds had become president of his bank—the Fort Dearborn National Bank, with deposits of sixty million dollars, was in difficulties. The trouble came late on a Friday and a closing was in prospect for Monday, which might have brought the most disastrous failure in Chicago's banking history.

The country was in the midst of a depression. The question of meeting the crisis was before the boards of two Chicago banks. One hesitated. Mr. Reynolds stepped in and the depositors were finally paid off in full. It turned out to be a crucial moment in the development of an enlarged banking institution.

His brother, George M. Reynolds, had preceded him to Chicago when the 1907 panic brought a crisis in credit conditions. The Reynolds brothers sent out telegrams offering additional credit to smaller banks. Practically the same situation occurred in October, 1929. It was in the hour of need, when credit values were toppling and accommodations were sought on every side to prevent the loss of holdings. Moments like these may give bankers their gray hairs, but they also furnish opportunities for permanent relationships, and, as Mr. Reynolds himself explains it, all the years of monotonous routine prepare the bank executive for the big crisis that comes only two or three times in a lifetime.



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The Canal in Manayunk, Pennsylvania

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When office problems trouble you, call the "Y and E" Man. He is an expert—yet his advice costs you nothing. As a "Y and E" Man, he represents an organization that has made a record for quality that has inspired the slogan "Foremost for Fifty Years."

To your storage problems or other office problems the "Y and E" Man brings ripened judgment backed by the experience of a thousand office experts. Let him show you how to conserve space—increase efficiency—save time.

Call the "Y and E" Man

NORBERT WATTEL, at the "Y and E" Branch in Rochester, N. Y., is but one of the many thoroughly competent "Y and E" men at your instant service.

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CHARM

SMARTNESS, which was the keynote of the decade of the twenties, is defined by the dictionary as "an artificial standard of appearance." But nineteen-thirty has brought a new and happier note, which is defined this way:

CHARM—That which exerts an irresistible power to please and attract.

Smartness was selfish; Charm is always generous. Smartness sought the spotlight of publicity; Charm is quiet graciousness. Smartness was often unmannerly; Charm knows the right thing to do, and does it. Smartness and sophistication could be fully achieved by only a few; Charm is the inborn attribute of millions of American women. . . . Charm—that which exerts an irresistible power to please and attract. It is a pleasant formula for homes, for gardens, for furnishings, for food, for entertainment, for art, for music, for books, for styles of dress. . . . . Charm is the keynote of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

To enjoy good tobacco smoke it in a pipe

WE make no pipes, so we have no axe to grind in advising the beginner in pipe smoking to get a *good* pipe. Get one that's not varnished inside the bowl. You want to smoke tobacco, not varnish. It's worth spending a little more — for the friendship of a good pipe and a good man often lasts many years.

There are years of pleasure in a good pipe. And there are many hours of solid smoking comfort in a can of good old Edgeworth tobacco. Smoke the Edgeworth right. Let a good pipe tell you the full and savory truth about this fragrant old burley. See what genuine satisfaction there *can* be in smoking a pipe. If you already have a pipe you like, see if you don't like it still better with Edgeworth glowing in the bowl. See if you don't agree with what so many smokers say — that Edgeworth makes any pipe a better pipe.

You'll find your can of Edgeworth waiting for you almost anywhere — wherever good tobacco is sold. You can get it for 15¢ or, if you like, invest in a pound humidor. But if you'd rather try it before you buy, just send the coupon. The postman will bring you a generous, let's-get-acquainted packet of genuine Edgeworth, free.

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* * *

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GILROY AND SON

(Continued from Page 38)

while he caught his breath. The tug's whistle cut the night. Lines were cast off. Her engines churned, slowly at first, then eagerly, and her deck trembled under Tom's feet as she worked up to speed. As she slid out into the stream, Tom was conscious of three white, blurred faces, with the muffled figures of women below them, staring hopelessly after the tug.

His heart stopped pounding and his breath came easier after a few minutes. He felt his way up the bridge ladder. Benny and the rest of his crew were gathered in a little group under the diving lights aft. Tom waved to them as he opened the charthouse door.

Three men leaned anxiously over the chart board. Tom was glad to see the short figure and lean, tanned face of Commander Jones there, in charge. He'd been on the S-54 job. Tom knew that things topside would be run right.

"Reporting for duty, sir," he said. Jones greeted him with a terse nod. Two men in bluejackets' pea-coats and watch caps eased aside to make room for Tom at the chart board.

"Your boy come?" asked Jones.

Tom shook his head. "He's out," he said.

Jones indicated the two bluejackets with a pencil. "Reilly and Scroggin," he said. "Divers off the Wyoming. Never been on a salvage job before. Never been over sixty-five feet."

Tom nodded. "I see," he said. Tom knew that he was going down.

The two men moved restlessly, as if they had been accused of something. "You can send me down whenever you get ready," said Reilly. "I don't care how deep it is."

"Yeah," said Scroggin, "that goes for me too."

The commander smiled.

Tom smiled too. "That's the stuff," he said.

The commander turned back to the chart board. He waved his pencil thoughtfully up and down as he stared at the chart. "Here's the picture," he said. "The S-69 left the yard at three o'clock this afternoon for tests and crash-dive experiments, accompanied by the destroyer Tomkins. She made a number of dives okay. At 8:10 she blinkered over to the Tomkins that she was going down again. At nine o'clock the Tomkins picked up sound signals on her listeners that the S-69 was on the bottom and could not rise. The Tomkins got pretty close to the S-69 by cutting in her oscillator signals. The S-69 fired a smoke bomb with her signal gun and released her telephone buoy. The Tomkins picked the buoy up by searchlight. She's anchored near the sub now, got the rest of the story from the S-69 over the phone, and sent it in by radio. Here it is: At 8:15 the S-69 crash-dived on signal. At one hundred feet her skipper ordered tanks blown to check the dive. Her bow planes jammed in the full-dive position and, combined with the negative buoyancy and downward speed, carried her right on to the bottom. She's stuck in the mud at two hundred and forty feet." A twinge of fear shot through Tom as he heard the depth. The commander went on: "When they put the air on the tanks to blow them, and come up again, No. 1 Main Ballast Tank failed and let go through the hull and flooded the battery room. Most of the crew are safe in the control room or aft of it. A few are in the torpedo room in the bow of the boat. Only two men are unaccounted for."

Tom wetted his lips. "It isn't Cap'n Parks or Malloy that's missin', is it?" he asked.

Commander Jones shot Tom a quick look. "No," he said. "It's two of her crew. Malloy and Parks are both on board." He hesitated a moment, then went on, hard-boiled and definite, trying to force his determination into the listening men. "This job," he said, "compared with some we've had, is a cinch. Everything is closed up on the boat as it would be for a crash dive. They've lightened all the other tanks and have no more air. All we've got to do is connect up to her salvage air line and blow the battery room clear of water with air from the tug's compressors. She'll have enough buoyancy then to break the suction of the mud and come to the surface."

Tom moved restlessly on his feet. It wasn't a bad job. Like the commander said, it was a cinch compared to lots of them. On those other jobs it had been the long grind that slowly broke a diver's nerve and sapped the strength out of his body. But those other jobs had only been in twenty or twenty-five fathoms of water. This job was a quick one, if a diver was lucky and didn't go goofy under the pressure. If he missed, it'd be another long grind for another bunch of divers and a lot of widows back home. Two hundred and forty feet. Not many men had been that deep, and those not for long. Night and an open-sea job too. Well, it wasn't exactly a cinch.

Tom wondered how it would feel to be in deep water again. A memory of the doctor's thoughtful shake of his head as he had listened through the stethoscope swept through his mind. Shucks, what does an ordinary belly doc know about diving?

"Gilroy," said the commander, "where's the salvage air connection on an S-boat?"

Tom straightened up. "It's under a side plate in the superstructure, just below the deck in the port side of the boat, abreast the conning tower," he said. "The one that hits the battery room is aft."

The commander clapped him on the shoulder and a grin of pride lighted his face. "You haven't forgotten, have you?" he cried.

"No," said Tom quietly, "I haven't forgotten." Tom was thinking of the three weeks that he and Bull Malloy had spent alongside each other in the hospital, fighting paralysis and the bends from that last prolonged dive on the S-54—at one hundred and thirty feet.

The commander was tense again, waving his pencil thoughtfully back and forth. "Now get this," he said: "We're going after this job and we're going to finish it up in a hurry. Experience shows that every hour that one of these steel pigs stays on the bottom the greater the chances are that it'll stay there forever as far as the people in it are concerned. We'll have the whole Navy to help us by noon tomorrow." He hesitated. "The weather bureau reports a northeast gale working up," he went on quietly. "Storm warnings are flying all along the coast. It may be days before we get a chance to work again." He tossed his pencil onto the chart.

The sturdy Almorac began to pitch and pound into the waves as she cleared the outer buoys of Ambrose Channel. Her engines labored loyally, pushing her along at top speed. Now and then a sheet of spray broke over her bows and spattered like driving rain against the deck house. The minutes dragged by. Ambrose Channel Lightship came into sight, passed abeam, and drifted astern. They kept to the south of Fire Island Lightship. South and east of it the anchor lights of a ship and the reflected glare of a searchlight broke the gloomy line of the horizon. The skipper of the Almorac changed course toward them. The lights grew larger. In no time the telegraphs swung over, the engine-room bell clanged sharply in reply, and the throb of the tug's engines ceased as she slid silently along through the waves with the dark hull of the Tomkins close on her starboard hand. Tom left the cozy warmth of the chart house and went down onto the main deck of the tug. The waves didn't seem quite so bad as she lay to, but the wind droned ominously through the rigging. It was borderline diving weather, and getting worse.

(Continued on Page 126)

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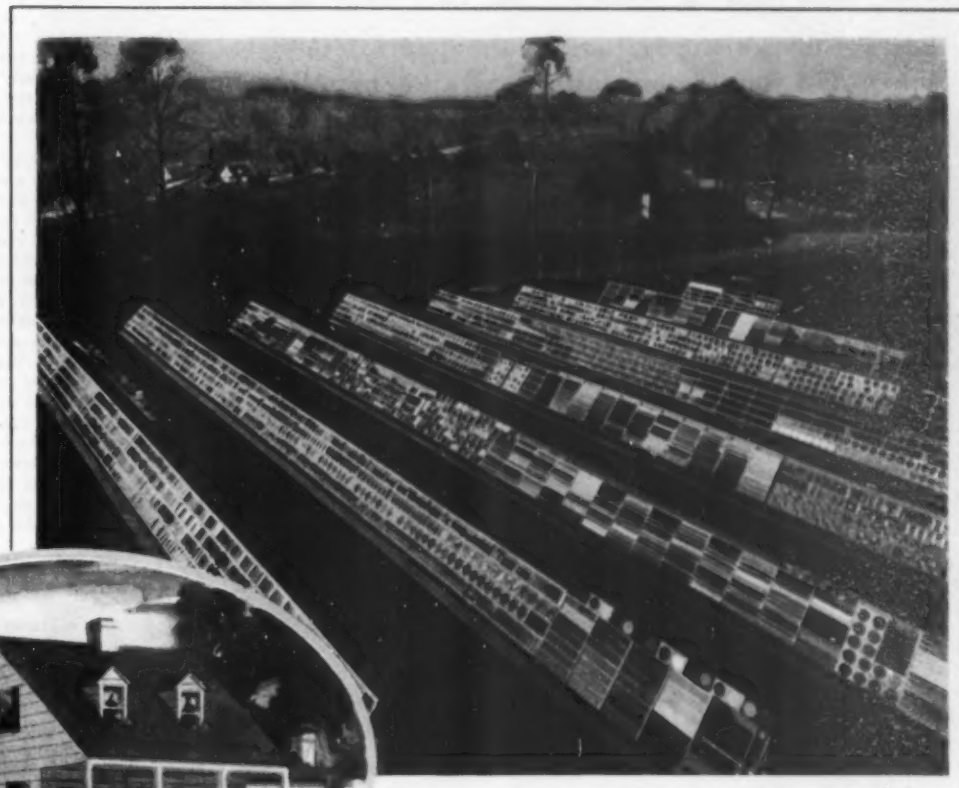

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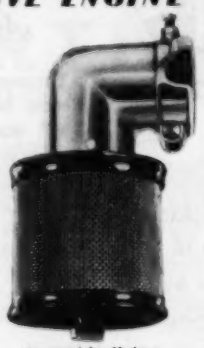


Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories

AIR-MAZE

An Air Filter-Flame Arrester for Automobiles, Airplanes and Motor Boats

(Continued from Page 124)

Commander Jones, standing beside the skipper of the tugboat on the bridge in front of the chart house, lifted a megaphone to his mouth. A tenseness gripped the Almorac; every man on board was still, tautly listening. "How does the telephone line tend?" Each word was spoken distinctly, yet seemed to drift away into the wind and the night.

There was a brief pause, and then a voice from the Tomkins answered throatily: "Up and down." The destroyer was almost over the stricken S-69, connected to it only by that small weak thread of insulated copper wire.

Again the commander spoke through the megaphone. "Send the telephone buoy and an officer aboard us and get clear," he said. "We will anchor where you are."

In a few minutes a motor dory from the Tomkins put-putted alongside, and clung to the lee quarter of the Almorac as one moment it towered above the rail of the tug and the next dropped far below it into the hollow of a wave. The officer in the dory passed the telephone buoy on board. Eager hands grasped it and firmly secured its wire to a stanchion on the tug. Much depended upon that small wire; it would lead a diver straight to the submarine.

Commander Jones picked up the transmitter to talk to the S-69.

"This is Jones on the Almorac," he said. "We're sending Tom Gilroy down to hook up your salvage air line." It wasn't necessary to say anything else. There were men on the S-69 who knew him, Tom Gilroy, and the Almorac.

The Tomkins quickly hoisted the tossing dory in, then got up anchor and steamed ahead two hundred yards and anchored again. The Almorac kicked swiftly into the spot that she had vacated, a man carefully tending the telephone line and keeping it taut and clear of her screw. The tug backed down slightly and dropped her stern anchor, then steamed ahead, first to one side, then to the other, as she let her two bow anchors go. Then she eased back into the center of the triangle formed by the three anchors, and heaved in on each of them until the chain was almost taut, and she lay headed into the wind and sea. The Tomkins dropped down on her anchor chain and took a tow line from the tug, then pulled ahead again, easing the strain on the Almorac's chains with screws turning over slowly.

Tom watched these swift preparations with a queer feeling of indifference. Now and then he yawned shakily. His hands were cold and he rubbed his fingers together. He wished they'd hurry up, wished that quick trip to the bottom and the long tedious ascent were over with. His mind ran over the task again and again, step by step. Now and then the Almorac pitched viciously in the heavy swell and her anchor chains came taut and sang under the strain. The breeze seemed to freshen and a gust of spray swept saltily against Tom's face as he got to his feet. They'd anchored her as securely as they could. He wondered if she'd hold ground if the sea picked up. Even a short drag usually meant a broken air hose and quick oblivion for a diver on the bottom.

Tom flung the lid of the diving chest open and took out his socks and underwear. He dressed on the warm engine-room gratings, with the men on watch staring curiously up at him from below.

Commander Jones' voice came from the deck outside. "All ready, Tom," it said.

Tom sat in the lee of the deck house on a chest. The handlers thrust the stiff canvas suit up over his outstretched legs. Tom stood up and Benny Beaudine spread the rubber cuffs as he stuck his fists through the sleeves. The cuffs snapped tightly down around his wrists. He tried not to worry, to keep his mind a blank as the handlers dressed him with deft, sure movements, but thoughts of Ann kept creeping in on him. The breastplate was lifted over his head and bolted down with quick, hard turns of the socket wrench. The heavy lead belt was swung around him, and Benny, fussing like a mother hen, fastened the straps. The shoes were being laced up when Tom remembered Tommy. Anger shot through him. It was just like him to be missing when a real call came. Of course, he couldn't have known that it was coming. In the two years that they'd been on the job together they had never had a call. But there was always the chance that one might come. In his heart Tom knew that, even if Tommy had been there, he would have insisted upon being the first to go down. Tommy didn't know very much about submarines. Tom smiled as he thought of Reilly and Scroggin. Swell, willing kids. But they didn't have the faintest idea what they were up against. The pressure always made a green man worse than useless on his first few deep dives. They could help handle the gear, but as far as diving went, they might as well be back at the yard. Tom ducked as the helmet hovered over his head, then realized that Benny was holding it there, waiting for him to test the telephone that would enable him to talk back and forth with Commander Jones on the tug.

"Benny," he said, "you're a sap."

Benny laughed. The telephone talker, with Tom's receivers strapped over his ears, nodded his head and said: "Okay, Mr. Gilroy." The words came sharp and clear through the receiver held against Tom's ear. Hands reached in from the side and strapped the receivers to his head. The helmet came down over his eyes, clanged and grated against the breastplate for an instant, then twisted his body as Benny swung his weight against it and locked it into place. The faceplate swung open and Tom pulled a full breath of the clean night air into his lungs.

"Start the pump, slow," said Benny. The air rustled through the hose and into his helmet. A man lifted under each arm and pulled him to his feet. He stumbled awkwardly to the rail of the tug.

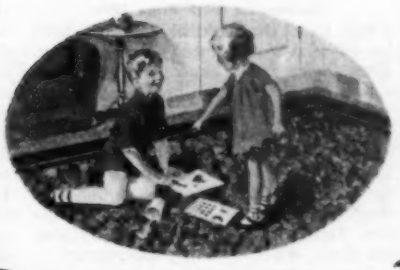
Commander Jones, tense and strained, stood there before him. "We're tying the spare air hose to your belt, Tom," he said. "Feel it? Here." He took Tom's hand and placed it on the extra air hose. Tom nodded his head. "We're sending you down the telephone wire from the submarine," he went on. "If you land on the bottom, follow the wire to the sub and climb up her side. There's a shackle around it that will slide freely, tied by a small line to your belt, here, so you can't lose it." He moved Tom's hand. Again Tom nodded his head. He saw that the telephone wire slanted aft and knew that the commander had hauled the Almorac ahead on her anchors, trying to outguess the tide and land him on the boat. "Don't put any strain on the telephone wire," said the commander. "We can't afford to have it break. We've got a long line tied to it on deck, and will slack it off if any strain comes on it." Again Tom nodded his head. "Here's your torch and the wrench," said Jones. Tom touched each of them in turn. The commander heaved a sigh. He'd done his part. From now on it was up to Tom.

The faceplate slammed shut and was screwed down. Tom felt of his exhaust valve and adjusted the air. They held onto his arms while they turned him around, then lifted his legs over the rail of the tug and placed his shoes on a rung of the diving ladder and his hands on its sides. Step by step, Tom went down the ladder. The helmet ducked under the surface and a foaming circle of white bubbles appeared in its place. The water was cold against his hands. His foot missed the last step and he pushed away from the ladder and hung on his life line, still going downward as they paid it out over the rail.

They lowered away slowly, giving him a chance to adjust himself as he sank toward the bottom. It was almost good to be in the water again, with pressure building up against his body. He reached out and felt the tiny thread of the S-69's telephone wire leading off into the depths at his side. He

(Continued on Page 128)

BY DAY . . .
A sanitary, soil-proof playground for the youngsters.



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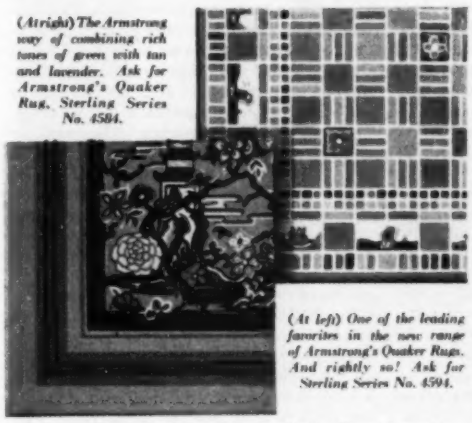

(At right) The Armstrong way of combining rich tones of green with tan and lavender. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4584.

(At left) One of the leading favorites in the new range of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. And rightly so! Ask for Sterling Series No. 4594.

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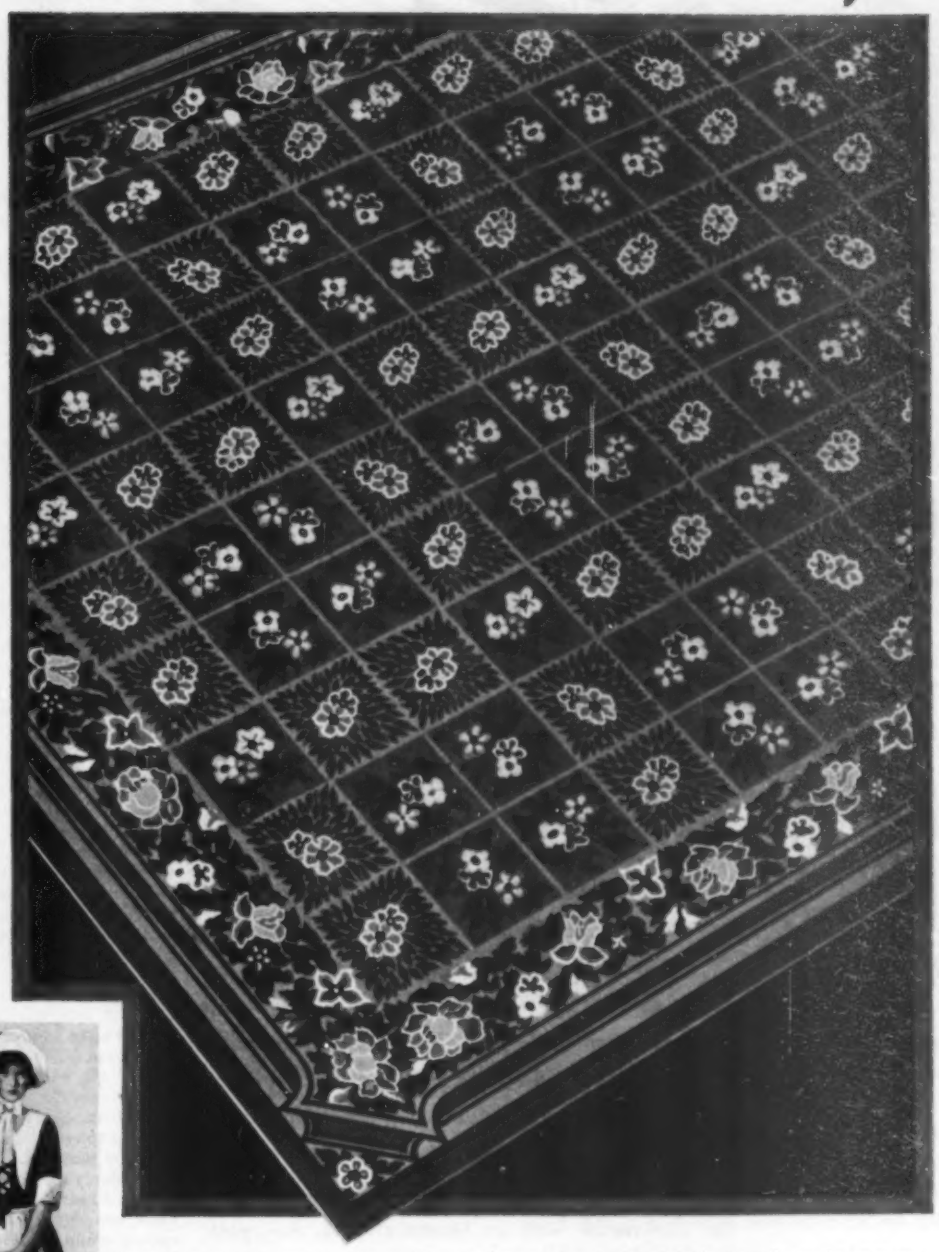

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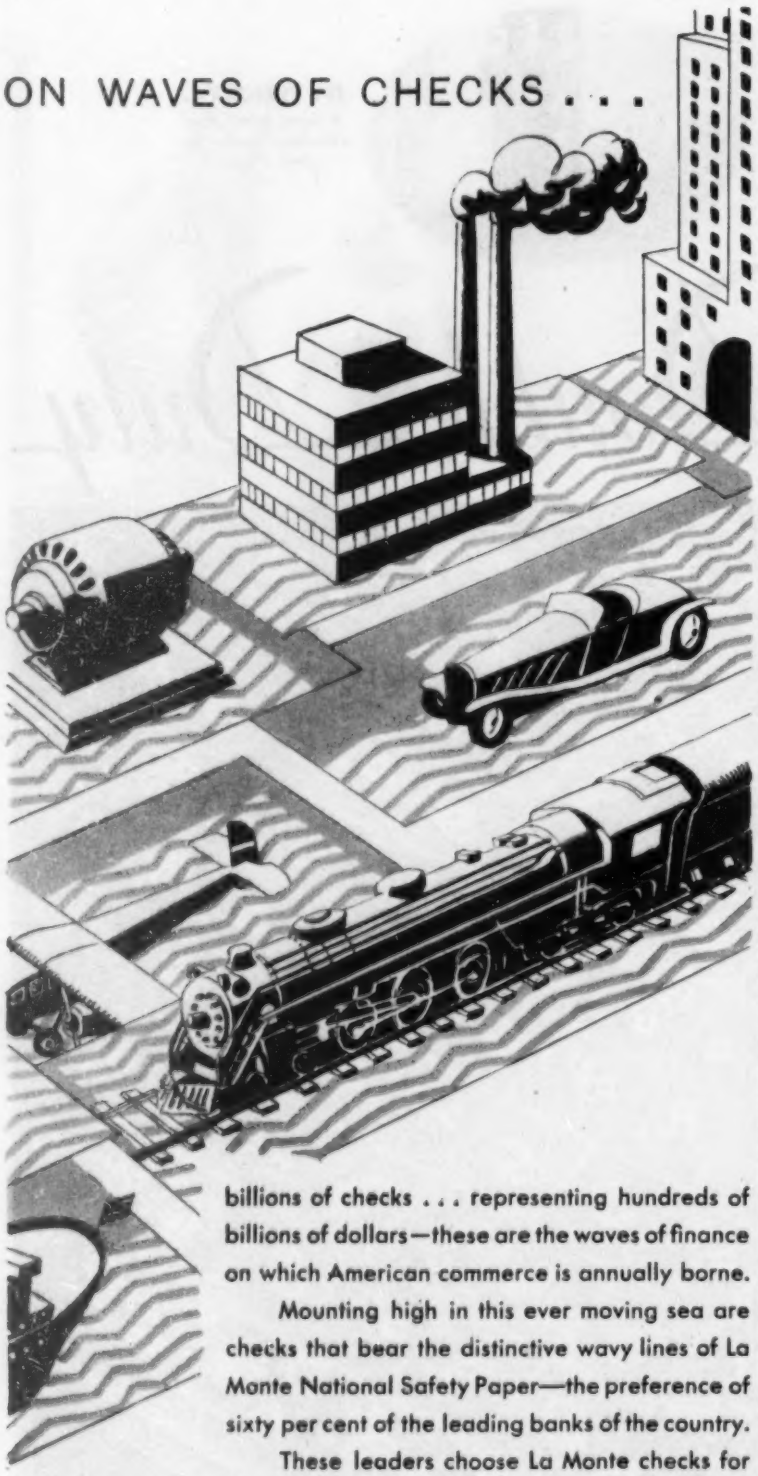

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The wavy lines instantly identify La Monte National Safety Paper—the STANDARD in check papers.

(Continued from Page 126)

didn't mind the darkness; dawn wasn't far off, and it was mostly feel, anyway, down there; a man can't see much below a hundred feet, even in broad daylight.

Tom wondered if his feet would not hit bottom pretty soon. It already felt as if they had lowered him a couple of miles. The chill was beginning to work through the suit now. The downward motion suddenly stopped. One jerk came on the life line. Tom quickly answered it—everything was okay. What were they waiting for?

They lowered him another endless mile through the dark Atlantic. He reached a hand over and again pulled the telephone cable inquisitively into his fingers, as if to make sure that the S-69 were still attached to it. The cable seemed to tend almost up and down now. Tom wondered if he would be lucky enough to land on the deck of the submarine. And just then the lead soles of his shoes touched something. "Hold it," said Tom quickly into his transmitter.

He turned on the electric torch and pointed it toward his feet and wiggled it around. The light cut feebly through the dark water and showed two steel cables, running off to left and right like black, swollen snakes, just below him. Tom knew that they were the overhead clearing lines of the S-69, that extended from bow to stern, lifting up over the bridge. The rush of the tide seemed to thud against his body, tending to swing him along the wires, and now and then he was lifted or lowered slightly, as if by some invisible hand. He was surprised. The ocean usually was still below the surface. At times he thought the motion was really in the water; at other times it seemed to be imaginary, and only in his mind.

"Lower away slow," he said. He twisted his body to miss the clearing wires as they slid past him, and in an instant his shoes hit the solid deck of the sub. He let them lower a little slack into his lines, and steadied his body, leaning against the tide. One shoe was higher than the other as they rested on the deck, so Tom knew that the sub was heeled over and listed to one side. He had to fight to keep from sliding off the slanting deck onto the floor of the ocean. He quickly swept his arms through the water around him, but his hands did not touch anything. One heavy shoe started to skid sickeningly down the inclined deck and the tide pushed him off balance and almost swept him away.

He dropped quickly to his hands and knees, and caught himself just in time. The water seemed to rustle against his suit with low, mocking laughter. The tide went away, and then suddenly it was back, pushing at him again.

"I'm on the sub," he said hastily over the telephone. The words sounded flat and silly and far away, as if someone else had said them. Tom gripped the smooth hard deck with knees and copper-tipped toes and one hand. With the other hand he pressed the switch on the torch and swept it ahead of him. The torch only cut about two feet into the dark water. Nothing showed up in its rays except the deck of the submarine. Tom dropped the torch and felt for the telephone wire again and followed it down until it entered the deck. He knew, from that, that he was just abaft the conning tower, but he couldn't tell which direction was forward and which was aft. He suddenly wondered if the men inside the boat had heard his shoes hit the deck. He visualized them, tense, listening, afraid to make a sound for fear that it might confuse him. He started to crawl along the submarine. His exhaust valve leaked slightly and a little stream of water dribbled across his shoulders and down his back.

He edged along for four or five feet, skillfully handling the weight of the suit and nervously holding on with all his strength. The exertion seemed to cause the pressure to close down on his body. A wave of faintness swept over him and he thought for a moment that he was going to pass out. His mouth tasted fuzzy and tingled as though he had received an electric shock. His arms and legs trembled and he felt too weak to go on. His heart seemed to flop disconnectedly around in his chest. The burble of the air wasn't in his helmet any more; it was inside his head. He was suddenly afraid, certain that he couldn't buck the pressure, and he only wanted to lie out flat so that he could rest and relax and the tide couldn't push him away from the sub. Panic swept over him. He reached for the air hose to give them the signal to take him up, when a faint rap came from within the shell of the sub ahead of him. He seemed to hear Bull Malloy say: "Yuh old son of a gun!" Resolution drove the faintness away. He took a deep breath, fighting to clear his head. Then he started ahead again, doggedly edging his way along the sloping deck of the S-69. Every few feet he paused and felt vainly through the water around him, hoping to touch some object that might become familiar under the exploring touch of his fingers, but each time he felt nothing, and could only crawl ahead again.

The deck suddenly seemed to slope downward. He stopped, puzzled and cautious, and felt around him, studying the edge of the deck with his hands. Slowly the realization came that he had been crawling away from the conning tower, that he must be near the stern on the starboard side of the boat. The thought of those weary steps to be retraced sickened him. He wondered how long he would be able to keep moving. He carefully turned himself around and started back like a snail along the deck. He tried not to think of the distance he had to cover, and just moved his hands and knees one after the other as swiftly as he could. His breath came in deep gasps and he was sweating with exertion. The water from the exhaust valve dribbled maddeningly across his back. His knees were spots of flaming pain. He paused for a moment to rest, exhausted, gulping the air down. The lamp came fumblingly into his fingers. To his left, a black shadow rose up through the gloom. He edged himself erect beside the conning tower of the S-69. The pain in his knees went away after a moment or two. He stood still, waiting for his head to clear from the dizziness that swept over him as he stood up. His body seemed to weave back and forth, and he had to cling to the conning tower with both hands to keep from sliding away from it. He stood there for a long time, but still the queer feeling did not go away. At times he wanted to laugh idiotically. Finally he realized that standing there wasn't going to make him feel any better.

He felt his way, like a tight-wire walker off balance, around the conning tower. He rested for a moment above the salvage-air-line connection on the port side, clinging to the tower, dreading to let go of it and bend over. He felt something grate against his air line and knew that that tiny thread of life was dragging across the overhead clearing lines of the submarine. He carefully slid to his knees, turned slowly around and got the wire rail that ran along the deck of the submarine in his hands. He bent down and one groping hand found the cover plate of the salvage air connection. The other hand clung to the rail and held his body steady. He dug feverishly at the plate with his finger nails, and almost went overboard when it unexpectedly opened. Exploring fingers found the after connection. He let the connection go and reached for the spare air hose. With the hose still safely tied to his belt, he bent far over the side of the sub and tried to fit it into the connection. The hose wouldn't quite reach. He lifted his right knee and braced that shoe flat against the deck, turning halfway around so that he could get a good grip on the hose. Then he let go of the rail and for a sickening instant pulled desperately at the hose with both hands. His right shoe slipped, feet shot out into space, and the helmet struck the conning tower with a dull, ringing sound. His hip painfully hit the edge of the sub as he went over the side. The spare air

(Continued on Page 131)

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See our Exhibit at The International Conference and Exhibition of the Baking Industry at Atlantic City, September 22-27.

REO SPEED WAGON

(Continued from Page 128)

hose dropped from his hands, and fingers shot to his exhaust valve and gave it a quick turn shut to avoid being squeezed as he dropped to the bottom.

The sudden rush of his body through the water stopped abruptly. His eardrums hurt and he was confused by the fall. He could feel nothing except that something hard pressed against his back. He felt for the bottom with his feet, but they moved freely through the water without touching anything. Then he thought that he must be on his back on the floor of the ocean, and tried to sit up, but something was holding his helmet down. The breastplate restricted the movement of his arms when he tried to reach over his head. Vainly he tried to roll over. Slowly he realized that his air hose had fouled in the clearing lines or the bridge structure of the submarine, had checked his fall, and now held him suspended over the side of the S-69. His body froze rigidly still. He wondered how long the hose would hold his weight. He nervously closed his exhaust valve just a trifle to let the air lighten his suit and reduce the strain on the hose. He tried to make his voice calm as he spoke into the transmitter.

"I slipped off the deck of the sub," he said. "My lines are fouled, and I can't clear myself."

He was sick at heart as he realized the consternation that those words would cause on the deck of the Almorac. They had no one to send down. They knew as well as he did that it was useless risk of another life to send Reilly or Scroggin down. The pressure would get them before they even landed on the sub. Words came over the ear phones—mushy words that didn't mean anything. Tom tried to figure out some way of helping himself, but his brain was slow and tired. If he could get twisted around, he could crawl up the air hose and clear himself, if it would stand the strain. Now and then he seemed to hear men moving around inside the submarine. He even imagined that he could hear them talking to one another. He wondered if the tug had given them the bad news over the phone. Ann and Bull Malloy and Cap'n Parks and white, blurred faces moved slowly through his mind.

Tom shook his lethargy off. The hose might part, but there was only one chance. He tensed his muscles and rolled desperately with a hard jerk against the side of the sub, trying to get off his back and over onto his stomach. The hose seemed to slip or stretch as he dropped futilely onto his back again. For a brief instant of terror he thought that it had let go, and waited tensely for the rush of cold water to strike his body.

Again and again he tried, until sweat ran off him in streams and he was exhausted and trembling from head to foot. And still the air hose held. Tom relaxed in his suit with his strength utterly gone. He was unable to do more. The sea, that he had fought so many times, seemed to press in around him. He wondered how long he'd been down, how long it would be before oblivion swept over him. He didn't care. A man'd have to spend a week in the iron doctor to miss the bends after a dive like this. The water was getting gray now, must be daylight. No good for deep-water work any more. He'd shown them about that, he guessed. Ann. He wished he hadn't been so gruff with her about Tommy. He'd saved a little. She'd be all right. She had Tommy to look after her too. Maybe this'd make Tommy settle down. The sleepy feeling went away and the cold began to creep into him, but he was too weak to move his arms and legs to keep them warm. After a long while the cold went away again and he felt very warm and blurred and didn't have any body at all.

Slow words burbled in his helmet. "We're sending Gilroy down." Fools. Gilroy was already down. Time went on. A tug came on Tom's life line and his breastplate seemed to rise as it scraped against the skin of the sub. He felt himself lifted slowly, and then suddenly he was sitting on the deck of the S-69. A helmet clicked against his, a body leaned against him in the water, his air was shut off for a brief moment so that he could hear, and Tommy's voice said:

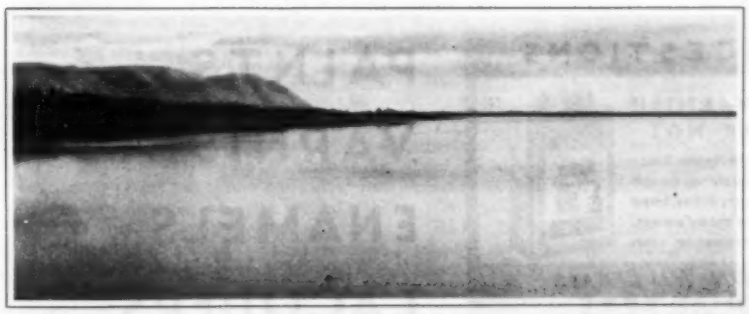
"All right, dad?"

Tears rushed into Tom's eyes. He tried to mumble something, but he couldn't speak. He felt Tommy fumble at his belt as he untied the spare air hose. Then four tugs came on his life line and he was lifted upward, free of the sub, with Tommy, fresh and strong, steadying his body until it was well clear.

Miles upward they lifted him through the water. Instinctively he fumbled at his exhaust valve from time to time to adjust for pressure. Now and then they let him hang still for an eternity, fighting the bends with slow decompression. And finally he was dragged over the rail in a wild smother of tossing seas, handlers ripped the suit from him with feverish haste, then picked him up bodily, and rushed him along the deck of the tug, until the door of the decompression chamber slammed behind them.

The afternoon sun blazed through a port and made a round spot on the white bulkhead of the Almorac's tiny sick bay. The spot was shiny and Tom blinked his eyes at it. He could feel the tug's engines throbbing slowly under him. He stared out the after port at the foot of his bunk, and a puzzled expression came over his face. The S-69 rode proudly on a tow line astern, with men on deck and air hoses from the tug's compressors still connected to her, ready for any emergency. On a shorter tow line ahead of the submarine a battered speed boat with canopy swept away and twisted stanchions skidded over the waves. The speed boat had Bren & Co. painted on the bow. Tom wondered how such a frail craft had survived those battering seas. They were in sheltered water; the channel buoys, one by one, drifted astern, but overhead a gale sang its high-pitched note through the Almorac's rigging. He heard low voices from the bunk across the room, and turned his head. Tommy was lying there, white but smiling, and someone in a sailor's pea-coat and short blue skirt was feeding him with a spoon.

Tommy laughed out loud. The girl glanced at Tom with a warning "Sh-h!" Her eyes met his. A wan smile flickered over Tom's face as he looked at her. He pulled an arm out from under the covers. "Come here, baby," he said. She walked over to him. With a fatherly gesture, Tom's arm went around the shoulders of Goldie Bren.



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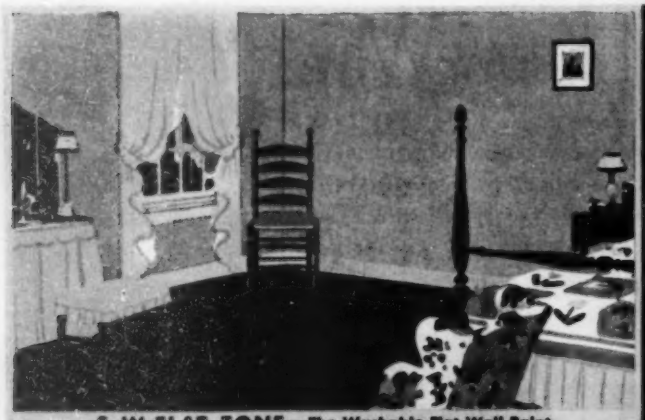

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A WOMAN WITH A PAST

(Continued from Page 9)

up everything inside her, directed it toward him in timeless appeal, making him a deep personal promise of her heart, herself, for so little, for the mere beat of a response, the mere assurance of a complementary vibration in him. He bowed and smiled back; a minute later he cut in on her.

It was in an eddy in a corner of the room and she danced slower so that he adapted himself, and for a moment they went around in a slow circle.

"You looked so sweet leading the march with Adele," she told him. "You seemed so serious and kind, as if the others were all a lot of children. Adele looked sweet too." And she added on an inspiration, "At school I've taken her for a model."

"You have!" She saw him conceal his sharp surprise as he continued, "I'll have to tell her that."

He was handsomer than she had thought, and behind his cordial good manners there was a sort of authority. Correctly attentive to her, she saw his eyes search the room quickly to see if all went well; he spoke quietly, in passing, to the orchestra leader, who came down deferentially to the edge of his dais. Last man for Bones. Josephine knew what that meant—her father had been Bones. Ridgeway Saunders and the rest of the Loving Brothers' Association would probably not be Bones. She wondered, if there had been a Bones for girls, whether she would be tapped—or Adele Craw with her ankles, symbol of solidity.

Come on o-ver here,
Want to have you near;
Come on join the parl-y,
Get a wel-come heart-y.

"I wonder how many boys here have taken you for a model," she said. "If I were a boy you'd be exactly what I'd like to be. Except I'd be terribly bothered having girls falling in love with me all the time."

"They don't," he said simply. "They never have."

"Oh, yes—but they hide it because they're so impressed with you, and they're afraid of Adele."

"Adele wouldn't object—if it ever happened," he added hastily. "Adele doesn't believe in being serious about such things."

"Are you engaged to her?"

He stiffened a little. "I don't believe in being engaged till the right time comes."

"Neither do I," agreed Josephine readily. "I'd rather have one good friend than a hundred people hanging around being mushy all the time."

"Is that what that crowd does that keeps following you tonight?"

"What crowd?" she asked innocently.

"The 50 per cent of the sophomore class that's rushing you."

"A lot of parlor snakes," she said ungratefully.

Josephine was radiantly happy now as she turned beautifully through the newly enchanted hall in the arms of the chairman of the prom committee. Even this extra time with him she owed to the awe which he inspired in her entourage; but a man cut in eventually and there was a sharp fall in her elation. The man was impressed that Dudley Knowleton had danced with her; he was more respectful, and his modulated admiration bored her. In a little while, she hoped, Knowleton would cut back, but as midnight passed, dragging on another hour with it, she wondered if after all it had only been a courtesy to a girl from Adele's school. Since then Adele had probably painted him a neat little landscape of Josephine's past. When finally he approached her she grew tense and watchful, a state which made her exteriorly pliant and tender and quiet. But instead of dancing, he drew her into the edge of a row of boxes.

"Adele had an accident on the cloakroom steps. She turned her ankle a little and tore her stocking on a nail. She'd like to borrow a pair from you because you're staying near here and we're way out at the Lawn Club."

"Of course."

"I'll run over with you—I have a car outside."

"But you're busy, you mustn't bother."

"Of course I'll go with you."

There was thaw in the air; a hint of thin and lucid spring hovered delicately around the elms and cornices of buildings whose bareness and coldness had so depressed her the week before. The night had a quality of asceticism, as if the essence of masculine struggle were seeping everywhere through the little city where men of three centuries had brought their energies and aspirations for winnowing. And Dudley Knowleton sitting beside her, dynamic and capable, was symbolic of it all. It seemed that she had never met a man before.

"Come in, please," she said as he went up the steps of the house with her. "They've made it very comfortable."

There was an open fire burning in the dark parlor. When she came downstairs with the stockings she went in and stood beside him, very still for a moment, watching it with him. Then she looked up, still silent, looked down, looked at him again.

"Did you get the stockings?" he asked, moving a little.

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "Kiss me for being so quick."

He laughed as if she had said something witty and moved toward the door. She was smiling and her disappointment was deeply hidden as they got into the car.

"It's been wonderful meeting you," she said. "I can't tell you how many ideas I've gotten from what you said."

"But I haven't any ideas."

"You have. All that about not getting engaged till the proper time comes. I haven't had much opportunity to talk to a man like you. Otherwise my ideas would be different, I guess. I've just realized that I've been wrong about a lot of things. I used to want to be exciting—now I want to help people."

"Yes," he agreed, "that's very nice."

He seemed about to say more when they arrived at the armory. In their absence supper had begun; and crossing the great floor by his side, conscious of many eyes regarding them, Josephine wondered if people thought that they had been up to something.

"We're late," said Knowleton when Adele went off to put on the stockings. "The man you're with has probably given you up long ago. You'd better let me get you something here."

"That would be too divine."

Afterward, back on the floor again, she moved in a sweet aura of abstraction. The followers of several departed belles merged with hers until now no girl on the floor was cut in on with such frequency. Even Miss Brereton's nephew, Ernest Waterbury, danced with her in stiff approval. Danced? With a tentative change of pace she simply swung from man to man in a sort of hands-right-and-left around the floor. She felt a sudden need to relax, and as if in answer to her mood a new man was presented, a tall, sleek Southerner with a persuasive note:

"You lovely creachah. I been strainin' my eyes watchin' your cameo face floatin' round. You stand out above all these othuz like an Amehken Beauty rose over a lot of field daisies."

Dancing with him the second time, Josephine hearkened to his pleadings.

"All right. Let's go outside."

"It wasn't precisely outdoors I was considering," he explained as they left the floor. "I happen to have a mortgage on a nook right heah in the building."

"All right."

Book Chaffee, of Virginia, led the way through the cloakroom, through a passage to an inconspicuous door.

"This is the private apartment of my friend Sergeant Boone, instructah of the battery. He wanted to be particularly sure it'd be used as a nook tonight and not a readying room or anything like that."

Opening the door he turned on a dim light; she came in and he shut it behind her, and they faced each other.

"Mighty sweet," he murmured. His tall face came down, his long arms wrapped around her tenderly, and very slowly, so that their eyes met for quite a long time, he drew her up to him. Josephine kept thinking that she had never kissed a Southern boy before.

They started apart at the sudden sound of a key turning in the lock outside. Then there was a muffled snicker followed by retreating footsteps, and Book sprang for the door and wrenched at the handle, just as Josephine noticed that this was not only Sergeant Boone's parlor, it was his bedroom as well.

"Who was it?" she demanded. "Why did they lock us in?"

"Some funny boy. I'd like to get my hands on him."

"Will he come back?"

Book sat down on the bed to think. "I couldn't say. Don't even know who it was. But if somebody on the committee came along it wouldn't look too good, would it?"

Seeing her expression change, he came over and put his arm around her. "Don't you worry, honey. We'll fix it."

She returned his kiss, briefly but without distraction. Then she broke away and went into the next apartment, which was hung with boots, uniform coats and various military equipment.

"There's a window up here," she said. It was high in the wall and had not been opened for a long time. Book mounted on a chair and forced it ajar.

"About ten feet down," he reported, after a moment, "but there's a big pile of snow just underneath. You might get a nasty fall, and you'd sure soak your shoes and stockings."

"We've got to get out," Josephine said sharply.

"We'd better wait and give this funny man a chance ——"

"I won't wait. I want to get out. Look—throw out all the blankets from the bed and I'll jump on that; or you jump first and spread them over the pile of snow."

After that it was merely exciting. Carefully Book wiped the dust from the window to protect her dress; then they were struck silent by a footstep that approached—and passed the outer door. Book jumped, and she heard him kicking profanely as he waded out of the soft drift below. He spread the blankets. At the moment when Josephine swung her legs out the window, there was the sound of voices outside the door and the key turned again in the lock. She landed softly, reaching for his hand, and convulsed with laughter they ran and skidded down the half block toward the corner, and reaching the entrance to the armory, they stood panting for a moment, breathing in the fresh night. Book was reluctant to go inside.

"Why don't you let me conduct you where you're staying? We can sit around half an hour and sort of recuperate."

She hesitated, drawn toward him by the community of their late predicament; but something was calling her inside, as if the fulfillment of her elation awaited her there.

"No," she decided.

As they went in she collided with a man in a great hurry, and looked up to recognize Dudley Knowleton.

"So sorry," he said. "Oh, hello ——"

"Won't you dance me over to my box?" she begged him impulsively. "I've torn my dress."

As they started off he said abstractedly: "The fact is, a little mischief has come up and the buck has been neatly passed to me. I was going along to see about it."

Her heart raced wildly and she felt the need of being another sort of person immediately.

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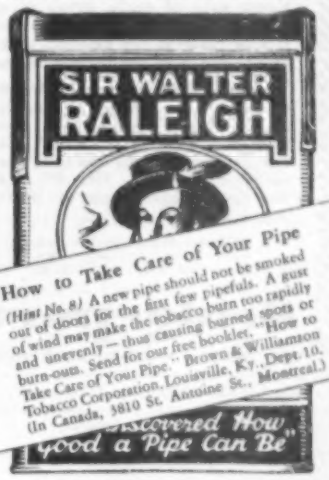

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"I can't tell you how much it's meant to me meeting you. It would be wonderful to have one friend I could be serious with without being all mushy and sentimental. Would you mind if I wrote you a letter—I mean, would Adele mind?"

"Lord, no." His smile had become utterly unfathomable to her. As they reached the box she thought of one more thing:

"Is it true that the baseball team is training at Hot Springs during Easter?"

"Yes. You're going there?"

"Yes. Good night, Mr. Knowleton."

But she was destined to see him once more. It was outside the men's coat room, where she waited among a crowd of other pale survivors and their paler mothers, whose wrinkles had doubled and tripled with the passing night. He was with Adele, explaining something to her, and Josephine heard the phrase, "The door was locked, and the window open ——"

Suddenly it occurred to Josephine that, meeting her coming in damp and breathless, he must have guessed at the truth—and Adele would doubtless confirm his suspicion. Once again the specter of her old enemy, the plain and jealous girl, arose before her. Shutting her mouth tight together she turned away.

But they had seen her, and Adele called to her in her cheerful ringing voice:

"Come say good night. You were so sweet about the stockings. Here's a girl you won't find doing shoddy, silly things, Dudley." Impulsively she leaned and kissed Josephine on the cheek. "You'll see I'm right, Dudley—next year she'll be the most respected girl in school."

III

AS THINGS go in the interminable days of early March, what happened next happened quickly. The annual senior dance at Miss Brereton's school came on a night soaked through with spring, and all the junior girls lay awake listening to the sighing tunes from the gymnasium. Between the numbers, when boys up from New Haven and Princeton wandered about the grounds, cloistered glances looked down from dark open windows upon the vague figures.

Not Josephine, though she lay awake like the others. Such vicarious diversions had no place in the sober pattern she was spinning now from day to day; yet she might as well have been in the forefront of those who called down to the men and threw notes and entered into conversations, for destiny had suddenly turned against her and was spinning a dark web of its own.

Lit-tle lady, don't be depressed and blue,
After all we're both in the same can-noo—

Dudley Knowleton was in the gymnasium fifty yards away, but the proximity did not thrill her as it would have done a year ago—not, at least, in the same way. Life, she saw now, was a serious matter, and in the modest darkness a line of a novel ceaselessly recurred to her: "He is a man fit to be the father of my children." What were the seductive graces, the fast lines of a hundred parlor snakes compared to such realities. One couldn't go on forever kissing comparative strangers behind half-closed doors.

Under her pillow now were two letters, answers to her letters. They spoke in a bold round hand of the beginning of baseball practice; they were glad Josephine felt as she did about things; and the writer certainly looked forward to seeing her at Easter. Of all the letters she had ever received they were the most difficult from which to squeeze a single drop of heart's blood—one couldn't even read the "Yours" of the subscription as "Your"—but Josephine knew them by heart. They were precious because he had taken the time to write them; they were eloquent in the very postage stamp because he wrote so few.

She was restless in her bed—the music had begun again in the gymnasium:

Oh, my love, I've waited so long for you,
Oh, my love, I'm singing this song for you—
Oh-h-h-h ——

From the next room there was light laughter, and then from below a male voice, and a long interchange of comic whispers. Josephine recognized Lillian's laugh and the voices of two other girls. She could imagine them as they lay across the window in their nightgowns, their heads just showing from the open window. "Come right down," one boy kept saying. "Don't be formal—come just as you are."

There was a sudden silence, then a quick crunching of footsteps on gravel, a suppressed snicker and a scurry, and the sharp, protesting groan of several beds in the next room and the banging of a door down the hall. Trouble for somebody, maybe. A few minutes later Josephine's door half opened, she caught a glimpse of Miss Kwain against the dim corridor light, and then the door closed.

The next afternoon Josephine and four other girls, all of whom denied having breathed so much as a word into the night, were placed on probation. There was absolutely nothing to do about it. Miss Kwain had recognized their faces in the window and they were all from two rooms. It was an injustice, but it was nothing compared to what happened next. One week before Easter vacation the school motored off on a one-day trip to inspect a milk farm—all save the ones on probation. Miss Chambers, who sympathized with Josephine's misfortune, enlisted her services in entertaining Mr. Ernest Waterbury, who was spending a week-end with his aunt. This was only vaguely better than nothing, for Mr. Waterbury was a very dull, very priggish young man. He was so dull and so priggish that the following morning Josephine was expelled from school.

It had happened like this: They had strolled in the grounds, they had sat down at a garden table and had tea. Ernest Waterbury had expressed a desire to see something in the chapel, just a few minutes before his aunt's car rolled up the drive. The chapel was reached by descending winding mock-medieval stairs; and, her shoes still wet from the garden, Josephine had slipped on the top step and fallen five feet directly into Mr. Waterbury's unwilling arms, where she lay helpless, convulsed with irresistible laughter. It was in this position that Miss Brereton and the visiting trustee had found them.

"But I had nothing to do with it!" declared the ungallant Mr. Waterbury. Flustered and outraged, he was packed back to New Haven, and Miss Brereton, connecting this with last week's sin, proceeded to lose her head. Josephine, humiliated and furious, lost hers, and Mr. Perry, who happened to be in New York, arrived at the school the same night. At his passionate indignation, Miss Brereton collapsed and retracted, but the damage was done, and Josephine packed her trunk. Unexpectedly, monstrously, just as it had begun to mean something, her school life was over.

For the moment all her feelings were directed against Miss Brereton, and the only tears she shed at leaving were of anger and resentment. Riding with her father up to New York, she saw that while at first he had instinctively and whole-heartedly taken her part, he felt also a certain annoyance with her misfortune.

"We'll all survive," he said. "Unfortunately, even that old idiot Miss Brereton will survive. She ought to be running a reform school." He brooded for a moment. "Anyhow, your mother arrives tomorrow and you and she can go down to Hot Springs as you planned."

"Hot Springs!" Josephine cried, in a choked voice. "Oh, no!"

"Why not?" he demanded in surprise. "It seems the best thing to do. Give it a chance to blow over before you go back to Chicago."

"I'd rather go to Chicago," said Josephine breathlessly. "Daddy, I'd much rather go to Chicago."

"That's absurd. Your mother's started East and the arrangements are all made. At Hot Springs you can get out and ride and play golf and forget that old she-devil ——"

"Isn't there another place in the East we could go? There's people I know going to Hot Springs who'll know all about this, that I don't want to meet—girls from school."

"Now, Jo, you keep your chin up—this is one of those times. Sorry I said that about letting it blow over in Chicago, because if we hadn't made other plans we'd go back and face every old shrew and gossip in town right away. If you slink off in a corner they'll think you've been up to something bad. If anybody says anything to you, you tell them the truth—what I said to Miss Brereton. You tell them she said you could come back and I said I damn well wouldn't let you go back."

"They won't believe it."

There would be, at all events, four days of respite at Hot Springs before the great letting out of schools. Josephine passed them taking golf lessons from a professional so newly arrived from Scotland that he surely knew nothing of her misadventure; she even went riding with a young man one afternoon, feeling almost at home with him after his admission that he had flunked out of Princeton in February—a confidence, however, which she did not reciprocate in kind. But in the evenings, despite the young man's importunity, she stayed with her mother, feeling nearer to her than she ever had before.

But one afternoon in through the hotel lobby Josephine saw by the desk a long file of good-looking young men carrying bat cases and bulky bags, and knew that what she dreaded was at hand. She ran upstairs and with an invented headache dined there that night, but after dinner she walked restlessly around her room. She was ashamed not only of her situation but of her reaction to it. She had never felt any pity for the unpopular girls who skulked in dressing rooms because they could attract no partners on the floor, or for girls who were outsiders at Lake Forest, and now she was like them—hiding miserably out of life. Alarmed lest already the change was written in her face, she paused in front of the mirror, fascinated as the uncorruptible quicksilver gave her back to herself—eternally, arrestingly, overwhelmingly beautiful.

"The darn fools," she said aloud. And as she said it her chin went up and the faint cloud about her eyes lifted. The phrases of the myriad love letters she had received passed before her eyes; behind her, after all, was the reassurance of a hundred lost and pleading faces, of innumerable tender and pleading voices. Her pride flooded back into her till she could see the warm blood rushing up into her cheeks.

There was a knock at the door—it was the Princeton boy.

"How about slipping downstairs?" he proposed. "There's a dance. It's full of Ee-lies, the whole Yale baseball team. I'll pick up one of them and introduce you and you'll have a big time. How about it?"

"All right, but I don't want to meet anybody. You'll just have to dance with me all evening."

"You know that suits me."

She hurried into a new spring evening dress of the frailest fairy blue. In the excitement of seeing herself in it, it seemed as if she had shed the old skin of last winter and emerged a shining chrysalis with no stain; and going downstairs her feet fell softly just off the beat of the music from below. It was a tune from a play she had seen a week ago in New York, a tune with a future—ready for gayeties as yet unthought of, lovers not yet met. Dancing off, she was certain that life had innumerable beginnings. She had hardly gone ten steps when she was cut in upon by Dudley Knowleton.

"Why, Josephine!" He had never used her first name before—he stood holding her hand. "Why, I'm so glad to see you. I've been hoping and hoping you'd be here."

She soared skyward on a charge of surprise and delight. He was actually glad to see her—the expression on his face was obviously sincere. Could it be possible that he hadn't heard?

(Continued on Page 137)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

They love this new cheese treat!

AND NOTHING COULD BE BETTER FOR THEM

NO wonder youngsters clamor for it! There's a *savory* goodness . . . a delicious, smooth creaminess about Velveeta that's unique.

Unique too is the easy digestibility, the wholesomeness, of this delightful new cheese food.

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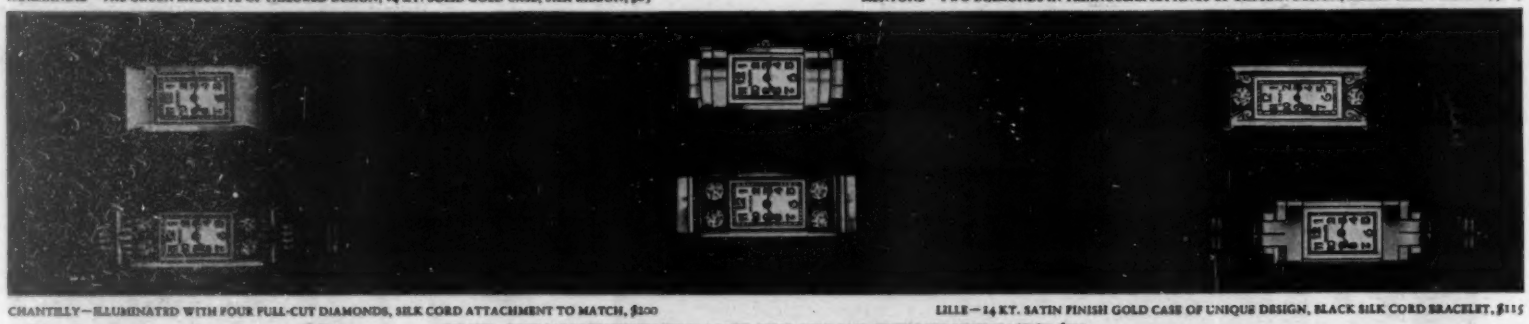
MENTONE—TWO DIAMONDS IN TRIANGULAR SETTINGS OF GRECIAN DESIGN, RIBBED SILK WRISTLET, $125



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An entirely new kind of wrist watch!

gracefully slender—remarkably accurate

The GRUEN Baguette*

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Note the ingenious rearrangement of practically the same size parts. This assures in the New Gruen Baguette the same high accuracy that has made so popular the standard Gruen movement

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CHARENTON—TEN DIAMONDS ACCENTUATED BY A FLUTED CASE DESIGN IN 14 KT. SOLID GOLD, $185

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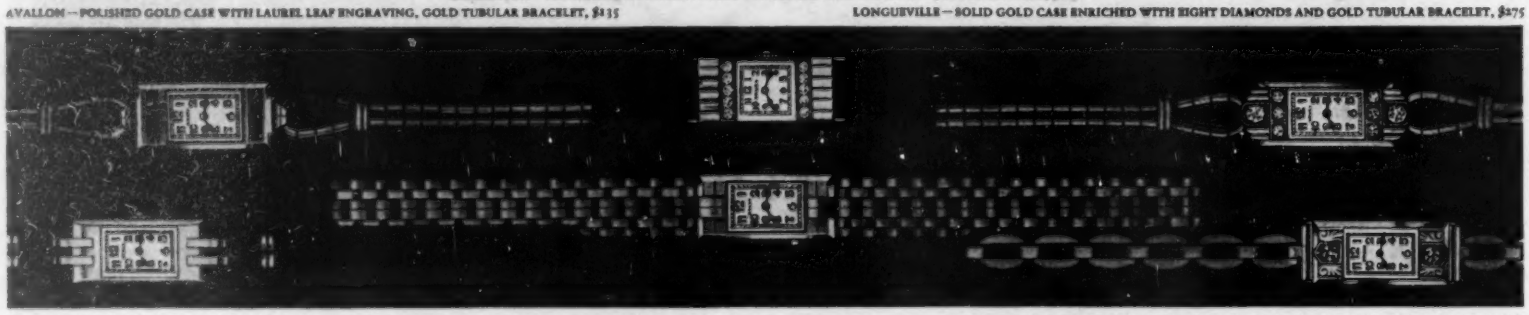

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NARROW watches, like any others, are of value only if they keep *accurate* time. A slender watch may be beautiful, but a slender watch, as Gruen makes it, is much more—it is a timepiece of remarkable accuracy as well.

Who should undertake to create such a slender baguette watch at moderate cost, but the world's foremost specialists in fine watches exclusively—Gruen! For the Guild has made many rare and costly baguette bracelet watches, especially for the world's most exclusive jewelry shops.

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Listed in the Classified Telephone Directory of the larger cities under "Gruen Guild Watches" is the name of your nearest Gruen Jeweler. His store is marked by the Gruen Service Emblem

(Continued from Page 134)

"Adele wrote me you might be here. She wasn't sure."

Then he knew, and he didn't care; he liked her anyhow.

"I'm in sackcloth and ashes," she said.

"Well, they're very becoming to you."

"You know what happened ——" she ventured.

"I do. I wasn't going to say anything, but it's generally agreed that Waterbury behaved like a fool—and it's not going to be much help to him in the election next month. Look—I want you to dance with some men who are just starving for a touch of beauty."

Presently she was dancing with, it seemed to her, the entire team, one member of whom she had met before. Intermittently Dudley Knowleton cut back in, as well as the Princeton man, who was somewhat indignant at this unexpected competition. There were many girls from many schools in the room, but with an admirable team spirit the Yale baseball men displayed a sharp prejudice in Josephine's favor; already she was pointed out from the chairs along the wall.

But interiorly she was waiting for what was coming, for the moment when she would walk with Dudley Knowleton into the warm, Southern night. It came naturally, just at the end of a number, and they strolled along an avenue of early-blooming lilacs and turned a corner and another corner and sat in a little arbor facing many miles and miles of rolling night.

"You were glad to see me, weren't you?" Josephine said.

"Of course."

"I was afraid at first. I was sorriest about what happened at school because of you. I'd been trying so hard to be different—because of you."

"You mustn't think of that school business any more. Everybody that matters knows you got a bad deal. Forget it and start over."

"Yes," she agreed tranquilly. She was happy. The breeze and the scent of lilacs—that was she, lovely and intangible; the strong bench and the trees—that was he, rugged and strong beside her, protecting her.

"I'd thought so much of meeting you here," she said after a minute. "You'd been so good for me, that I thought maybe in a different way I could be good for you—I mean I know ways of having a good time that you don't know. For instance, we've certainly got to go horseback riding by moonlight some night. That'll be fun."

He didn't answer.

"I can really be very nice when I like somebody—that's really not often," she interpolated hastily, "not seriously. But I mean when I do feel seriously that a boy and I are really friends I don't believe in having a whole mob of other boys hanging around taking up time. I like to be with him all the time, all day and all evening, don't you?"

He stirred a little on the bench; he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, looking at his strong hands. Her gently modulated voice sank a note lower.

"When I like anyone I don't even like dancing. It's sweeter to be alone."

Silence for a moment.

"Well, you know"—he hesitated, frowning—"as a matter of fact, I'm mixed up in a lot of engagements made some time ago with some people." He floundered about unhappily. "In fact, I won't even be at the hotel after tomorrow. I'll be at the house of some people down the valley—a sort of house party. As a matter of fact, Adele's getting here tomorrow."

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she hardly heard him at first, but at the name she caught her breath sharply.

"We're both to be at this house party while we're here, and I imagine it's more or less arranged what we're going to do. Of course, in the daytime I'll be here for baseball practice."

"I see." Her lips were quivering. "You won't be—you'll be with Adele."

"I think that—more or less—I will. She'll—want to see you, of course."

Another silence while he twisted his big fingers and she helplessly imitated the gesture.

"You were just sorry for me," she said. "You like Adele—much better."

"Adele and I understand each other. She's been more or less my ideal since we were children together."

"And I'm not your kind of girl." Josephine's voice trembled with a sort of fright. "I suppose because I've kissed a lot of boys and got a reputation for a speed and raised the deuce."

"It isn't that."

"Yes, it is," she declared passionately. "I'm just paying for things." She stood up. "You better take me back inside so I can dance with the kind of boys that like me."

She walked quickly down the path, tears of misery streaming from her eyes. He overtook her by the steps, but she only shook her head and said, "Excuse me for being so fresh. I'll grow up—I got what was coming to me—it's all right."

A little later when she looked around the floor for him he had gone—and Josephine realized with a shock that for the first time in her life she had tried for a man and failed. But save in the very young only love begets love, and from the moment Josephine had perceived that his interest in her was merely kindness she realized the wound was not in her heart but in her pride. She would forget him quickly, but she would never forget what she had learned from him. There were two kinds of men, those you played with and those you might marry. And as this passed through her mind, her restless eyes wandered casually over the group of stags, resting very lightly on Mr. Gordon Tinsley, the current catch of Chicago, reputedly the richest young man in the Middle West. He had never paid any attention to young Josephine until tonight. Ten minutes ago he had asked her to go driving with him tomorrow.

But he did not attract her—and she decided to refuse. One mustn't run through people, and trade, for the sake of a romantic half hour, a possibility that might develop—quite seriously—later, at the proper time. She did not know that this was the first mature thought that she had ever had in her life, but it was.

The orchestra were packing their instruments and the Princeton man was still at her ear, still imploring her to walk out with him into the night. Josephine knew without cogitation which sort of man he was—and the moon was bright even on the windows. So with a certain sense of relaxation she took his arm and they strolled out to the pleasant bower she had so lately quitted, and their faces turned toward each other, like little moons under the great white one which hovered high over the Blue Ridge; his arm dropped softly about her yielding shoulder.

"Well?" he whispered.

"Well?"

THE NEW CRAFTSMANSHIP

(Continued from Page 27)

unskilled, then the proportion of highly skilled men to unskilled is higher today than ever it was. And judging from our own experience, this stepping-up process will continue. We today employ a higher proportion of skilled machinists than ever we employed and every development that we make calls for more such men. This will not be so extraordinary as at first it seems, if only one looks over what has happened in the past twenty-five years of machine production.

The earlier machines had such a limited field of work that the designers of products were also limited to crude essentials. Today machines are so much more capable than they used to be that the designers are not limited. The tradition of handwork is a serious hindrance to the minds of designers. Designs which will take more advantage of the power of machines to go beyond what handwork can do, will give us a whole new art. There are some signs of this already.

Skill and originality did not die with the handmade age. A craftsman has been defined as "an artisan; sometimes an artist," and the definition of an artist is: "One who professes and practices an art in which imagination and taste preside over the execution; especially a fine art, as painting or sculpture." Further he is defined as "one who shows trained skill or rare taste in any art or occupation." This last phrase hits the mark. The old-time craftsman only occasionally showed trained skill. Very few became masters. More frequently their skill was primitive and their tastes poor. Some collectors see the merit of antiques in the fact that they were handmade, no matter how crudely. But seldom were they literally handmade. From the most remote times the potter had his wheel and the weaver his loom. Both were machines. The great change has been in the motive power that drives them. Anciently it was hand power, foot power, wind or water power; now it is steam or electricity, but wind and water are still basic elements in the production of mechanical energy.

Once the word "machine" had a much broader significance than it has today. It was commonly applied to a coach, a cart, a ship or a boat. The term "engine" was applied to devices for carrying on war, as well as contrivances used in peaceful occupations. What has happened through the centuries is that more and more machinery has been invented and more effective means of driving it have been discovered.

The industrialist of the present day cannot discard the means he possesses of producing things quickly, accurately and effectively, for the purpose of going back to less efficient methods. As the needs of mankind have grown, the means of production have had to be increased and improved. The use of machinery in making things is not new.

At Dearborn we have gathered specimens of nearly all the articles that have been used in this country since its settling, with the thought of assembling them so that anyone who cares to discover what the people of any past generation commonly used in their daily lives will have only to go to the proper wing of the museum that we are building and there see every household article, every kind of vehicle, every sort of tool. One may review the common household articles from the handicraft stage, through the hand and machine stage, to the machine stage, and then through the progress of machine work.

The handmade articles are, on the whole, better than the first machine articles, and are certainly better looking; the first machine articles tried to be like the handmade instead of striking out for themselves. But the later machine articles are much finer than the average handmade. It is to be remembered, however, that the examples of fine workmanship that have come down to us from former periods are only the very best specimens and are not at all representative of what people in general used. A finely made article of any kind represented a long period of hand labor. That labor was ill paid, but so much of it had to be used that the resulting article was very expensive, and therefore its ownership was restricted to the wealthy.

The arts of the old craftsman have not been lost, and neither have his materials. If we do not follow him in our work of today, it is not because we cannot but because in every respect we have improved mightily

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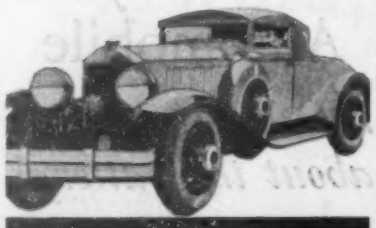
THIS WAS A GREAT CAR

AND THIS WAS A GREAT HORN

in 1910

but they're out of date

TODAY



THE MODERN CAR

CARRIES THE MODERN HORN

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on what he did. We can, if we so care, do anything that he did, and do it better. This has been conclusively proved to me by our experiences in the repair of the specimens which we have collected. Each specimen will eventually be restored to the exact condition in which it was originally used, and already we have restored so many thousands of articles as to have called on every variety of craftsmanship; yet there has never yet been a job of any kind which someone taken right out of the rank and file of our workers could not do. In round figures we employ about 100,000 men in the Detroit district. This would have been the trades-working army of a fair-sized state in the older days, because then the agricultural population was always much larger than the industrial, but I greatly doubt whether any country containing 2,000,000 people—which would have been about the population to have 100,000 artisans—could have mustered such an array of skill as we find in our plants. If we want to restore an old house or an old inn, we have no trouble in locating carpenters among our forces who can take exactly the same sort of tools that the old carpenters used and turn out just as good work as they did. It is likewise with cabinetmaking and we have some of the finest examples of cabinetmaking that the old craftsmen ever created. In metal working we repair without difficulty every possible sort of machine or instrument from the most delicate watches and scientific instruments to steam engines and locomotives. Most of these articles are unfamiliar to our men and so, first of all, they have to find out how they originally worked. That in itself requires a high grade of mechanical intelligence. Then they must take the thing apart, clean and polish every part and finally rebuild, replacing worn, broken or missing parts. This calls for a very wide range of skill and ingenuity, yet not in a single instance have our men been stumped. They have been able not only to make any required part but to make it better and more accurately than the original part. They can do this very quickly with modern tools, but when, just as an experiment, we require them to use only the tools that the old workers had, they manage just as well as did the old worker. And when I say that they use the old tools, I mean just that, for we have thousands of specimens of old tools restored to their original condition and we are able to fit out a worker with a kit of any period.

As far as materials are concerned, we today have at our command such a variety of metals and alloys that we are always able to supply a very much better material for a part than that which was originally used. But if necessary we made the exact grade of iron, steel, brass or copper that the first worker had.

Precision Methods of Today

There is nothing at all to the legend that the ancients had materials which we cannot duplicate or which were better than anything we now know. Every engineer and metallurgist knows that. Indeed, if we had not progressed in the metals, many of our modern conveniences, including the automobile, would be impossible, for our machines would be so heavy and clumsy as to be impractical. It is impossible to say whether the best workers of former years, given the tools of today, would be as skilled as the men of today, but it is possible to say with absolute certainty and from the facts that the best craftsmen of the older days had no more ability than the best craftsmen of today and that the grade of workmanship of today with the use of machine tools is higher than anything which was previously possible.

The progress which has already been made seems scarcely to have been comprehended. For instance, automobile manufacturers today turn out as a matter of course an engine which is more precisely made than the finest watch. This is literally true not only for measurements but also for balance. Very few watches are made to a thousandth of an inch, but that accuracy is quite commonplace in automobile parts of considerable weight. The revolving parts of an engine, such as the crank shaft and the flywheel, are brought to a balance, both dynamic and static, approximating that of the balance wheel of a fine watch. This does not mean that accuracy has just been discovered or anything of the sort. The real point is that the accuracy which was once reserved for the most expensive instruments is now available for the affairs of everyday life.

The accurate making of common articles means far more than is at first apparent. The machinery of today, especially that which is used in general life away from the machine shop, has to have its parts absolutely interchangeable, so that it can be repaired by a nonskilled man, and also in order that freight and carriage may be saved by assembling the machine at the point where it is to be used. A practical interchangeability can be obtained without extreme accuracy, and the requirements of interchangeability have long since been met. There is a further and higher requirement. The unnecessary vibration of any moving part represents a waste in the transmitting of power and also a waste in the unnecessary wear and tear. The campaign against noise is in some of its phases a campaign against lost motion—that is, against waste. The vibration of machinery may be due to many causes, but generally it is traceable to lack of balance and to inaccurate fitting. Therefore making machines accurately is one of the best-known ways of cheapening them. As we cut down the vibration we not only conserve power but also increase the life of the machine and therefore make its operation less expensive.

The Struggle for Accuracy

There is nothing new about this. The trouble has been to devise ways and means of attaining accuracy without at the same time so adding to the cost of production as to make the price of the machine beyond the purses of more than a few of the people. It has always been possible to attain accuracy, but not to attain both accuracy and complete interchangeability at a low cost. The economic effects of accuracy are a study all of themselves.

The attaining of accuracy at a low cost is a very gradual process that does not come to any industry in a day. One of the very great advantages of a factory turning out only a single product is the opportunity that is given for the detailed study of the manufacturing of each part. We have discovered that, no matter how carefully we plan a method of making, experience always shows us a better way. That can be taken as a universal principle. The general trend in our own work of late years has been away from the intricate subdividing of operations and toward the combining of them. In the earlier days of hand craftsmanship a single worker did all of a job; then came the cruder machinery, and it was found most economical to split up the operations so that each machine and each man did just one small thing. Now we are heading back to the old days, except that where then one man did the whole of a job, now a machine, as far as possible, does all of a job. The ideal would be a completely automatic machine operating to whatever degree of accuracy might be required. That ideal, however, is very far from being realized, except with rather simple parts. The best that we can do is to combine as many operations as possible, using to a very considerable extent the principle of the turret lathe, which is one of the most important principles in modern manufacturing.

For example, if a part had to be drilled, bored, reamed, turned and faced under the old system, it would pass through eight or nine single-purpose machines, each managed by a man, and there would be a great deal of handling and of opportunity for error. Now most of these operations are performed on a single machine with a single operator, who just clamps the part into a turret. At a given time, based on the number of minutes required for the job, the forging is released from the first operation and whirled along to the second station, which may be the drilling. Meanwhile another rough forging has been loaded and revolved from the loading point to the first station. From the second station the forging goes on to a third, where remachining may be done automatically; then to a fourth, where it may be finished.

On one of these multispindle or turret machines there are usually from five to seven stations in addition to the loading point. They are arranged in a circle, so that the forging, after it has been machined at the different points as required, will complete the circle, returning to the operator as a finished part. He removes it and places it on a conveyor, at the same time taking from the conveyor a rough forging, which is inserted in the chuck left vacant by the removal of the finished part.

Thus there is no lost time or motion; the parts are handled but twice—once in loading as a rough forging and again in removing as a finished part. The machines turn out, in a comparatively few minutes, parts which, under the old system, would have required hours to build. The handling of parts has been cut down in many cases to two or three operations. Some parts are reduced in cost more than one-half and the degree of accuracy more than doubled.

Under the hand methods of production, the final operations were cutting and trying; nothing ever quite fitted, and if an exact fitting were required the part had to be ground into place. In modern American methods generally, inspection takes the place of the old cutting and trying, and some of the most ingenious machinery used anywhere is that devised to reduce the human factor in inspection. No matter how accurately production machinery may be adjusted, no two parts turned out by the same machine will ever be exactly alike; the material itself never runs with precise uniformity. It is the function of inspection not merely to discover defects but to make certain that each part is of the size, weight and balance required. Some of this inspecting is highly delicate and quite beyond anything in the range of unaided human perception. What would ordinarily be a complex laboratory test has to be simplified to a point where the same results as in the laboratory can be had in the shop as a matter of routine.

Men and Machines Coördinated

These examples are selected only to show something of the delicate coördination of large-scale American industry. There are no rough-and-ready operations. We use tremendous quantities of brute strength, but none of it comes from human beings; it comes through electric wires. The men who work with these machines need to have a certain amount of manual dexterity, but above all they need such a coördination of their faculties that they can adjust themselves to the tempo of production. The man does not become a machine, for he must, above all, be keen and alert. He has to comprehend the importance of little things, and when, a few years ago, we made sweeping changes in our methods of manufacturing and greatly raised the standards of accuracy, one of the largest obstacles that we met was the refusal of men to adjust themselves to the new standards. We had to change a very considerable portion of our personnel simply because so many of the older men stubbornly refused to believe that the new standards of accuracy could be attained.

Although a machine may be nearly automatic and the part which the attendant plays would not seem to be important, we have discovered that only highly intelligent men can sufficiently comprehend what their machines are doing; and unless they do comprehend, they will not properly attend their work. A few years ago we had no production job which could not be learned by any man of average intelligence within a

(Continued on Page 141)

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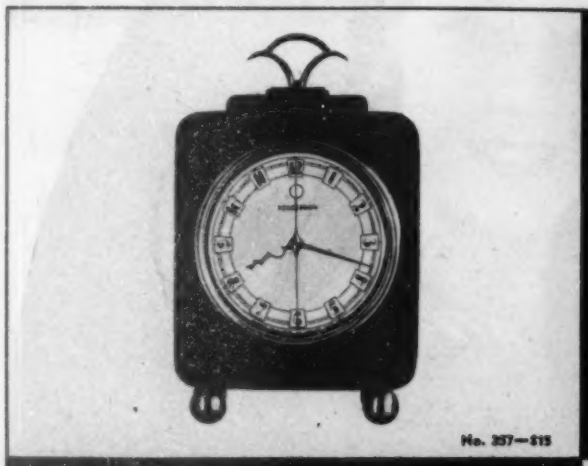

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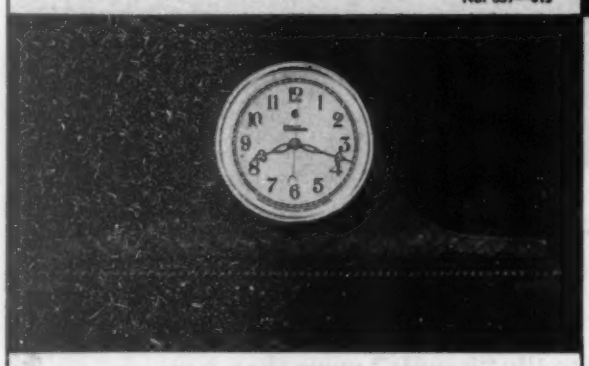

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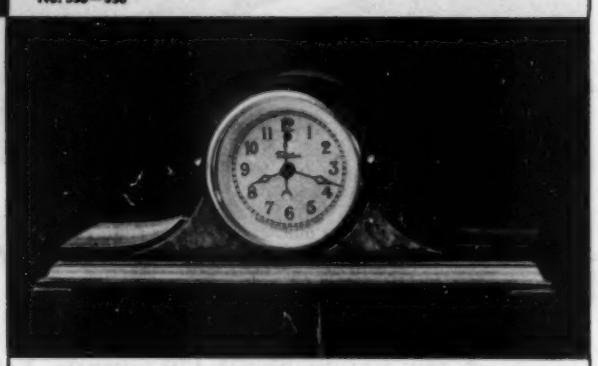

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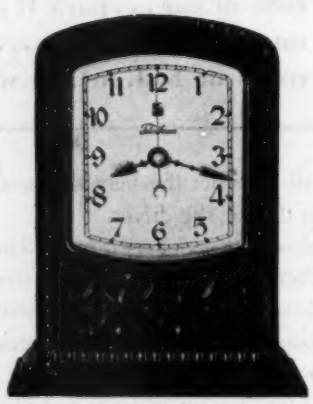

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(Continued from Page 138)

month, and perhaps one-half of our jobs could be learned in a week. Today the proportion of jobs which can be learned in a week or less is rather small, and to learn most of the more important production tasks requires a training of from two weeks to a month, provided the man has some native mechanical ability. The more delicate jobs of inspecting and balancing require from six to eight weeks to learn and a slow-witted man can never learn them. These are only jobs in production—that is, in making parts which are eventually assembled into an automobile.

The keeping of the vast quantities of machinery in repair, the providing of dies and tools and the nice adjustment of everything, it will easily be realized, require a multitude of machinists who are master craftsmen. The uninformed seem to imagine that machines are just built, and that thenceforth they operate without human aid. That, of course, is absurd. Modern industry demands more highly skilled men, and more of them than are in the world today. We are distinctly short of skilled men, and one of the weaknesses of industry is that, in general, it has not been able to provide the facilities for training the army of men that are now needed. Our company is doing what it can to meet this shortage by the intensive training of likely young men and the promoting to the more technical jobs of the more intelligent men in production. But unless the pace of industry slackens, it is going to continue to be short of skilled men. The situation is exactly the reverse of what it is commonly supposed to be, for, instead of industry's requiring a constantly lessening proportion of skilled men, it is requiring a constantly growing proportion. These men require not only skill but also versatility, and it is harder to get versatility than it is to get skill. On the whole, however, among the many admirable qualities of the men who work for wages in this country not the least admirable is their adaptiveness.

For instance, the passing of coal mining is a tragedy in England, and would also be a tragedy in this country had not other industrial opportunities opened to our miners. The American miner does not make a lifework of it, anyway. It satisfies his sense of adventure in young manhood, and then he finds other work.

The American workingman can turn his hand to anything. If he goes out of business as a blacksmith, he opens a garage. If mining fails him, he goes in for building or some other trade.

A Letter From a Blacksmith

But I cannot regard it as an inherent weakness of industry that, once a man is employed, he is not then forever employed in the same factory. If a man be misplaced in an industry, the sooner he discovers it, or the sooner his employer discovers it, the better off is that man. We have in our industries jobs for every grade of ability and every grade of physique, but we have no jobs at all for the man who is interested only in getting whatever money he can out of us.

Any industry which would set itself, or be compelled to set itself, to take care of this class of man is contributing to economic waste. Perhaps it is wrong to say "this class of man." It is inconceivable that a man can exist who cannot gain an interest in some kind of job somewhere. That, however, is a point that I have previously touched on.

The men themselves are beginning to realize that industry is not what it has seemed to be, and that many of its distortions are only growing pains. One of our company publications held a letter-writing competition in order to find out how many of our men were interested enough to write a letter, and also to gain something of their views. Here is a letter from a blacksmith which is valuable from a number of angles. First, it gives the reaction of a craftsman to machine industry; and second, it shows something of the level of workers' intelligence.

Being a trained blacksmith, I naturally take most of my impressions of my work from the angle of the way they affect my craft. Since I started to work in the drop-forge department, I cannot help realizing how the almost miraculous efficiency of the system is daily rendering what is perhaps the most ancient handicraft as obsolete as the advance of the automobile has made the old methods of road transportation. It is almost uncanny to see, for the first time, a hammer man, with merely a few blows from a steam hammer, forge a perfectly shaped crank shaft, or other part, which then needs only one operation of a trimming press to make it a job which a highly skilled blacksmith would take several working days to emulate.

If I was amazed when I started to work in the forge department, how can I hope to express my feelings at the wonderful improvement in production methods? The heating of the steel stock is, perhaps, the best illustration of my point. The method in use when I was hired was to put twenty-five bars in the furnace at one time; then they were heated and forged, and another lot put into the furnace, so there was always some time lost between heats. But thought was applied to this business, and now the bars travel along rails through a regulated furnace which needs only one man to load, and the rest is done by an electrically operated automatic pusher. Thus there is a constant stream of correctly heated bars continually being supplied to the hammer men with a minimum of labor expended in the operation.

Undoubtedly the great lesson I have learned from my work is that we are really only entering the age of machinery, and that our system of production must inevitably become the standard system. There can be no question that while the methods being used are getting better results, with machinelike precision and at an almost incalculable saving of time, than did the old methods, progress is still advancing in industry.

The Definition of a Worker

The machine is the greatest and most versatile of all broadening powers. That will soon be grasped.

In the ordinary course of things, hand and brain must work together to accomplish any results; to divorce one from the other would be like depriving a ship of its navigator and allowing it to run wheresoever it listed. The result would be disaster. This combination of hand and brain is essential to success. The farmer prepares the soil and sows the seed, but even with the most propitious weather conditions the cultivation of the land and the planting of seed would lead to poor results, were it not for judicious selection and proper fertilization.

It is the same in the work of the engineer and builder. A steel girder may be a perfect piece of workmanship, but it takes the guiding hand of the engineer to place it where it belongs; a pier or a buttress may be a marvel of strength, but it is the architect who decides its position so that it may give strength where most required. Both engineer and architect have made a study of these things and their judgment is relied upon.

The man who uses his brains as well as his hands in the performance of a given task, or the man whose intelligence fits him for the guidance and direction of others in the carrying out of his work, is as much a workingman as any. He is just as truly a man who works. And so it is in any profession. All who perform their duty faithfully are workingmen in as true a sense as the toiler in the woods, the fields or the factory. All who are engaged in legitimate labor, be it with the hands or with the brains, are workingmen; all who are not idle have the right to be included in this designation.

One of the largest difficulties in manufacturing, or in anything else, is to avoid self-satisfaction. If one does a job well, it is only human to sit back and look it over with satisfaction. And it is hard to regard the job that has been done as only a temporary expedient and to give one's attention at once to doing it better. Here is an interesting letter on this very point from one of our foreign-born workmen:

In 1921 I was working with an installation crew of one of the largest German electrical concerns on a light-and-power line in an old castle belonging to the Grand Duke of Baden. Four of us were working with one of the best leaders the company had.

Walls, often one foot thick, had to be drilled. This is nothing unusual, as practically all German houses have heavy brick and stone walls. Electric wiring in Germany is installed along the ceiling. Standing on a ladder, one has to break the holes through with chisel and hammer. Often it takes hours to make a single hole.

The main cable had to be laid through a cellar wall four feet thick. Lying flat on the ground and working with a plain chisel and hammer, it took us three and one-half days to break this hole through. Disgusted with the job, I said to the leader: "Why doesn't somebody design some tools to facilitate this work?" A rather typical reply followed: "We have always made those holes in this manner; we always got them through. The old method is all right. Why try to change it? Such tools as you suggest would soon put all of us out of work."

We worked hard, but accomplished little in a day. Our pay was small, barely sufficient to cover our living expenses. We all belonged to the union, and I remember many a talk along the line: Our wages are too low, and prices are too high. The leader received about four dollars a week, the men between two and three dollars.

One evening I mentioned that I would soon leave for America. "I guess you'll soon be making lots of money and ride in an automobile like a millionaire, while we are wondering how to get enough to eat," said one of my fellows. "They have everything over there, because they won the war."

Some months later I stood at a factory window in Highland Park. A conveyor, parts, motors, wheels, fellows busy; a few hundred yards farther, an automobile. I looked and watched for hours. An air hammer, a tractor and an air compressor—how easily we could have broken in a few minutes that hole through that wall with such tools. I thought of that foreman's remark: "The old method is all right. Why try to change it?"

I applied for work in that plant; I got it.

I saw new machinery, new processes, new methods constantly being introduced. I heard of price reductions and wage increases, but I have never heard anybody say: "We have always made those holes in this manner; we always got them through. The old method is all right. Why try to change it?" I never heard this sentiment in America.

Even I, though I am not a millionaire, can today afford my own car, because there were some people who said: "Let us make those holes a little faster," and thus brought down the cost of cars, of houses, radios, washing machines, and so on, so far that even the worker can afford them.

So I have learned from my work that the American people are prosperous and receive high wages, not because they won the war but because they are always looking for better and faster methods to do their work, instead of pinning their hopes for a better living on political strifes and machinations.

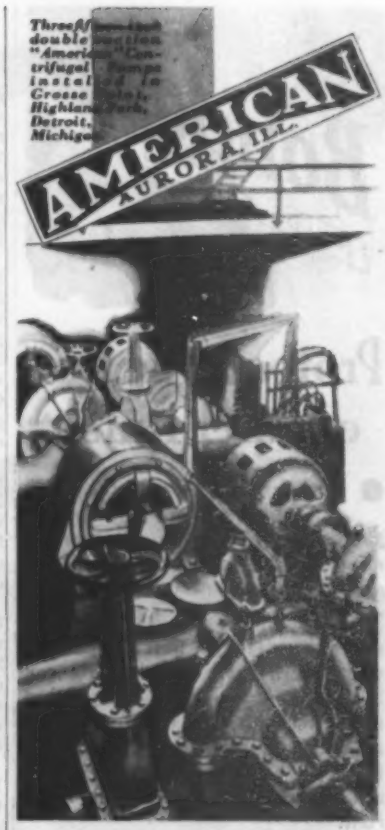
The Spirit of America

That man had caught the spirit of forward-looking American industry more accurately than most of our own people. Indeed, many of the political and social movements of today in this country, when coldly analyzed, could be expressed in the words of the foreman or leader whom this correspondent describes: "The old method is all right. Why try to change it?"

We all know that a man or a company which adopts every new thing that comes along is in the position of always getting ready to go somewhere, but never being quite ready to go. There is a difference between adopting something simply because it is new and adopting it because it is better. The leading manufacturers in America—and this is most particularly true of the automobile industry—are ready to adopt a new thing almost regardless of its cost as soon as it has been adequately demonstrated that it is better than anything which has gone before. We try out everything that seems to offer the chance for further improvement. Take any five-year period, and at the end of the period no part, no machine and no method in our industries will be the same as it was at the beginning, and some will have been changed many times. Yet for every change that we make we may reject, after careful examination, 100 or maybe 1000 suggestions.

Volume or mass production will defeat itself if it be allowed to become fixed, rigid production.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther. The sixth and last will appear in the September twentieth issue.



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BALL AND JANE

(Continued from Page 46)

him, or because it makes swell publicity copy. You see the press lads ain't slow about playing up a good yarn, and first thing you know it is in papers all over the country that Tommy Gregg, who used to be a star ball player, is courting the girl friend of the Western actor who socked him on the jaw and points west.

This sort of raises Tommy's opinion of himself a little, and he really flings himself into the game. Being young and good-looking and kind of pitiful in his present position, he seems to be making headway. Sob sisters interview Carmencita about who will she marry, fan reporters on the Coast try to corkscrew a word out of Slim, and sporting editors fail for the first time to make Tommy Gregg say something.

I and Mac know that the big scheme might not work, but the old-timer is behind it one hundred per cent, on account he realizes that if this flops we might as well forget that Tommy ever wore a unie. If he can cop the dame, he's got a chance. If he can't, then it's the vegetable belt for him.

But just as I'm congratulating myself that maybe everything will be jake, I pick up a newspaper one morning and read that Slim Gilson is on his way East to negotiate a new contract with the executives of his company in New York. And while I ain't no bloodhound, I can scent trouble in that news item.

Sure enough, Gilson gets there. We're in New York at the time. Mac reports to me that Gilson has been to see Carmencita, who is playing a week in Brooklyn. And I go to Tommy.

"I guess," he mourns, "that with Slim here, she won't have no more eyes for me."

"Oh, my gosh! And you're really strong for her, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh, Red. But what's the use?"

"Plenty," I snaps. "If you could capture her while he was right here in New York, it would prove to everybody that you was the best man, wouldn't it?"

"It would prove it to me," says Tommy, "and I wouldn't care how much razzing I got after that. But there ain't a chance. I've got Carmencita dated up for a party tonight up Westchester way, but I bet she'll break the date now that Slim is here."

But Carmencita don't break the date, which gives me some hope. That night Tommy and her and Mac and Mac's frau and me, we go to a swell little roadhouse where Tommy has ordered a nifty feed in a private dining room. I'm awful encouraged on account of the dame being there when everybody knows that Slim is going back to Hollywood in two days, and I figure that our pet scheme might have a burglar's chance, when the door of our private room opens and Old Man Disaster appears. Slim Gilson himself walks into that private dining room!

Right away I decide that all bets are off. Out at the Canebrake, Slim hadn't sought no battle, but here things was different. Carmencita gives a little scream and jumps up, but he motions her down. He closes the door and locks it and talks straight to Tommy.

"Gregg," he says, deadly quiet, "I'm here to have it out with you."

For a minute there is silence. Then Mac gets up.

"Lay off, Gilson," he starts, but Slim cuts him short:

"Keep out of this, you. What's happening here is between me and Gregg and this young lady."

Dignified, he was. And poisonous.

Tommy has got up, and his face is chalk white. But he's got plenty of nerve, I'll hand him that. Maybe he had welshed on the ball field when the fans was riding him, but here in the private room, where he was most likely gonna get pasted, he didn't bat an eye.

"You been rushing my girl," says Gilson sharply.

"I have," answers Tommy.

"Why?"

"Because I like her."

"Oh, you do, do you? And I guess you don't know that I like her also."

"I don't give a damn who you like!" snaps Tommy, and I love his spirit. "If Carmencita wants me, she can have me."

I get a flash of the dame. She is excited, but happy. Having a couple guys fight about her is the treat of her life, and this is number-two experience along them lines.

"Very well," says Gilson slowly. "But I don't let any dame go without a battle. I came here tonight to fight you for her. If you win, I'll step out."

"You hand yourself all the worst of it, don't you?" says Tommy.

"Scared of me?" sneers Slim.

"I ain't scared of any man that ever lived," rasps Tommy. "And if it's fight you want, I'll give it to you."

Slim began shedding his coat. Then suddenly he stops and looks at Tommy.

"Before we begin," he says with dignity, "there's one thing you got to promise. This battle is about a lady—a lady which one of us is going to marry. And I want your word of honor—as I give mine—that not one word of this will ever be given to the newspapers."

Believe me, Tommy is glad to agree. Also I give my word, as does Mac and the missus. Carmencita is willing to promise, but not enthusiastic. Tommy, white as a sheet, steps close to her ——

"If I lick this bozo," he asks, "will you marry me?" Carmencita's starry eyes fill him full of strength as she announces that it's kayo by her.

That's the queerest scene I ever set eyes on. A million-dollar movie actor and a million-dollar ball player, shedding coats and shirts for a battle over a Mex actress. Of course, I'm glad that they've made the agreement about no publicity, because I know Tommy is in for another plastering.

It's a tense minute. Tommy looks like a guy being led to his own execution and determined not to break down. Every once in a while he looks over at the happy Mex and she waves at him, which sort of peps him up. But even though he was whipped once by Slim, he don't show no weakness now.

DRAWN BY MARCH

"Do You Have One Like This, Only Plain? My Boy Friend Doesn't Like Me in Ruffles"

Well, the table and chairs are pushed back. Mrs. Mac and Carmencita are given a chance to leave the room, but announce they wouldn't miss it for anything, and then they start.

Boy! A battle! Not long, but hot!

I've heard about the cornered rat. All I got to say is that if a rat will battle good when he is cornered, a panther will do wonderful. Tommy Gregg was that panther.

I guess he must have remembered all the razzing he had been getting. I suppose he remembered how he used to be a ball player and was now just a punk. But I never seen a guy fight like he did. Wham! And then wham again. I couldn't believe my eyes, having seen the first battle, but Slim didn't have a chance. Tommy fought like a demon, and all of a sudden he hung one on Slim's long jaw, and that movie cowboy went down for the count of a hundred.

Tommy takes one look at the prone figure of Slim Gilson, and I'm giving you my word that I never seen such a change come over a man. Forgetting the gore, he looks like the lad who swaggered on the field more than a year ago and wanted to know would he lead off or bat in clean-up position.

He's like one of these here galley slaves who has had his shekels knocked off. In that one second he's his old self again—boyish and full of confidence and ego. He grabs Carmencita in his arms and kisses her dumb. Then he whirls on me.

"I licked him!" he shouts. "I licked him fair and square!"

"Yeh," I says, "but the fans ain't gonna know it."

"That don't make no difference to me. I know it, don't I? And Slim Gilson knows it. And all the world will know tomorrow morning that I am marrying his girl in Jersey tonight."

Carmencita protests, but there ain't nobody can stop Tommy Gregg now. We send Slim home after fixing him up, and cart them two over to Jersey City, where, before you know it, they are man and wife—and what a man! Then, personally, Tommy calls every newspaper in New York and hands them the sizzling news. Also he tells them to announce that Two-Gun Tommy Gregg will play second in tomorrow's game. The kid is right again. When he can call himself Two-Gun Tommy I know the jinx has gone.

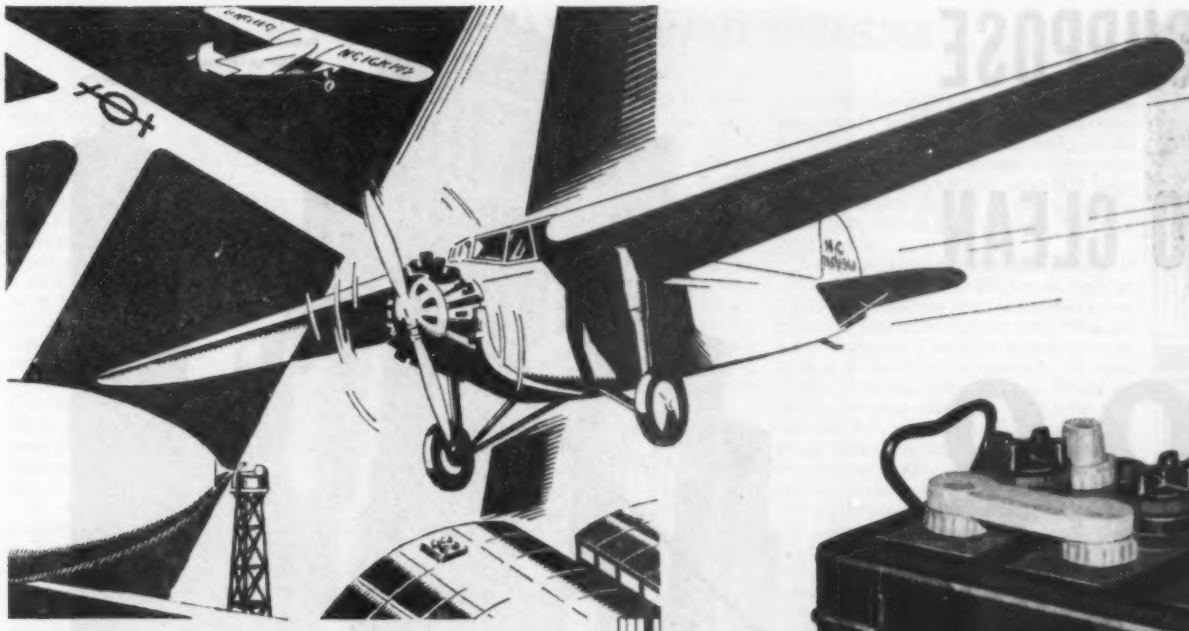
We leave 'em to their fate, and the next morning the papers scream the story of Tommy's marriage to Carmencita. That afternoon the ball park is jammed. Carmencita is in a box and Tommy struts on the field and puts up the swellest brand of baseball you ever seen. He's grinning all over, and when the fans call him Slim Gilson and Two-Gun Tommy, he razzes 'em right back. It don't matter what they say now. And it don't matter what they know. He knows—and he knows that Slim knows—that he, Tommy Gregg, is the better man.

And that night Mac tells me he wants me to go somewhere with him. We go to a swank hotel, and first thing you know we are in Slim Gilson's suite. I am surprised the friendly way him and Mac shake hands.

"Gilson," says Mac, "you are the swellest actor in the world. You made everybody believe that the kid really licked you. You even made Tommy believe it. I sure do thank you."

Slim Gilson's face twists into a happy smile.

"Don't thank me," he says. "It was a real pleasure, Mac, because it was the only way I knew to get rid of that little Mexican wildcat."



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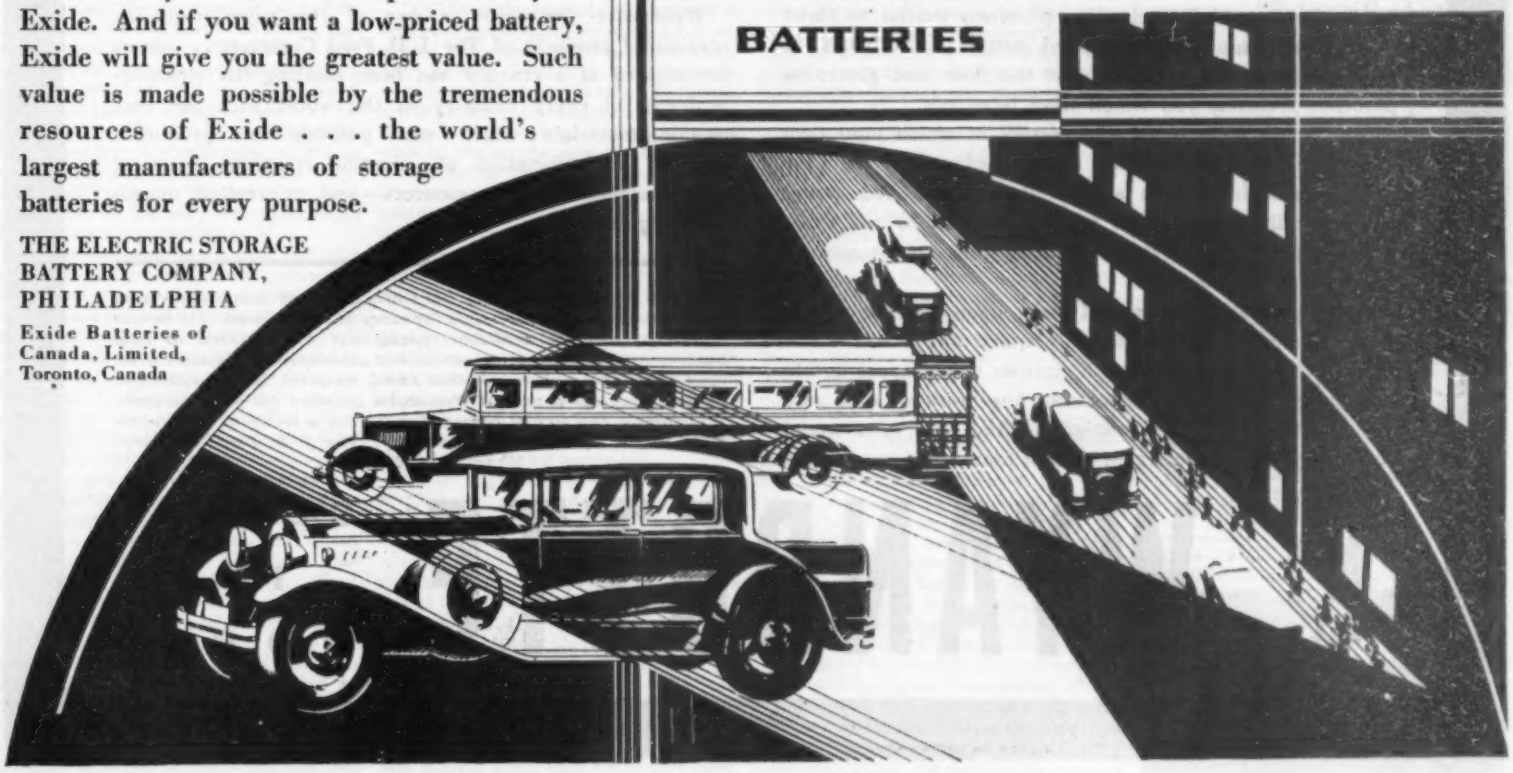

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BATHROOMS A DAY

Photo. courtesy Hotel New Yorker

YOU WOULD USE WYANDOTTE DETERGENT, OF COURSE . . . JUST AS LEADING HOTELS AND OTHER BUILDINGS DO NOW

IMAGINE yourself for a moment the manager of a great hotel. You would face cleaning problems similar to those of your own home, but multiplied many times. Instead of a single bathroom, with its neat tile floor and glistening porcelain fixtures, you would have hundreds.

You would have huge refrigerators in which your own would be almost lost . . . vast expanses of expensive marble . . . countless windows and window-shades. You would have literally thousands of faucets, door-knobs and other metal fixtures . . . acres of painted walls and woodwork . . . miles of hallways.

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Trade Mark

WYANDOTTE CLEANS THE WORLD

WHO PLAYS GOLF AND WHERE

(Continued from Page 19)

"'This is a golf course; you mustn't sit here,' I tell 'em.

"'Is that so?' they come back at me. 'This park is for everybody, and we're taxpayers.'

"Well, sir, for eighteen years now I've been keeping my temper. The beginners are what make it really bad. We should have a practice course for them. I've seen 'em lift a divot the size of a prayer rug, but rarely have I seen 'em put one back. It is the old-timers who do that, and pick up the other fellow's too. I don't know if you ever saw a battlefield, but that's what this course looks like on a Monday morning. The fairways are so badly gouged sometimes you'd think a troop of cavalry had been galloping over them. And the litter! Cigarette butts, candy wrappers, cartons, bits of newspaper and worse."

In one of New York's courses in Van Cortlandt Park the stealing of balls became so brazen last year that policemen were assigned to rout the young toughs who were responsible. They cleared out a great many, but the thefts continued. So a detective was detailed to the case, which was discussed in station-house gossip as "the mystery of the sixth hole." This one is 425 yards long, and troublesome because of a drainage ditch that traps the green that lies behind a screen of trees. Thick woods border the fairway, and deep in those woods one morning two officers hid themselves to await a signal from the detective. In due time the detective arrived at the sixth tee, from which unnumbered clubheads had worn a half-moon-shaped depression. His drive was not so good, but his midiron shot carried across the ditch. Instead of leisurely coming up for his approach shot, the detective began to sprint. He crossed the ditch in time to see a brindled bulldog snuffling his ball out of the grass, and did not interfere as the animal, with the ball in its mouth, scampered into the woods.

A Dog as Cat's-Paw

That was when the detective, with fingers in his mouth, whistled shrilly to his aides. The three men closed in then and surprised a shabby man who was taking the detective's ball out of the dog's mouth. The corkscrew tail that had been wagging in delight suddenly grew taut as the police officers seized the dog's master. Out of six legs to bite, the dog chose one of two that were incased in golf stockings. After a profane interval, the pockets of the dog's master were searched and from them seven balls were taken. Before he was sent for ten days to what used to be Blackwell's Island, and now, with municipal sarcasm, is called Welfare Island, the composite counterpart of Fagin and Bill Sykes confessed that he and his dog had been making about four dollars a day stealing balls.

These tough parasites who steal golf balls are found in augmented numbers whenever there is an increase of unemployment. The value of the bait that tempts them can be measured easily. On any day when a park course is crowded to capacity there are 150 or more balls almost constantly lying on the grass. Unhappily, for such as can be snatched up, there is a ready market. They are sold as "found" balls at anywhere from ten to fifty cents apiece.

All the golf balls that disappear cannot be blamed on the loafers who idle along the trees bordering the fairways. A ranger policing a course in the park of an Eastern city apportions much of the blame elsewhere.

"The cheap birds I have to watch," he said, "are some of the golfers themselves. We're not exclusive here. The whole city belongs. Anybody can play, and some who do, have a rule that if they catch a ball on the first hop they keep it."

"And," complained a New York city official who is himself a golfer, "in the sporadic attempts at controlling this evil you see examples of another that is worse. Without good greens you can't have golf. One time I was approaching the fourth green in Van Cortlandt Park when I heard some players yelling at a ball thief. As this youth fled toward the railroad tracks a park employe driving a team hauling a wagon turned his horses from the road and started in pursuit. You can believe it or not, but he drove right across the green, and the deep scars of the steel tires were not erased from the turf throughout the season. Another time I saw a mounted policeman gallop his horse across one of the greens in pursuit of a ball thief. You can imagine what divots were lifted by the animal's hoofs."

There are other unsatisfactory conditions that can be avoided only by efficient and sympathetic management. Not the least of the possible drawbacks in one large Eastern city is a suspiciously awkward starting system. This permits attendants so disposed to send favored late arrivals to the first tee ahead of players who may have been waiting for hours.

The Wearin' o' the Greens

There would be little point to discussing these disadvantageous phases of public-links golf if nothing could be done to correct them. Fortunately, in most cities and towns there is a disposition to correct them. Notably fine management is given to golf in the parks of Chicago and Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, with only a fraction of the population of New York, provides for its people six golf courses; one more than is available in the metropolis. Each of the six courses in Indianapolis is in charge of a manager with complete authority in all matters of administration. There is also a professional of recognized standing at each course.

Each Monday morning the six golf-course managers meet with the park commissioner of Indianapolis, review their problems and deal with them intelligently. Each of those managers is engaged in a competition with his fellows much more earnest than any of the struggles that occur on their various greens. Each is trying to make his course the most attractive in the city, with the result that public-park golf in the capital of Indiana is as satisfying in most aspects as play on many first-class private courses.

In Chicago the problems of management originally presented by the operation of municipal golf courses were no more simple than in New York, yet those problems were dealt with magnificently. The greens are larger than is necessary on private-club courses. The increased size makes it possible to change the cups frequently, and always before the turf has been injured. The tees are correspondingly large. Large tees are a vital part of the Chicago starting system.

On days when the courses are crowded, foursomes are started relentlessly every five minutes. The only difference in the manner of starting from that of a private course is that players in a four-ball match are required to tee their balls simultaneously. This enables each foursome to get well out of range of the succeeding foursome before the lapse of the five-minute interval. It is a small thing, but it has eliminated a great deal of the irritating congestion.

A most important phase of the operation of Chicago's golf courses by the various park boards is the selection of the human material that is used to operate them. The rangers who police the courses, the starters, the caddie masters and all others are required to have a genuine understanding of the game. This makes them sympathetic with the problems of the players. It enables them to be just in their dealings with the crude duffers. On some of Chicago's park links no one is allowed to play until he has qualified on a practice course. The authorities do not stop there. If any attendant sees a divot lifter walk negligently away from a bit of mangled sod, that unappreciative wretch is forthwith suspended from further use of the course. Replacing divots on a public course in Chicago is more than a printed rule. In a recent year fifty players were denied the use of one course because they did not heed the sign: "Replace your divots."

A most important instrument at each of Chicago's courses is a $900 cash register. Those cash registers print the receipts that give each player the right to play. They are sound evidence of business management in what is decidedly a big business. On most Chicago courses the charge is fifteen to twenty cents a round for nine holes and forty cents for eighteen holes. In the Forest Preserve of Cook County the fee for any of the courses is fifty cents weekdays and a dollar on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Not all the courses are self-supporting, but the oldest, in Jackson Park, more than pays its way. There, in 1929, a total of 186,906 rounds were played on the eighteen-hole course and the nine-hole practice course. The cost of operating both was only $20,000.

New York makes a large but unrevealed profit from its badly treated golfers. In 1929 there was paid into the general funds of the city $237,209 collected from those who use the golf courses. An additional $5922.50 came from the rental of lockers. The total revenue would have been larger but for the fact that an undisclosed number of passes are issued for some of the courses. Only a small fraction of this sum was spent in maintaining and operating the five courses which earned the money.

Public Golfers' Paradises

The green fees vary in all parts of the country. In Corydon, Iowa, the municipality has provided a nine-hole course with grass greens in Walden Park on which play is free. Toledo, which charges twenty-five cents for a round on each of its eighteen-hole courses, makes no charge for those who play the nine-hole course in Jermain Park. In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, there is a free course, and residents of Sharon, Pennsylvania, may play without charge over a course there which is maintained by endowment. Dallas, Texas, has a course that is free to children. Next in order after these Elysian fields comes the West Potomac Park golf course in Washington, D. C. This is operated by a concessionaire who charges five cents for nine holes, except on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when the charge is ten cents. Elsewhere the cost is greater, but the fee at which a well-patronized municipal golf course can be maintained in good condition without dipping into tax funds seems to be fifty cents for each eighteen-hole round. In those places where a dollar or more is charged, residents are usually favored with a low annual fee. In Rockford, Illinois, for example, nonresidents pay a dollar a day, but resident adults can play all season for three dollars and resident juniors for two dollars. In one Eastern county the park commissioners raised the fee from fifty cents to a dollar and a dollar and a half for a reason about which they only dared speak in whispers. They wished—these park commissioners—to shut out what they spoke of as the caddie element; moreover, they succeeded. A lot of boys of high-school age had to stop playing at the increased price.

Municipal golf has grown enormously within the past five years, but its beginnings have been traced back to a legend of one Robert Lockhart. Boldly he entered Central Park in 1888, a pioneer with golf clubs on public-park soil. The legend, as it is remembered by James D. Preston, superintendent of the Senate Press Gallery, is that Lockhart was arrested for his abuse of park grass. Mr. Preston is a member of the public-links committee of the United States Golf Association. His research has revealed

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that Boston's park commissioners, on December 10, 1890, granted permission for the use of Franklin Park for a game of golf by a foursome that included Fred Mansfield, George Wright, Sam McDonald and Temple Craig. Holes were dug at appropriate intervals by J. B. Smith, who acted as scorer, and on that hastily improvised course two rounds were played. The newspapers of that day reported that the clubs and balls used in the game had been imported from Scotland.

In July, 1895, the first public golf course in the country was opened in Van Cortlandt Park in New York. There were nine holes. In 1899 it was rebuilt as an eighteen-hole course. Boston's course in Franklin Park was not opened until 1896. Chicago's first course was not opened in Garfield Park until 1907. Other courses were built in the intervening years, but the real impetus came after the war. Statistics compiled at the end of 1925 indicated that a total of 5,744,104 rounds had been played on 120 city courses; four years later 191 courses reported a total of play twice as large.

There are nineteen public courses in Illinois outside of Chicago, fourteen in California, twelve in Florida, ten in Indiana, eleven in Iowa, eighteen in Michigan, eleven in Pennsylvania, twelve in Texas, and many more in thirty other states, and the trend indicates a steady increase everywhere. The only thing tending to delay the increase is the fear of many city officials of adding to their other troubles all that chatter of abuse which in any club falls to the lot of house and greens committeemen. However, there is a growing disposition among officials of parks operating golf courses to get together for an exchange of ideas. This promises to extend to all, in time, the advantages of improved management.

Famous Alumni of Public Courses

As matters stand, some of the foremost players in the country are products of the public courses, but in this country, when they become outstanding, they soon cease to be public-links golfers. At St. Andrew's this year, in the British Amateur tournament, Bobby Jones won his toughest match from a young English lad who earns his living driving a milk wagon and who plays golf on the public course of a Yorkshire town.

Charles E. Evans, Jr., of Chicago, who won the national open and amateur championships in 1916, when Bobby Jones was a kid of fourteen, learned how to play golf on the Garfield Park and Jackson Park courses in Chicago. Eddie Held, who won the Canadian amateur championship last year, began on the Forest Park course in St. Louis. George Voigt was a typewriter repairman in the Treasury Department when he developed his game on the East Potomac Park course in Washington. Voigt, however, first learned to swing a club as a caddie on a private course in Washington. He was in the semifinals of the British amateur championship tournament this year. Frank Dolp, who won the Western amateur championship in 1926, was a product of Eastmoreland, a Portland, Oregon, bureau-of-parks course. Francis Ouimet, who won the open championship of the United States in 1913, competing against Vardon and Ray, two of Britain's best, after he ceased to caddie played for a while on the Franklin Park course in Boston.

There are other great ones developing on the public links today. And why not? The fact is that a large percentage of those who support the 4500 private courses today tore up their largest divots while they were playing on park courses. All over the country distinguished men and women are using the golfing facilities of the public parks. Many who belong to private clubs do so when they travel. President Harding used to play the East Potomac Park course frequently, because its starting tee was nearest the White House. When he was Vice President, Ambassador Charles G. Dawes sometimes played the same course. He selected it because it is flat and he does not like to pursue his ball up hill and down dale.

New Fads in Golf

In a number of cities well-governed clubs have been formed among those playing regularly over certain public courses. In Dayton, Ohio, there is such a club with a membership of about 1000. This organization is able to assist the municipal employes in charge in the always troublesome chore of making careless players more considerate. For the golfers there is an advantage in organization, because this gives them political strength to compel park officials to take their duties seriously when they are disposed to be lax. There is another factor which encourages the public-course players to form clubs. That is the arrangement of tournaments.

Lately, in Indianapolis, Jim Preston watched the woman champion of one of the courses sink a long putt. "I suppose you'll be up for membership in some swanky club before long," he suggested.

"Not me," she said. "Too expensive. Besides, what's the good in it? The city courses are just about as good as the club courses. In this park we have a well-appointed clubhouse, with showers, lockers and whatever else is necessary for enjoyment of the game. Besides, we have our own club here to arrange tournaments. I'll keep on playing this course."

Something very like a boom has developed in recent times in the establishment of other types of golf business. One is the miniature course. These have spread northward from the Far South. Almost any lot is large enough for such a course. This is a putting game.

The other development is the driving range. It started, so it is said, in California two years ago, and the idea has swept across the continent. At least three acres of ground are necessary for a good range. There should be more, for a depth of at least 300 yards is desirable. Each player pays, usually, fifty cents for a pail containing about forty golf balls. If he lacks clubs the proprietor will lend him a couple. Then it is his privilege to hit the balls from a tee as rapidly as he cares to spend his fifty cents. Four or five boys at a dollar a day retrieve the repaints which serve as ammunition. On hundreds of these practice courses new golfers are being made. Consequently, before long, any statement on country-club verandas about how the other half golfs will have to be revised.

The fact is that before long they won't be a mere half; they will be the majority.

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JUNIOR POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

(Continued from Page 7)

its parents, and not by the special gifts and requirements of the child.

Public health, maternity, housing and education schemes should meet these needs.

When large sums have been invested in developing good citizens, they should be permitted to make use of their education for the benefit of themselves and their country, instead of being asked to die for their country.

War is not inevitable.

These beliefs are embodied in the policy of the Labor Party.

Therefore I shall vote Labor.

When I talked with Miss Esme Smith-Ryland, who is one of the leading members of the Conservative Party, I found this interest in social conditions expressed from a different point of view. Miss Smith-Ryland invited me to lunch with her at her house in Gayfere Street, Smith Square, Westminster. To the knowing, every bit of that address would have denoted that the house is a square or two from the Houses of Parliament and just off the Thames Embankment. It is on a little street opening out of Smith Square, and almost from its doorway you can see the famous old church called Queen Anne's Footstool. It was built for Queen Anne when she said she wanted "a church no bigger than a footstool," and there it is, small and beautiful in architecture, a square with its dome looking exactly like a footstool.

The little house in Gayfere Street started hundreds of memories of novels and stories about similar houses near the Embankment almost under the shadow of Big Ben, where through the ages women have influenced the politics of Great Britain.

From a Conservative Angle

Stepping into the tiny drawing-room, you saw at once from the typewriter piled high with correspondence that here was where Miss Smith-Ryland and her secretary were busily at work. You felt that such a little room was a place where any member of Parliament, from the Prime Minister to the latest M.P., might seek rest from the turmoil of the session or come for counsel, or to get a cup of tea or to spend a few hours during a night session. Here he would be within easy reach of the House, if a division were called or his presence be necessary there.

Miss Smith-Ryland and her secretary live in the Gayfere Street house when in London. Downstairs in the little dining room, almost underground, so narrow that we sat at a table close up against the wall, we talked about the Conservative Party and its past and future.

Miss Smith-Ryland had a totally different approach from that of Miss MacDonald, but while she reached opposite conclusions, having started as a Socialist and ended as a Conservative, the impelling motive of her political activities was after all very similar.

A very dynamic and efficient young person indeed is Miss Smith-Ryland. Tall, slender, dark-haired, with a mobile countenance and sparkling eyes, she talks rapidly and gives one an impression of knowing exactly what she is about.

"I was a Socialist," she said, "but I came to the conclusion that socialism does away with individual initiative. I believe that people should help themselves, and I am for the people who struggle to get out of their difficulties without aid from the government."

Miss Smith-Ryland is such an adequate person herself that her point of view was readily understandable. Reminded of the terrific problems which face England since the war and of the unemployment and poverty consequent upon it, she yet felt that England was not on the right track when it allotted public subsidies for what she believed should be wholly the result of private effort. She cited instances of people she had known in her own experience who had worked their way out of their difficulties without such aid. Reminded, too, that sometimes there are differences in temperament and native ability and that some people might go under, given a certain set of unfortunate circumstances, while others would have the courage and character to pull through, it still did not impress her as sufficient reason for having a different social viewpoint. She was eager to know about American politics and American women. Having visited in Canada and made a brief visit to the States, she knew some of the American women who have been advocating political knowledge as a basis for citizenship.

Coming down to the present and the future of the Conservative Party, she told me of her own independent interest in social conditions and how she was making contacts with social problems at close range to attempt to find out what the political remedy might be—not so far off from Miss MacDonald, after all. Miss MacDonald believes there is a remedy in applied politics; Miss Smith-Ryland just isn't sure and wants to find out.

Her marriage will take her away from England for a year and a half, but she means to use that time for study and preparation for the future.

"We are giving social conditions much thought," she said, "and we mean to have a program to submit to our party. We will reach our conclusions only after careful study, and when we have reached them we will expect the leaders of our party to listen to us, and we know that they will. But if they should not be willing to adopt the program, then it will be time enough for us to think of other political affiliations and other party programs."

That is a policy of party loyalty. Miss Smith-Ryland has an evident strong admiration for the leader of her party, the former British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, and her eyes shone as she referred to talks she had had with him about party problems.

Ishbel MacDonald, Miss Smith-Ryland, and Miss Lloyd George have had experience with the junior organizations of their parties. Each of the three parties makes extensive efforts to reach the younger groups. Ishbel MacDonald described with enthusiasm a meeting of young people which she and her brother—now in Parliament—had attended. "We were wondering what to speak to them about. We saw at once that they were a serious group and we talked about the purposes and principles of the Labor Party. They listened eagerly and at the close of the meeting large numbers of them joined the party."

England's Call to Youth

There are no junior party organizations of the American type—temporary groups got together just to flatter the young people and as window dressing for a candidate or just for the duration of a campaign. The junior organizations of British political parties work and study and hold meetings, and the parties are not afraid to give these young people an opportunity to represent them in office. Young candidates are the rule, not the exception. Miss Jennie Lee, a Labor member of Parliament at twenty-two, has behind her years of leadership in her trade-union and knowledge of politics sufficiently realistic to make her a successful candidate.

Of sixty-nine candidates for Parliament set up by the Liberal Party at the general election last year, forty-two were under thirty years of age. Five of these were women and none of the sixty-nine was over thirty-five years of age.

In the National League of Young Liberals, the junior organization of the Liberal Party, the young women play an important part. There is no appeal made to them to join a party because of what the party may give them, but only to join because through the party they can "extend and improve educational facilities," "grapple the housing problem and abolish the slums," "reform the electoral system." The Liberal Party says, "that it needs and appeals to youth." In Liberalism's Call to Youth, an appeal is made to young voters to join the Liberal Party on the basis of "a secure peace among nations; freedom of international trade; a sober and temperate population; full education for all; peace in industry through coöperation and partnership; a more simple production and a fairer distribution, leading to a higher standard of national life."

The political-research committee of the National League of Young Liberals has drawn up and presented at least three very interesting reports—one on housing; one on the inheritance tax, "looking toward a more equitable distribution of wealth"; and another on constitutional reform. This last report covers "the problems of government arising from the presence of three or more parties where no party has an absolute majority, and the powers of a Prime Minister in respect of the dissolution of Parliament; the future of the House of Lords and its relation to the House of Commons and the relation of the Second Chamber with the House of Commons."

The Rulers of Tomorrow

These Liberal juniors publish a magazine called The Forward View, which encourages study circles and political questions, publishes extracts from reports of committees on research, and includes news from the various local organizations which go to make up the National League.

The Young Liberals have a definite program of fourteen points covering everything from the support of the League of Nations, which is first, to the fourteenth, which begins: "To face up to the drink problem." Each point suggests a constructive measure which the Young Liberals advocate. They take themselves seriously and are in turn taken seriously by the leaders of the party.

Their last annual report shows a membership spread throughout Great Britain and new branches constantly being added. The report of the League of Young Liberals stresses the necessity for making politics attractive to young people. To meet the influx of new young voters, political parties have been furbishing up their headquarters, making them cheerful and attractive to young people. They set out to brighten up politics and to relate it to the everyday problems of youth.

The Young Conservative Association is also organized throughout Great Britain and has its national program. They are consulted frequently by the leaders of the party. When they have developed their program and are ready to take it up for serious consideration and discussion, they find their senior leaders only too willing to listen to them.

The Labor Party has always appealed to youth and has its organization, known as the Labor Party League of Youth. At their last meeting Prime Minister MacDonald said, in a letter which was read to the meeting:

"Labor has the right to look to young people for support, for Labor is essentially the party of the future. It is endeavoring to create for coming generations a better society at home, based on justice and coöperation for the common good; and to see, in so far as it can, that the world as a whole is made a safer place, free from the threats and shocks of war, in which such a society can flourish and develop.

"We ask, therefore, the youth of the country to help us in the present, and to carry on our task in the future with enthusiasm and determination."

All the parties are conscious that these young people are on the threshold of the future. They are giving deep study to the endeavor to mold England to the pattern of youth rather than to the outworn models

MALLORY HATS THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

Life Extension To Your Hat...When ordinary hats look old, a Mallory still looks new. The genuine "Cravenette" *Moisture-Proof* Process adds long wear to the fine looks of your Mallory Hat.

Only a Mallory is "Cravenette"

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NOW
. . . THAT YOU'VE TRIED THEM ALL
SETTLE DOWN TO DURHAM-DUPLEX

DURHAM - DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY-NOT AT

TRIED them all? Now get yourself a fresh package of Durham-Duplex blades and try something really *new*. Not in shape—not in name—not in finish—but new in the one thing that really counts—*shaving efficiency*. The hollow-ground edges on the latest output of blades are a pleasant surprise even to those who thought Durham-Duplex blades had already reached the peak!

Prove for yourself the merit of this wonderful blade. 50c. for Package of 5 or secure a genuine razor complete with one blade ready for shaving from your dealer or send 25c. to Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A. or 50 Pearl Street, Toronto, Canada.

of an older time. That is a very different attitude from what is apparent in the major parties in the United States. Only recently one junior organization, more carefully tended than usual by a state committee of women, has reluctantly admitted failure. Such junior political groups rarely study, nor do they have a program of social and political action prepared after careful research and discussion. Their parties do not ask them for a platform or consider their needs in the formation of a political policy. It is amusing to find that, until very recently, the Young Republic Club of New York boasted no one in its entirely male membership under thirty-five or forty.

With the exception of the Socialist and radical groups, there really are no junior political organizations of any consequence. Perhaps the major parties feel the ineffectiveness of their junior organizations and therefore do not offer them the honors of either standing for elective office or participating in the direction of party affairs. Since we are considering young women in politics, it is worth noting that we do not find any women members of Congress who are below middle age. Membership in Congress would correspond to membership in Parliament. Nor are local candidacies offered young women at all where there is the slightest chance of their election. England has had in the past six years as many as fourteen women mayors at one time, and now has ten.

Whatever the reason, the result is plain, and we do not have a Megan Lloyd George or an Ishbel MacDonald or a Jennie Lee, all under thirty years of age, holding high political office, or even being a candidate for it, in this country, nor a Miss Smith-Ryland leading a junior organization.

Politics for Men Only

Just what makes the difference is a matter of party management, and beyond that, or, more correctly, underlying it, is perhaps something inherent in our young women and their preparation for the realities of life. The major political parties in this country are still man-made and man-controlled. Few of their leaders can work with women on a basis of equality. They can and do trust young men. They give them opportunity to enter public life and to be active in party control. But young women are another matter. It is rare to find even the older women really consulted by party leaders as to either personnel or policies.

It is inspiring to meet these earnest under-thirty voters and officeholders in England. They think. They work. They achieve. American girls can do it, too, when those responsible for their education and those who guide our political destinies will agree not only that youth will be served but that it can serve.

Self-expression seems to be our principal educational aim at the present time. None of the enthusiasm of youth for discussion and consideration of problems seems to be utilized for the improvement of conditions in our own country. Abstractions and Russia and international relations and psychoanalysis receive attention, but American problems seem to be totally neglected. College seems to intensify these interests and not yet to have found a way to direct the energy of youth into practical political channels.

Politics in America is an emotion rather than a principle. Miss MacDonald, Miss Lloyd George, Miss Smith-Ryland and the active groups of junior politicians in England know and understand the significance of party policies, and are contributing to them their point of view and their interpretation of the needs of youth in a new time.

Washington was a bit surprised to find Ishbel MacDonald caring more for child-health clinics and recent advances in social science than for balls and society distinction. But they would find other English girls the same way. They learn to think as well as to dance, and to consider a nation's welfare at least as important as their own self-expression.

A Quiz for American Women

Ask the average American woman under thirty, or just out of college, the dozen questions I have put down here and score the results:

1. How is public health administered and controlled in your state; in your locality?
2. How is public education administered and controlled in your state; in your locality?
3. How is money appropriated for public expenditures in your state and in your locality? How is it secured?
4. Who represents your district in the legislature?
5. Who elects candidates for the United States Senate, and what happens when a vacancy in that office occurs?
6. Name the highest court in your state. How are its judges selected?
7. Name the lowest court. How are its judges selected?
8. What is a primary election? What are the requirements for voting at a primary in your state?
9. Who is your congressman? How is he nominated?
10. How is the governor of your state nominated?
11. Who enacts child-welfare laws, and who administers them? Is there a widow's-pension law in your state? Are there housing laws in your city or state?
12. How are the hours of labor of women and children regulated in your state? Who enforces the labor laws?

If progressive education aims to train young people to take part in the actualities of life, they will need to know about the practical workings of the world in which they live. Applied politics is part of the social fabric. When the major parties realize that young people are earnestly interested in politics they will give them a place in American politics.

The next congressional election has an added element of interest in the increased number of women who are participating in canvassing candidates to secure their views on the questions which women consider to be most pressing at this time. But they are a handful as yet and sadly lacking in representation in Congress by members of their own sex. American women are just beginning to apply the lessons of politics. When they master the subject they will train the younger ones, and the Government will benefit by the clear-eyed, intelligent point of view these "under thirties" can give. America is now a young man's country. With the encouragement of young women to interest themselves in politics, it will become a young people's country. Junior politics and politicians have a place waiting for them.

Get Busy With the Shears Now

The Saturday Evening Post
926 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to make some extra money as your subscription representative. What have you to offer?

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(Please Print Name and Address)
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City.....
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Miss Gladys Peace of La., made $240 on 1 Process order.

Between now and Christmas Process salespeople (men and women) can make up to $10 and $15 a day in spare time taking orders for our nationally known line of Christmas Greeting Cards, imprinted with customer's name and greeting. Sensational new "Snow-Ball" Sales Plan brings *immediate* earnings. Commissions daily in cash, plus monthly bonuses and prizes. We supply Free Sales Outfit; nothing to buy. No experience needed. Write, stating territory, experience (if any) and time available. (*Divisional Managers Wanted for Cities of 50,000 or Less.*)
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Patent Process can't be copied
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WHY pay full retail prices when you can send all kinds of woolen materials *direct* to one of America's largest rug FACTORIES and have lovely, rich-textured, modern rugs made *at a saving of ½*. If not delighted we pay for your materials.

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Wanted !!!

Men to build Monuments . . .

to panics and pests

ONE such monument already stands in the public square of Enterprise, Alabama. It was erected by the *grateful* planters of the vicinity, who inscribed it thus:

"In profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity."

Remarkable monument? Strange inscription? Not at all! For in its pitiless way the weevil worked an enormous good for Enterprise.

It made the planters do something they might otherwise never have done—diversify their crops. It forced them to take a step that proved their economic salvation. *That* is the moral of the tale.

Business today is faced with a *boll weevil problem.* There are forces at work, which seem (to some) capable of no good effect . . . only of tormenting destruction. Is this true? We think not. We are sure that for many these forces will be the instrument of a greater prosperity; and in the months that draw very near there will be business men who will heartily second this tribute: "In grateful memory of the depression of 1930."

We know this will be true. History repeats itself. The slump of 1920 proved an *opportunity* for those who met its challenge, who spurred themselves to a concentrated study of their problems, who produced through their efforts: better manufacturing, or distributing, or merchandising methods, sounder business thinking.

Who those men of *this decade* will be we cannot tell by name or by industry. We do know, however, that they will be from among the vigilantly informed . . . *for this the hour of the alert.*

It is the hour when business men need every available fact, every interpretation of the emerging trends, every careful word that is written.

It is the hour when you *need* Nation's Business.

The interpreter of X-Forces will help you meet the greatest X-Force of a decade

Nation's Business, publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has long devoted itself to the task of reporting and analyzing those powers it has aptly called the *X-Forces of business.* What are X-Forces? They are simply external forces, influences that affect an industry but are beyond that industry's control.

And now all industries and all commercial enterprises are faced with the most powerful X-Force of a decade — the depression of 1930. To meet this X-Force the executives of industry need help. *Are you one of them?* If you are, there is assistance for you in both the editorial and the advertising pages of Nation's Business.

In the editorial pages you will meet men who speak with authority of the problems of this difficult time. In the advertising pages you can tell your own sales story to the 320,000 executives to whom this magazine is *the favorite publication.*

Go to your newsstand today and get the current issue. It is 25 cents the copy . . . or write and we will send it to your office or home every month, $7.50 for three years.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 320,000 circulation MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

Every one fresh and smiling... how about

your home?

ALL the family back from vacation, feeling and looking well. Back from the bright sunlight and the fresh air of seashore or mountains. Back to the house that will be their home during the busy fall and winter months ahead. How well does the appearance of *your* home fit in with the cheerful mood of your returning family?

Is the woodwork looking a little dull and worn? Is the furniture scratched and lusterless? Are the floors scarred and rather dingy? It is so easy—with Kyanize Lustaquik Finish—to brighten up your entire house and make it the cheerful and charming sort of place in which you like to live.

Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is easy to apply. Dries dust-free in four hours. Can be applied to anything—wood, stone, glass or metal—and comes in sixteen beautiful colors. Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is made by one of the oldest and best established paint manufacturers in the country. Boston Varnish Co., 360 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

Redecorating walls and woodwork

● Kyanize Celoid Finish is a medium-gloss enamel for refinishing furniture, woodwork and walls . . . it gives a surface of subdued velvety luster that resembles an expensive hand-rubbed finish. It brushes evenly over wood, plaster, metal or fiber.

New life for your floors

● Kyanize Floor Finish is a new transparent varnish which dries perfectly in four hours. It preserves the natural wood grain and brings back the fine surfaces of floors. Kyanize Floor Enamel is an opaque coating which covers beautifully and evenly. It is water-proof, scuff-proof and acid-proof. It comes in twelve popular colors.

Look around your home—your guests do

● *There is a Kyanize product for every household use. Write for free booklet, "The Colorful Home," or see your Kyanize dealer today.*

BILLBOARD-DÄMMERUNG

(Continued from Page 21)

every country is beautiful to those who know it best. We can even go so far as to say that the great, quiet plains of Germany, which have been painted by so many great artists, and the broad stretches of the marsh country, are more subject to defacement by billboard advertising than the picturesque areas in the high mountains, where the sharp bends in roads and railroads constantly open up fresh vistas. All scenery must be protected from the encroachments of selfish interests."

It is a noteworthy fact that Germans of standing, both in government offices and in private life, are persistently averse, nowadays, to the strong-arm methods that accompanied the *Verboten* signs in prewar Germany. That aversion to the old *Verboten* school of thought, coupled with the German pride in being objective—in being able to see both sides of a question—has resulted in an almost universal desire throughout Germany to work with the advertising interests as well as to work against them.

The German argument in respect to advertising is this: "Our scenery, our roads, our villages are being ruined by injudicious advertising. This cannot be permitted, and it must stop, for the unspoiled scenery of our roads, our mountains and our villages belongs to our people and not to the advertisers; and furthermore, year after year, this scenery, if preserved unspoiled, will bring us trade and tourists whose value will be far in excess of the value of any trade that can possibly be stimulated by billboard advertising. Nevertheless, we live in an age of commerce, in an age of advertising. Therefore, it is to the best interest of all concerned that we should educate our people to the perils of bad advertising, and that at the same time we should work to improve the intellects and the taste of those who advertise. The inn signs of old Germany, the beautiful old wrought-iron advertising signs that blended so beautifully with the architectural quaintness of our ancient towns—these things prove conclusively that it is possible for advertising to be an asset. For us, modern advertising and advertising methods have been only a liability, and this we will not permit. But if we are able to educate modern advertisers to the sense of fitness that was possessed by the guilds of the old days, then everyone will profit by it."

It is possible to see the beneficial results of strong antibillboard laws coupled with the benefits of education in the free and Hanseatic city of Hamburg, which for ten years has been under the municipal billboard laws that were written and have been enforced by its Minister for *Volkswohlfahrt*—for Building, Town Planning and Landscape Design—Oberbaurat Dr.-Ing. Werner Hellweg. Being a free city, Hamburg makes its own laws; and since it is not a sprawling giant of a city, its laws are more easily enforced, possibly, than laws could be enforced in Berlin.

In spite of the fact that Hamburg is a city of merchants, it is the triggest-appearing large city in Europe, because of the neatness and inconspicuousness of its window lettering, firm signs and advertisements. Certain forms of advertising are not permitted in Hamburg. Sky signs, for example, are prohibited; and no signs are allowed to interfere in any way with the architectural features of any building. They are not allowed on balconies, because a balcony is an architectural feature that would be damaged by any sign or advertising board. They are not allowed to intersect pillars or columns.

"Art and advertising, in essence," says Doctor Hellweg, "have nothing in common. Our object, therefore, must be to weaken, in so far as possible, the contrast between advertising and the places where the advertising is displayed, and force advertising to blend with its background in the greatest possible degree. In the matter of shop signs and city advertising, it is impossible to obtain satisfactory results unless one of two methods is followed: Either the shop signs must conform to the building on which they are displayed, or the building must be planned to conform to the signs which are to be displayed on it. The building regulations of all cities should stipulate that every office building and every structure intended for business purposes should be designed

A Waste-Paper Receptacle in a German Park

with spaces for signboards. It is important to know that the architectural features of a building will be preserved, even when its signs are in place; and because of this an agreement should be reached, before a building is planned, between its architect, its owner and those who propose to display signs on it."

With German thoroughness, Doctor Hellweg has published a 450-page book, *Die Aussenreklame in Stadt und Land*—Outdoor Advertising in City and Country—which stands in Germany as the most authoritative of all textbooks for town officials, for antibillboard clubs, for engineers and architects and laymen who wish to preserve the beauty of German towns, villages and countryside, as well as for advertisers who wish to find out how to make their advertisements conform to the dictates of good taste and the demands of public opinion.

Signs of the Times

"Modern signs," Doctor Hellweg declares, "bear witness to the degradation of the arts and crafts. Billboards, unless forced to conform to the standards of good taste, are put up without reference to beauty, and with no purpose whatever except to outdo in size and offensiveness all other billboards. Billboard advertisers are never satisfied. If an advertiser is content with a ten-foot billboard in 1910, he must graduate to a twelve-foot billboard in 1912, and to a fifteen-footer in 1915; then, in 1920, to a twenty-footer, and in 1930 to a thirty-footer."

By means of profuse illustrations, the reader is shown the difference between good and bad advertising—how the entire market place of the town of Münster is ruined by a few injudicious advertising signs; how a number of artistic modern signs blend perfectly with the architecture of Augsburg; the beauties of the old carved signboards and wrought-iron signs of Germany; the horrors of such modern advertising as a huge-upper-jaw signboard of a dentist, protruding from a shop front; a monster hand holding a Gargantuan pipe over a tobacconist's door; a monumental watch erected between the railroad and the valley of the Rhine; series of billboards advertising margarine, dog biscuit, boot polish and washing powder; and between the billboards, glimpses of the distant Alps; the total ruin of a view of the beautiful Würtzburg Town Hall because of the billboard activities of a dispenser of *Gold und Silberwaren;* the fine old market place of Stuttgart smeared with billboards of beer halls, beds and oatmeal, like a suddenly crazed Quaker lady who has hung her decent gray habit with cheap jewelry and old tin cans.

He shows, also, what will happen to Germany, provided the billboard advertisers are permitted to carry out their ideas of suitable billboard advertising without hindrance. He publishes a picture of the Brandenburger Gate, that massive arch at the end of Unter den Linden in Berlin, topped with the Victory Car that was taken by Napoleon to Paris in 1807 and retaken by the Prussians in 1814; and in the picture, spread across the top and hiding the curvetting horses of the Victory Car, is a gigantic billboard of a specific.

"The phenomenon of too much advertising," Doctor Hellweg says, "is caused by advertisers' giving their own interests preference over the interests of the general public.

Not only is the antibillboard gospel according to Hellweg spread far and wide through Germany through the activities of the Deutscher Bund Heimatschutz, but a similar gospel is taught effectively in the schools by the Public Board for the Care of Natural Monuments in Prussia—this board being one of the bureaus of the State Board of Education.

The textbook of this organization was written by its director, Dr. Walther Schoenichen, and is called *Der Umgang mit Mutter Grün,* or Communion with Nature. It is a highly humorous book which holds up to ridicule and scorn the fat, popeyed, rude, beer-swilling Germans who trample heavily on wild flowers, strip branches from trees, strew the countryside with lunch boxes and egg shells, and encourage the erection of signs and billboards that wreck the scenery.

"Woe to you, German people," says the last paragraph in this book—"woe to you if your most precious property, handed down to you from the days of your earliest forefathers—your most glorious and holiest treasure of scenery—is allowed to fall a sacrifice to the gods of Mammon."

All through the pages of *Der Umgang mit Mutter Grün* are photographs of outrages against the German countryside, perpetrated by thoughtless picnickers, stupid innkeepers and tasteless advertisers. A litter of sandwich wrappings on the shore of the Grunewald See is described as "Berlin Edelweiss." A hotel advertisement in the middle of a forest receives mention for its location and its "heart-gripping" inscription concerning the cheapness of the dinners which it offers. How hotel keepers guard natural monuments is shown by a photograph of the Amsel Fall in the Saxon Alps, with the fall almost completely surrounded by picture-post-card stands, automatic vending machines and beer tables. "Recruiting signs" for inns are shown nailed to trees; while barrel-shaped signboards, completely inclosing tree trunks, are characterized as "Dryads' Corsets." In this book, too, the student receives instruction in good and bad signboards, and is assured that politeness is not only more efficacious than rudeness on signboards but that it blends better with the landscape. It cites a bad sign from the Wann See: "Only Oxen and Cattle Allowed in this Field," together with a more polite and therefore more effective sign of similar import from the same locality:

Lieber Leser, merk dir das:
Geh auf den Weg und nicht ins Gras,
Damit man leicht und ohne Müh'
Dich unterscheiden kann vom Vieh.

Dear reader, take note of this:
Stay on the path instead of on the grass,
So that one will have no difficulty
In distinguishing you from the cows.

Doctor Schoenichen explained to me the Prussian idea of coping with what is known in Germany as *Verrumelung*—the Desecration of the Landscape. "The regard for law is different in different parts of Prussia," he said. "In the south the people are more easy-going than in the north, and do not obey laws so readily."

Reform by Ridicule

"It is essential to have a strong central law against billboards and against injudicious building in both town and country. Already we have a fairly good law, but within a year we will have a strong law—a law that will be a model for all the different German states. Yet there is some danger in a central law—the danger that it will be thought of as Paragraph This and Paragraph That, and not as something that will benefit those who obey it. Consequently, education concerning the benefits of a law must go hand in hand with the law itself. That is why my efforts and the efforts of this bureau are devoted to making the people see the light; making them see the necessity of protecting their towns and villages and the entire Fatherland. We spend an enormous amount of time in the schools, lecturing to the children and showing them lantern slides calculated to fill them with a powerful dislike for landscape destruction. In all the schools of Germany the children draw posters—excellent posters, some of them—illustrating the need for protecting the landscape."

From the handful of well-drawn and brilliantly colored posters which he showed me, I took one at random, done by two pupils at the Ursuline convent—Eva Maria Schneemann and Irene Wiegand. It was a drawing of a tree, heavily decorated with carvings of hearts, arrows, initials, nicknames and

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SHOES FOR MEN

Well mannered smartness—an amazing capacity for wear and for holding its shape... these are the reasons so many Brisk Young Executives choose the ENVOY. In dull black calf—also in tan. A J & M dealer is located near you. Write for the J & M style booklet.

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VICTOR ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Correct Time Always!
Needs No Winding
Only $9.75

THIS attractive Victor Electric Clock deserves a place in your home. Absolutely dependable—every minute of the day—it is a modern convenience that is actually a necessity for every busy family. Trains to catch, appointments to keep, school for the youngsters, etc., are no worry when you have this dependable time-piece to tell you when to go.

The beautiful Victor Kenilworth model stands 8½ inches high—much larger than the ordinary clock of its price range. Its handsome bakelite case is available in a variety of finishes. The mechanism is "fool-proof," and is ready to serve you for many years—needs no winding or oiling—fully guaranteed.

Every housewife knows what accurate time in the kitchen means. That's why the Victor Waverly model has won the hearts of so many women. Its beautiful chromium plated finish is very distinctive and exceedingly popular—there is also a choice of several attractive colors to match any kitchen color scheme. And, they are all priced remarkably low—only $9.75.

Ask your dealer to show you the Victor Electric Clocks or write today for illustrated folders and nearest dealer's name.

Dealers—Attention! Victor Electric Clocks offer you an amazing opportunity to increase your business. Write for proof today!

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
712 READING ROAD CINCINNATI, OHIO

forget-me-nots, while above and below the tree were the lines of a verse:

Wenn du willst ein Brieflein schreiben,
So benutz ein Stück Papier;
Nicht der schönen Bäume Rinde,
Wie auf diesem Bilde hier.

If you must write a little letter,
Use a piece of writing paper;
Not the bark of a beautiful tree,
As in this picture.

"This method," Doctor Schoenichen added, "often seems slow, but we know that it is sure. Within the year we shall have a greatly strengthened law, giving towns and villages the right to abolish any billboard or signboard that in any way alters the character of town or country; and when the rising generation has gone out into the world, it is certain to supply the public opinion that will force every locality in Prussia to utilize all the powers that the law gives it."

Nature Lovers of South Germany

In the south of Germany is the state of Bavaria, and Bavaria has been more heavily endowed than the rest of Europe—in spite of the many enthusiastic claims that are made by other sections—with fertile valleys, majestic forests, snow-capped mountains and picturesque villages and towns. In Bavaria, too, there are large numbers of artists and musicians and authors and poets and architects of a sentimental turn of mind, whose idea of a highly delightful day is to repair to the shore of one of the many small ponds that are sprinkled through the Bavarian highlands—ponds that are usually dignified by being called seas. Equipped with two or three twelve-cent steins of Pschorrbrau or Spatenbrau, a Bavarian can sit all day by the side of a *See*, staring appreciatively at the fertile Bavarian fields with the jagged snow-clad Alps beyond them, and discuss the meaning of life, or art in its relationship to the cosmos.

When, therefore, it occurred to some manufacturers to erect a little group of billboards on the shores of some of the more popular ponds, or seas, the sentimental Bavarians emitted a roar as sudden and as passionate as might have arisen if they had detected a falling off in the quality of their beer. Indignation meetings were held in Munich, and every artist and author and poet appeared in public to protest against the outrage. As a result of the protest, the Bavarian Minister of State for Home Affairs called for a committee of Munich artists, authors and business men to draw up a set of anti-scenery-wrecking regulations for the use and instruction of the police of Bavaria.

Because of this, Bavaria has the best state law against billboards now in use in Germany, and it is enforced better than the antibillboard laws in any other part of Europe. It is enforced because it is simple and comprehensive, and because the Bavarian artists and authors and Nature lovers generally have appointed themselves a standing committee to see that infractions of the law are immediately called to the attention of the police.

"Any publicity," says the Bavarian law, "which in color, shape or size is ugly shall not be permitted, nor shall any accumulation of advertisements be allowed, even though the individual advertisements are not ugly in themselves. Particular attention shall be paid to the locations in which it is proposed to place advertisements. The authorities must judge whether a proposed advertisement is suitable, or whether it may operate to spoil the country, or their surroundings, or in any way injure the attractiveness of these things. Energetic measures must be taken against all advertising that damages the appearance of old farmhouses, old buildings, old monuments, rocks, trees or any other part of the country that gives pleasure to the eye. No permission shall be given for the erection of any advertisement until the authorities have made a personal inspection of the spot where the advertisement is to be placed, or have been supplied with photographs showing how the advertisement will look when erected. Existing billboards may be removed after the authorities have decided and explicitly stated that the boards are detrimental to the sections in which they stand.

"Advertisements are prohibited along the lines of railroads in any place where the eye of the public may be caught by them, or in any place where they block the view of the countryside. Ugly advertisements may neither be attached to nor painted on windowless walls or roofs. Signboards and inscriptions on stores and places of business must fall in line with the construction of the towns in which the stores are located. These regulations apply not only to villages and towns that are regarded as unusual and beautiful but to all towns and villages, no matter how simple; also to all country landscape, whether it is acknowledged to be beautiful, or whether it is composed of the simple fields and groves of the Fatherland."

Unsullied Bavarian Landscapes

As a result of these regulations, the scenery of Bavaria presents a spectacle that is, to speak conservatively, not often found along the main traveled highways of civilized nations. There is a beautiful stretch of mountain and intervale scenery that extends from Munich down to the fertile valley of the Inn, and thence into the deep gorges of the Tyrol and the writhings of the Brenner Pass: Scenery that has in it a strong resemblance to New England before the billboard blight swept over it—New England against a background of snow-clad peaks. In all that stretch I noticed only five small yellow advertisements, petty sores on the face of Nature; and close to the city of Rosenheim, standing crude and soiled against the tumbling blue-and-silver crests of the distant Alps, a billboard of Rosenheim's leading tailor, showing what Rosenheim's well-dressed man would wear this season—a perfect example of advertising futility and of that childish mentality in which the sale of a pair of pants or a mustard-smeared Frankfurter looms larger than all the mountain slopes and meadows in the world.

Professor Dr. Hans Schwenkel, of Stuttgart, recently made a study of modern advertising trends for the official magazine *Naturschutz*, or Nature Protection, published by the Prussian Ministry of Education; and in his survey he added a few well-chosen words of warning to billboard advertisers. "The welfare of the nation," says Doctor Schwenkel, "obliges us to guard our monuments and scenery against all disturbing inscriptions and advertisement, and in certain circumstances it requires the entire prohibition of the latter.

(Continued on Page 158)

He uses

PLASTIC WOOD

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For holes, cracks, rot, broken mouldings—wherever new wood is needed, Plastic Wood is invaluable—to the workman and to the householder. It handles like putty, hardens into solid lasting wood, and adheres permanently to any clean dry surface. At hardware and paint stores in 25c, 35c, and $1.00 sizes. Solvent, for softening Plastic Wood, 25 cents.

"Things to do with Plastic Wood"

This is a 48 page illustrated book describing 100 everyday uses of Plastic Wood for the home, for boats, for ship modeling, etc. It gives practical suggestions that will save many dollars on repair bills. By mail 10 cents.

ADDISON-LESLIE CO., 227 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.
Please send "Things to do with Plastic Wood." I enclose 10 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
2355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Relieves Dandruff....
Keeps Hair Neat....
No Undesirable Shine

GLO-CO Unscented LIQUID HAIR-Dressing

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." **LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 971-H, Chicago, The World's Largest Business Training Institution**

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, **"HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT"** and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Free Opinion whether it comes within Patent Office Rules.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Extra Money Every Month *for* YOU!

FOR many years, Mr. F. G. Persun of New Jersey has been "topping off" his regular salary with extra money earned as our local representative. For the past three years the extra dollars have been piling up *every month.*

Today there is a desirable, profitable, part-time job waiting for you! Or, if you prefer it, a full-time job.

No Experience Needed

You don't need experience or a single penny of capital to qualify. We will tell you just what to do and say—furnish everything you need—to represent the local subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Cash commissions from the very start; generous bonuses to follow—but here we come to the detail-bringing coupon.

Scissors Here

The Curtis Publishing Company
925 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to earn more money. Tell me how.

Name.....*Age*.....
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street.....

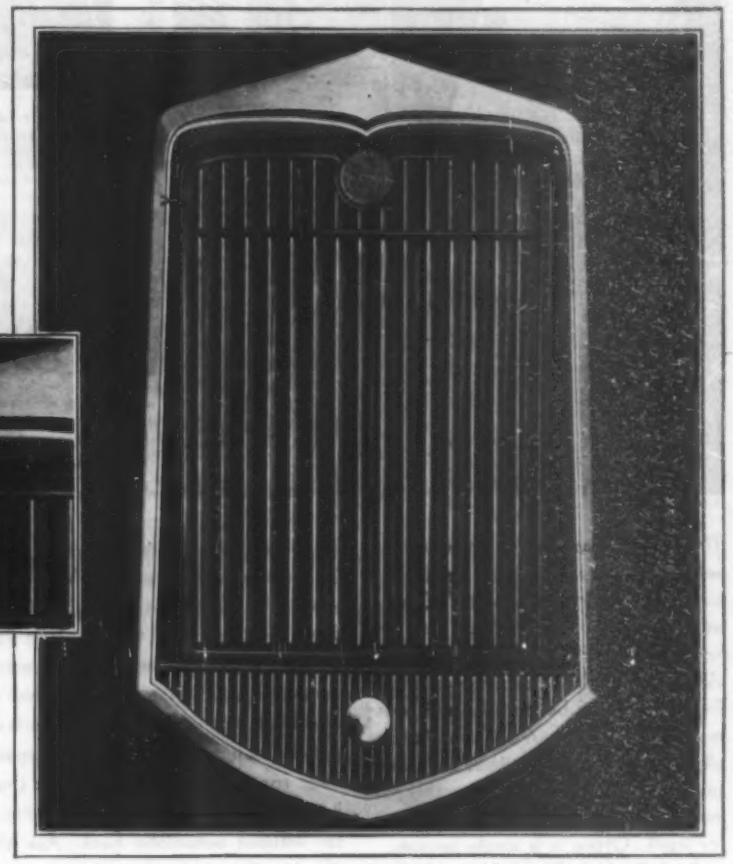
City.....

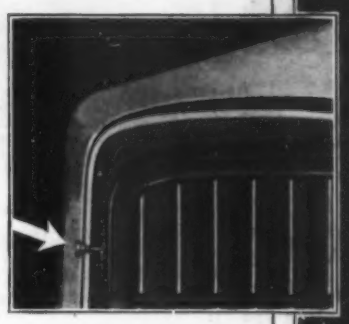
State.....

The New and Greater Pines Automatic Winterfront

The same sure protection from cold adopted by 25 leading manufacturers

NOW $15 AND $20
NEW VERTICAL DESIGN
NEW CLOSING DEVICE





New Closing Device
An ingenious invention now enables you to close the Pines Automatic Winterfront the moment you stop your car. Thus all heat is retained. When you start your car, Winterfront opens again—automatically.

For your car—the new vertical type Pines Automatic Winterfront

A NEW, greatly improved Pines Automatic Winterfront is now ready for your car. You will recognize it immediately as the same type of automatic motor protection that more than 25 leading manufacturers build into their cars at the factory. In their judgment no car—old or new—can be called strictly up to date without one. Engineers of many of the finest cars built say it is the only way to be sure of safe, efficient motor operation. Their word is law. And once you drive a Winterfront equipped car, you will never again be without this vital protection.

The beautiful new Pines Automatic Winterfront is designed after the models built into costliest cars. The same streamline beauty. The same dependable action. The same vertical type shutters. And now—to place this vital motor protection within reach of *every* automobile owner—prices are substantially lowered. $15 buys the new type Winterfront for small cars—$20 for the larger cars.

Illustrating the new Cord (front-wheel drive) equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. The Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront.

Protect your motor!

There is no higher authority than the engineers who build fine cars. 25 of the leaders will tell you a motor cannot operate safely and efficiently without automatic motor protection. They have learned the real facts in their own laboratories—on their own testing grounds. They build Pines Winterfronts into their cars because it's the one way yet discovered to completely guard costly motor mechanism against cold—the principal cause of excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, "overchoking," high carbonization, deadly friction, and a score of cold-weather driving evils. No other method ensures the same constant cold-weather protection.

Beware of false economy!

The authority is overwhelming! You cannot trust this vital protection to memory. 25 great manufacturers bear the cost of installing Pines Winterfronts in their cars because they know the danger of cold. These cars represent the height of engineering accomplishment. Your car needs this vital protection. Go today—have the new Pines Automatic Winterfront installed. *Protect your motor!*

If you're buying a new car, beware of radiator obstructions and ineffective substitutes which may be designed to "look like Pines Winterfronts." Millions who know will continue to demand a Winterfront equipped car—or a car built to permit quick, easy installation of the detachable model.

IMPORTANT! ***If your car is equipped with a hot water heater, Pines Automatic Winterfront will more than double its efficiency.***

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

Two Real Economies in AUTOMATIC HEAT: First Cost and Fuel Cost

$195 f. o. b. factory
THE FURNASTENDER. Automatically feeds either bituminous or anthracite coal to the domestic furnace. Electric thermostat control.

$295 f. o. b. factory
THE FURNASTOKER. For larger homes, apartments and small buildings. Easily handles 1100 foot of radiation. Saves up to 30% of your present fuel bills. Eliminates smoke.

Thanks to those who put modern conveniences in everybody's home! Now automatic heat joins the list. Once it was the luxury of the rich. Now any home can afford it. Combustioneer automatic coal heat costs little to install. Even that may be spread over easy monthly payments. Most important of all, fuel cost is so low that thousands save enough to meet those monthly payments. So Combustioneer actually pays for itself. Often in a single season.

Coal is the safe inexhaustible fuel. You don't have to buy new storage equipment. Just install Combustioneer with your present furnace or boiler. But watch the difference over hand-firing. See how the exact temperature you want is kept constant by the electric control in your living room. Marvel at coal heat that is smokeless—odorless. All the delights of modern automatic heat for actually less fuel cost than hand-fired coal. Don't go another winter without automatic heat. Ask the Combustioneer dealer to demonstrate. Or send us the coupon for further facts.

COMBUSTIONEER
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNERS

In nine sizes for domestic furnace to large 200 H. P. boiler

Combustioneer, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Branches in Chicago and Detroit

DEALERS USE THIS! SEP-9-6-76

COMBUSTIONEER, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Send me your proposition for representing Combustioneer automatic coal burners in my town.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

My present business is .....

FOR HOME AND COMMERCIAL OWNERS! SEP-9-6-76

COMBUSTIONEER, Inc., Goshen, Indiana

Please send me description in full of the Furnastoker at $295 and the Furnastender at $195, f. o. b. factory. Also let me know the nearest dealer's name or how I may order by mail.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Type of heating plant ..... No. of rooms .....
(warm air, hot water, vapor, etc.)

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

How Are Your City's Arteries?

COURTESY CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY, NEW YORK

BENEATH the downtown streets of any big city is a jungle of pipe lines. Gas and water mains—power, telephone and telegraph lines — vital arteries of public service. Imagine the difficulty and cost of removing and replacing pipe lines in such a complicated maze as shown in the above photograph.

No wonder that far-sighted engineers prefer to specify cast iron pipe for gas and water mains! For once down, cast iron pipe stays down. And need not be replaced for a century or more.

Your city's arteries, through which flow gas and water, may have been laid before you were born. If they are cast iron, they are still vigorous, and good for many years more. In numerous cities throughout America, the original cast iron mains are still in use after generations of continuous service.

Why is cast iron the longest lived and most economical pipe practicable for underground mains? The answer is found in the structural character of the metal — closest to nature of any ferrous metal pipe. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

CAST IRON PIPE

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers taxpayers, engineers and city officials detailed information regarding cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, culverts and industrial needs. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Cast Iron Pipe bearing the "Q-check" trade mark is obtainable from the leading pipe founders listed at right.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown above. It is the registered trade mark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

Copyright 1930 by C. I. P. R. Ass'n.

Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Meet MRS. MARTHA LANG—

Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering . . . who has helped free eight million women from the age-old drudgery of washday

TODAY'S laundries are giving women *a new conception of washday service.* Startling improvements in methods, materials and equipment now safeguard your clothes as never before. You only have to try a present-day laundry, to realize the difference these changes have brought about.

Mrs. Martha Lang has been *your spokesman* in this development. She is Consultant in Improved Methods at the American Institute of Laundering. Mrs. Lang discusses laundering problems with thousands of home managers every year—then interprets their views to the skilled research staff of the Laundry Institute.

The findings of this big staff of scientists and laundry experts are adopted by laundries that follow the Institute's recommendations. Rainsoft water for all laundry washing and rinsing; the *multiple-suds method* that gets clothes cleaner without scrubbing or risk to dainty fabrics—these are but two of the developments that have helped win 8 million families as permanent laundry customers.

There is a present-day laundry as near as your telephone, ready to give this new washday service. Mrs. Lang urges you to send your family washing *this week!* Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

● BLAZING NEW WASHDAY TRAILS—*(In oval) Mrs. Lang discussing washroom safeguards for the colorful modern fabrics with the laboratory research staff of the American Institute of Laundering.*

ABOVE

● *Bird's-eye view of the American Institute of Laundering, where present-day laundry methods and materials receive searching tests. This big institution gives evidence of tremendous strides made by the Laundry Industry. Let this new-type service banish all your washday worries!*

Entrance to the million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois.

Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

© 1930 L. N. A.

(Continued from Page 154)

No reason exists for allowing the banks of the Rhine to be decorated with a gigantic electric sign bearing the name of a manufacturer of champagne; for permitting advertisements of Thuringian sausage to be attached to a forest tree, even though the advertisements graciously mention a nearby view in addition to speaking of the sausage; for allowing, opposite a Berlin crematory, the notice of a restaurant.

"All advertising should, in æsthetic respects, endeavor to fall in line with the decency worthy of a civilized nation. In the long run good advertising is the most effective advertising because the effect is permanent. A business firm can only achieve a permanent success if it supplies high-grade products and simultaneously tries to serve the public. This principle should also find visible expression in the advertising activities of a business house. It is, therefore, a mistake to forget the æsthetics of advertising in thinking of the commercial yield."

"The basis of a clean country," Doctor Schoenichen told me, "is education. By means of education and laws together, we shall prevent our scenery from being sacrificed to the gods of Mammon. We seek no *Götterdämmerung*—no Twilight of the Gods—but only seek to end those of their methods that are inexcusable. This we shall certainly do; and there will come soon to Germany the *Reklamerschilderdämmerung*—the Twilight of the Billboards."

There is a universal demand that business interests use advertising methods that do not, as is the case in America, scar and wreck the face of Nature—methods that do not confiscate the scenery that rightly belongs to all the people, and that do not tend to damage the general welfare.

Prussia, Hamburg, Lippe, Baden, Brunswick, Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemburg—all stand solidly against *Verrumelung*—against the desecration of the landscape by the blight of advertising.

In England, France, Italy, Belgium and Japan the Twilight of the Billboards approaches swiftly and surely on the wings of law and enlightened public opinion. As for America, she has always had a reputation for successful sunsets.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

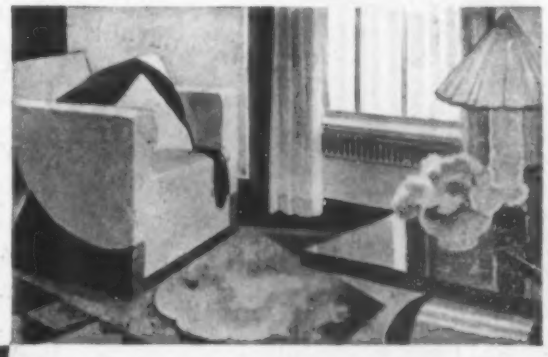
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL

there's a radiator that says..."This building is modern"

Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator completely out of view and out of the way . . . saves all floor and wall space . . . never interferes with the placing of furniture . . . lasts as long as the building itself . . . being widely adopted for offices, apartments, hotels, hospitals, residences and similar structures.



© 1930, T. H. N. CORP.

THERE is no "radiator problem" in the building equipped with Herman Nelson Invisible Radiators. In each room, the entire floor space is free. Furniture may be arranged, and color schemes carried out, precisely as the owner or tenant chooses.

The Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator is specifically designed for installation *within the wall*. In residences and smaller buildings it may be installed behind the plaster. For larger and taller buildings, a special removable panel is provided, permitting easy access to controlling valves. A graduating damper affords instant control of heat output at grille.

Once installed, this light, compact radiator will never require attention or repair. It has no joints of any kind to fail and leak—no parts that can rust or get out of order. It will last as long as the building itself.

If you are planning a building to which you would attract discriminating purchasers or tenants, or if you contemplate a new residence for yourself, consider the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator—from the standpoints of effective heating, conservation of space, beauty and security of your investment. It comes complete—ready for installation in any building having a steam, hot water, vapor or vacuum heating system.

Consult your architect or heating engineer, or get in touch with our nearest sales office (see list below illustration). If you prefer, write for our descriptive catalogue.

THE HERMAN NELSON CORPORATION,* Moline, Illinois

BELFAST, ME.	PHILADELPHIA	SAGINAW, MICH.	PEORIA, ILL.	NASHVILLE	TULSA, OKLA.	VANCOUVER
BOSTON	SCRANTON	FLINT, MICH.	DES MOINES	CHATTANOOGA	DENVER	TORONTO
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	HARRISBURG	DETROIT	MILWAUKEE	NEW ORLEANS	SALT LAKE CITY	WINNIPEG, MAN.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	PITTSBURGH	CLEVELAND	GREEN BAY	MEMPHIS	BUTTE, MONT.	CALGARY
NEW YORK CITY	JOHNSTOWN, PA.	CINCINNATI	MINNEAPOLIS	DALLAS	SPOKANE	LONDON, ENG.
SYRACUSE	WASHINGTON, D. C.	TOLEDO	DULUTH	OMAHA	PORTLAND, ORE.	OSLO
ALBANY	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	INDIANAPOLIS	ST. LOUIS	EMPORIA, KAN.	SEATTLE	MELBOURNE
BUFFALO	GRAND RAPIDS	CHICAGO	BIRMINGHAM	KANSAS CITY	SAN FRANCISCO	TOKIO, OSAKA

HERMAN NELSON *Invisible* RADIATOR

*Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices, and monumental structures—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hiJet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses, and smaller buildings.

The General Baking Company
hereby guarantees that you will like
Bond Bread
better than any other bread, except the best home-made, or you may have your money back—every cent. No red tape. You don't even have to bother your grocer. Just write or telephone our nearest bakery and we will gladly refund the purchase price without question.
GENERAL BAKING COM
Bond Bread
Bond Bread

We guarantee

YOU will like Bond Bread better than any other loaf

your money back if you don't!

BOND BAKERS guarantee the purity of Bond Bread ingredients. This guarantee—in the form of a bond—is printed on the wrapper of each loaf. Bond Bakers want you yourself to judge the home-like qualities of their loaf. And above you may read their second guarantee:—that you will like Bond Bread better than any other loaf you can buy. You get your money back if you don't!

Such confidence surely merits your attention. Test Bond Bread by your own standards of home-likeness. Note the lustrous, brown crust. Observe how even the texture is. Eat a piece of it plain, so that you can get the full flavor. Toast a slice, and when you catch the clean, sweet aroma, ask yourself if there could be better proof of pure, wholesome ingredients. Bond Bakers believe you will agree that Bond is a substantial, satisfying loaf, one that is nearer to home-baked bread than any you ever tasted before.

43,040 *home-bakers helped to perfect*

Bond

The *home-like* bread

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

Albany, N. Y.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Columbus, Ohio	Hutchinson, Kans.	Kansas City, Mo.	New Orleans, La.	Omaha, Neb.	Rochester, N. Y.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Waterbury, Conn.
Allentown, Pa.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Detroit, Mich.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Louisville, Ky.	New York City	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.	Toledo, Ohio	Wheeling, W. Va.
Baltimore, Md.	Canton, Ohio	Enid, Okla.	Jersey City, N. J.	Newark, N. J.	Norfolk, Va.	Providence, R. I.	Springfield, Mass.	Tulsa, Okla.	Wichita, Kans.
Boston, Mass.	Cleveland, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	Kansas City, Kans.	New Haven, Conn.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Reading, Pa.	Steubenville, Ohio	Washington, D. C.	Worcester, Mass.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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Standard Quality Suite, No. 244—2 pieces—$150

No. 244—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of extended front design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many beautiful colors of mohair and in tapestry. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize where three pieces are desired, $48.50. $150

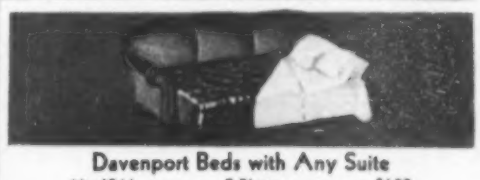
Sterling Quality Suite, No. 443—2 pieces—$190

No. 443—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. All around covering of ashes of roses mohair, with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Also available in other colors of mohair and in tapestry. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63.00. $190

All prices are cash prices
All prices slightly higher in Western Canada

Custom-made Suite, No. 937—2 pieces—$230

No. 937—Kroehler's finest quality. Luxurious serpentine front sofa and lounge chair to match. Covered all around in rich, green mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive mohair colors and in tapestry. The two pieces, $230. Arm chair to match to complete three-piece suite, $77.00. . . . . $230



Davenport Beds with Any Suite

No. 1244	2 Pieces	$180
No. 1443	2 Pieces	$220
No. 1937	2 Pieces	$250

New Designs—New Fabrics—New Comfort and Beauty in these New Kroehler Suites

Now being displayed by Kroehler dealers everywhere

Thousands of living rooms will be refurnished with these newest Kroehler suites during the next few months. They establish entirely new standards of value for fine davenports and chairs, by a maker of established reputation, at these moderate prices.

They mark another forward step in Kroehler design, quality and economy—another important contribution to home beauty and comfort made possible by the great Kroehler furniture shops.

Choose your new suite from the group that meets your price. Compare the smartness of design—the quality of covering—the comfort. Remember that this suite, regardless of which price you select, has, (1) a non-warping, lifetime frame of finest hardwood, (2) the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction instead of ordinary webbing. No furniture at any price is more sturdily built than this. And no living room suites at comparable prices can equal them in "value," you will agree.

Why gamble your money on unknown furniture—possibly skimped in places you cannot see to make the low price? The Kroehler label guarantees that every hidden detail is as conscientiously built as the part you see. Look for it under the cushions.

Visit the Kroehler dealer in your neighborhood. If you do not immediately recall him—write us. We will send the name and address promptly. We will also include a free copy of our celebrated book—"Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler." Write to

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

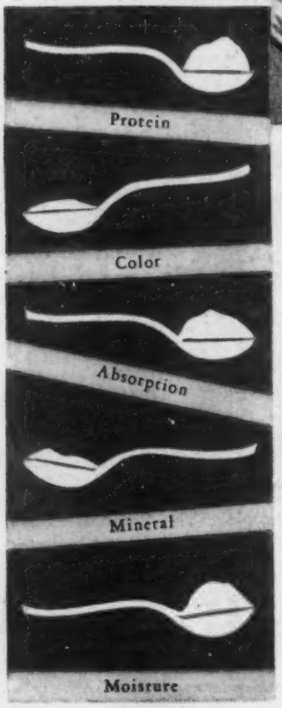
KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

Proper "balance" makes a better recipe —and a better flour

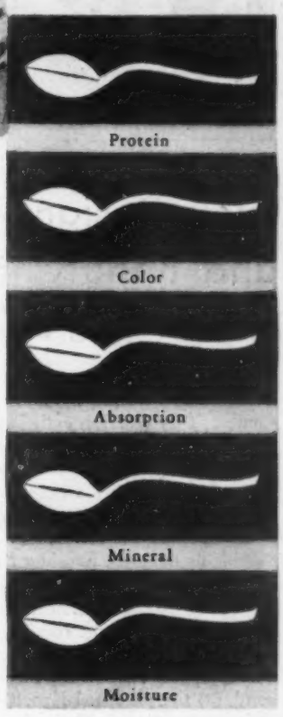
All the substances listed below are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they are not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make the finest all-purpose flour.

"Unbalanced"



The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc.—a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

"Balanced"



You know that your recipes call for many things — shortening, flavoring, baking powder or yeast, spices, etc. You also know that your recipe works best when these things are *perfectly balanced* — when you use just the right amount of each. Did you know that your flour should also be perfectly "balanced"?

Pillsbury's Best Flour is scientifically "balanced" for successful baking. "Balanced" according to a wheat combination used only by Pillsbury — no other flour is just like it. Pillsbury's Best is made from no single variety of wheat — for no single type of wheat contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, etc., to work perfectly for all baking. Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of the finest wheat. Each of these different wheats has some quality necessary to the perfectly "balanced" flour.

Try Pillsbury's Best. No matter what you bake, bread, biscuits or pastry, your foods turn out better. Everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. See for yourself why more women use this scientifically "balanced" flour than any other. Ask for Pillsbury's Best by name—your grocer has it.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

"balanced" for perfect baking

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum Flours